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"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety."

" For Change, we're for Change whatever we see,
We are neither contented with Freedom nor Thee.
Constancy's an empty sound,
Heaven and Earth, and all go round,
All the Works of Nature move.
And all the Joys of Life and Love
Are in Variety."

Hymn to Hymen, SIR JOHN VANBURGH,
"The Relapse; or Vertue in Danger."

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Marie Catherine Le Jumel de Berneville
Baronne d'Aulnoy

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Broadway Translations

MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF ENGLAND IN 1675

By

MARIE CATHERINE
BARONNE D'AULNOY

Translated from the French by

MRS WILLIAM HENRY ARTHUR

Edited and revised with notes by

GEORGE DAVID GILBERT

With 16 Plates

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DEDICATE THIS WORK
TO THE GALLANT MEMORY
OF
SIR W. S. GILBERT

INTRODUCTION

Marie Catherine le Jumelle de Berneville was born, according to the *Biographie Universelle* and kindred publications, about 1655, which would make her twenty years old when the material was collected for the present work.[1] She must have been older than this. These are not the observations of sweet and twenty, even when sweet and twenty is a French woman and married, and a daughter of the precocious seventeenth century to boot.

Although Marie Catherine's *Autobiography* exists, the difficulty of constructing an account of her life is so great as to render it an almost impossible task. Madame Carey, who edited a French edition of her *Travels into Spain* and her *Memoirs of the Court of Spain*, contented herself, in her footnotes, with commenting on the work in hand, while Lady Ritchie, who apparently was not aware of the *Mémoires de la Cour d'Angleterre*, is mainly occupied, in her interesting introduction to an arrangement of the *Fairy Tales*, by an appreciation of the *Travels into Spain*, a work with which she fell obviously in love.

There being no other source than the *Autobiography*,—there are a few scrappy anecdotes about Marie Catherine's friends, and her husband, but

[1] M. August Jal in his *Dictionnaire Biographie* (quoted further on) says she was born as early as 1650–1, but gives no authority for the statement.

nothing about herself,—I give a *résumé* of it leaving it to the reader to estimate its value.

Though it has neither dates nor localities, nor references, and all the persons who figure in it must be under the disguise of alias, for not one have I been able to trace,—yet, judging from the writer's other work, it is quite possible the main text is absolute fact. Marie Catherine was well descended both on her father's and mother's side, she tells us. "But it was the first of my misfortunes that I was born too soon, for my mother was hardly arrived to sixteen years of age when she lay in with me, and because she was too young to let a daughter grow up with her at home, that would have kept the Hand of the Dyal standing long at sixteen," the child was sent to her grandmother in the country. It seems to us that Marie Catherine is rather unfair to her mother in this comment, for it was the almost universal custom of the era, and that particularly in France, for people of the smallest standing to send children out to nurse in the first years of their life.

For a decade Marie Catherine, who continued with her grandmother, held undisputed sway as the heiress of her family. Nor did her guardian fail, to make it "her business to infuse into me on the score of my birth and beauty, all the vanity and pride she had been guilty of herself. . . . I learned I was fair, and destined to the most noble and elevated pretensions. With these fancies I was flattered all along, and when I had already attained eleven years my mother was brought to bed of a boy."

A great change immediately took place in the circumstances and prospects of the erstwhile heiress. Her grandmother transferred all her interest and affection to the newcomer, while his sister learned with dismay that her parents had declared their intention

of incarcerating her in a convent. Her father came to see her. She implored of him, "the only person for whom still I preserved some little affection," to save her from this fate, but he, though weeping over her misfortunes, could offer no better consolation than a counsel of surrender, promising that the confinement should be but temporary, and that he would do his utmost to find her a husband.

Despite her gloomy anticipations, little Marie Catherine was very happy in her convent life, though she accuses the good sisters of praising and flattering her, and asserts that their instruction was trivial and superficial. The pupils, she tells us, did much as they liked, and read what they chose, which is hardly the accepted idea of the training of youth in the young days of *le roi soleil*, for though the nuns may have been worldly and frivolous, it is usually thought their pupils were most strictly marshalled.

"The reading of romances," continues the *Autobiography*, "brought me to reflect on things of which till then I had a confused and imperfect apprehension. By reading them I learnt there was a Passion that gave to women an absolute dominion over men."

The next step was to give these reflections practical form; and this thirteen year old damsel, actually got into correspondence with a man whose acquaintance she had made while still living in the world. She calls him the Marquis de Blossac though no such title is to be found in any French peerage. Her method was to copy passionate love letters from the romances and novels to which she had access, and Blossac, as she frankly admits, at first amused at her precocity, came to see her. Other stolen meetings followed, and the cavalier, whose conduct was most reprehensible, was so piqued and interested by the novel combination of extreme youth and fervent passion, that he became, or

Marie Catherine thought he did, seriously engaged. She admits that at the time she was utterly ignorant, and had not the remotest conception of the meaning of the amorous phrases that she wrote, or that fell so glibly from her lips, it was merely a case of flattered vanity at the conquest. M. de Blossac, who no doubt considered the intrigue a capital joke, continued to be assiduous in his attentions, and Marie Catherine's emotions soon ripened into a severe attack of calf love. It must be remembered that a girl of thirteen of two hundred and fifty years ago was the equal in maturity of outlook to a girl of sixteen or even older of to-day.

The nuns were evidently less preoccupied than Marie Catherine gives them credit for. Before long everything was discovered, and,—worse,—some of the most fervent of her hopeful charge's letters reached the severe eye of the Mother Superior ! Her indignation was only rivalled by that of Marie Catherine's own mother. The climax of it all was that M. de Blossac, probably alarmed, broke off the acquaintance. The scandal and disgrace of the affair evidently pressed on Marie Catherine's mind, so much that, as she grew older, and realised better how unwisely she had behaved, she decided to take the veil, and at fifteen departed for another convent, there to enter on a novitiate and start life anew.

Almost immediately she was visited by her father, who had reasons of his own for endeavouring to persuade her to abandon her determination. Her mother, on the other hand, was just as eager as her father was unwilling that the girl should be kept sequestered from the world. M. de Berneville, who went in mortal dread of his wife, confided to his daughter, as a profound secret, that he had a husband ready to espouse her, but even this would not tempt

Marie Catherine from her decision. She still possessed a lingering attachment for the errant Blossac ; and one of the motives influencing her was the sentimental hope that when he knew she was lost to him for ever, he might at last regret the foolish and romantic child he had so callously abandoned.

But Marie Catherine's father was a desperate man ; it was essential to him that his daughter should return to the world. Having one day obtained leave of the Mother Superior to walk for a while in the garden with the girl he led her to a secluded part and at a signal from him she found herself seized by three masked men who placed her in a coach, becomingly equipped with a duenna, the vehicle driving off at a gallop. One of these men was the husband designed by the father : François de le Mothe, Sieur d'Aulnoy,[1] or Aunoy, the *Biographie Universelle* tells us. Marie Catherine adds the particulars that he was the son of a councillor of the Parliament of his Province and that the latter " not having any inclination to the law, had purchased a very great lordship with the intention of getting it erected into a marquisate."[2] This, by the influence of Marie Catherine's father, he had achieved, and the latter in turn had fallen deeply in his debt. The marriage between their children, which was forthwith celebrated, was to expunge this debt. From the first it was most unhappy. The young wife ran away, taking refuge in a convent. Her husband sent for her father, and together they went in pursuit, compelling her to return home. Undaunted by this, when near her first confinement, she declared to her husband that her mother had invited her to Paris for her expected

[1] An ancient house of Il'le de France sprung from the nobles of Orville and of Chèvré Ricardre. Lalanne's *Dictionnaire historique de France*, vol. 12, p. 148.

[2] This is certainly a fiction.

illness, and thus escaped, a second time, from his house. Ere she arrived in Paris, the child, a boy, was born. As soon as she could she completed her journey. Her mother would have nothing to do with her, but she fortunately obtained the patronage of the "Duchesse de Châtillon," a friend of the former. M. d'Aulnoy followed his wife, and for a long while occupied himself in vainly endeavouring to get material for a divorce. After various squabbles, of which the *Autobiography* gives a detailed account, the couple were, at the intervention of Madame de Berneville, who detested having her daughter in Paris, nominally reconciled, and together, started for home. Hardly had they arrived when Marie Catherine ran away for the third time. She sought protection beneath the wing of her friend, "Mme. de Châtillon," and the husband's suit was only stopped by his death. The widow speedily consoled herself with the "Marquis de St. Albe" a young man with whom she had been flirting for some time.

Since the above was written my attention has been directed, through the kindness of the well-known antiquarian, Lieut.-Col. Prideaux, to a short account of Madame d'Aulnoy prepared by M. Lescure for his edition of the *Contes des Fées*.[1] It differs so materially from the *Autobiography*, though the latter is an accepted work, that it is quite impossible to reconcile the two. M. Lescure quotes as his authorities August Jal's *Dictionnaire Critique Biographie et d'Histoire errata et supplement pour tous les dictionnaires Historiques d'aprés documents authentiques* (1872), Ravisson's *Archieves de la Bastille*, T. vii, and an article in the *Magasin Pittoresque* for 1870. M. Jal says, quoting the actual document, that the Jumel-Aulnoy marriage took place on Monday, March 8, 1666, and that both

[1] Paris 1881.

bride and groom were fatherless. From a statement in the Bibliothèque Nationale by Hozier, M. Lescure draws the following account of M. d'Aulnoy which, judged by the standard of the *Autobiography*, reads like an account of his father. He was born about 1618, and under Cæsar de Vendome was a successful soldier of fortune. In 1654 he purchased the barony of Aulnoy from Claude Gobelin. Not only was this never "erected into a marquisate," but it remained always a barony. Madame d'Aulnoy described herself in print as a countess, and is so catalogued by the Bibliothèque Nationale, but there seems no foundation for the assumption.

Whenever M. le Jumel de Berneville died, his widow was speedily consoled. She took for a second husband the Marquis de Gudaigne or Guadagne. She is described as of lively wit and to the fore in everything. Bringing to the testimony of M. Jal the corroboration of the researches of M. Ravisson, M. Lescure details a most unsavoury story of Madame d'Aulnoy and her mother. They are said to have persuaded in the autumn of 1669 two cavaliers, believed to have been their lovers, le Sieur Ch. Bonenfant, Seigneur de Laamoizêre, and le Sieur J. A. de Crux, Seigneur Marquis de Courboyer, to bring a charge of *lèse majesté* against M. d'Aulnoy, that his young wife might be rid of him. The tables were turned, M. d'Aulnoy proved his innocence, and, instead of perishing on the scaffold as it had been planned he should, lived till 1700, while his accusers suffered there themselves. The mother and daughter, instigators of this dreadful business, fled to England, and afterwards proceeded to Spain. They escaped arrest on a charge of complicity by a miracle. Madame d'Aulnoy herself was in bed when the authorities came in search of her, but availing herself of a private stairs, she found refuge in a church near by,

where she concealed herself under a catafalque that had been erected for a funeral.

Madame d'Aulnoy's literary activities under the pen-names of Dunnois and of Mme. D—— were very great. In addition to the fairy stories by which she is best known,—*The Blue Bird*, *The Hind in the Wood*, and, dearest of all, *The White Cat* of our youth,—she was the author of a large number of semi-historical novels and tales, some of which deal with English history. At that period Sheridan's oft misapplied phrase, "Scandal about Queen Elizabeth," was still in the womb of Time, but had it emerged to life, it is to be doubted if it would have restrained Marie Catherine's lively pen! She was also the compiler of certain *chroniques scandaleuses* dealing with people of her own time. It would be interesting to know if her "Memoirs of the Duke and Duchess of O——"[1] (Orléans), a work well known to Dumas, are as accurate as her account of the Court of that ill-starred lady's brother, now presented.

A good deal of Madame d'Aulnoy's work, we regret to have to state it, first saw light in the Netherlands, the headquarters of the daring publisher of the time, both for books of an enduring form and for periodicals. In the later years of the reign of Louis XIV. the "Holland Gazettes" crystallised the scandal of Europe. It was while in voluntary exile at the Hague, with this press at her disposal, that the Duchess of Marlborough threatened Queen Anne with the publication of all her letters.[2]

[1] We have only seen this work in the English translation.

[2] Who can forget Prince Paul's pathetic plaint in the "Grand Duchess of Gérolstein"?

> ". . . Voilâ ce que l'on dit de moi
> Voilâ ce que l'on dit
> Dans la gazette de Hollande, oui."

Of modern reprints, the *Fairy Tales* retain their popularity, editions appearing at regular intervals, beside the inclusion of the biggest favourites in innumerable collections, and Madame Carey, as has been stated, edited with commendable industry, the *Travels into Spain*.[1] This work, unlike the *Mémoires de la Cour d'Angleterre*, is autobiographical in form. It has been reprinted many times, without notes or arrangement. About fifty years ago it was translated into Spanish.

In her *Autobiography* Madame d'Aulnoy mentions marriage with St. Albe, but this must be an euphemism. She appears to have only had one husband, though it is openly stated that her children were not all his. The last was born in 1676, the result of her mother's experience at the Court of Saint James, and possibly of the fascinations of the Duke of Buckingham which so completely impressed her. There is no record of either the English arrival, presence or departure of the ladies Aulnoy and Gudaigne. The date of the former's return to France is not known. M. Jal says she died in Paris on January 17, 1705, at her house in the Rue St. Benoit. He gives a list of her six children. One of her daughters also wrote fairy stories. According to the *Autobiography*, which breaks off abruptly some thirty-five years before, the brother of Madame d'Aulnoy did not live to grow up and after all she inherited the family wealth. The portrait now reproduced is the frontispiece to the Memoirs of the Duke and Duchess of O——: it is younger and more pleasing than the better-known likeness in the costume of the sixteen-nineties. There is a full-length woodcut in the *Magasin Pittoresque*, 1870, p. 68. It is described as from a contemporary print, but appears to be spurious.

[1] La Cour et la ville de Madrid, Toms 2, Paris 1874-76.

To come to the present work. Familiar to students it has been described as an imitation of Anthony Hamilton's Memoirs of the Count de Grammont.[1] If such a question is raised the situation is just the reverse, for Madame d'Aulnoy's Mémoires appeared in 1694–95, and the first edition of "de Grammont" did not see the light till as late as 1713, nearly twenty years after. The long neglect of the present work in its entirety (it is frequently quoted from), can only be accounted for by the intense difficulty in identifying the principal people.

My enquiries into the career of Lucy Walter was the cause of my first introduction to Madame d'Aulnoy, and I subsequently commenced a translation, never completed, merely for the entertainment of a friend, also interested in Lucy. But I made no effort to identify the people, and jumped to the conclusion that Emilie indicated Henrietta Wentworth! Sometime after I met the book again, and my mother, who assisted me in deciphering some of the more complicated passages, was, apart from her entertainment, as impressed as I was by the writer's gay treatment of the most hackneyed situation,—the work has something of the fresh sparkle of a favourite champagne, something of the swing and gaiety of Mozart's operas. Eventually we decided together to put an English version on paper. The task provided us with delightful employment for the still evenings of a mid-Sussex winter. While my mother dictated, and I transcribed, the twentieth century was forgotten, and Whitehall in the Golden Days seemed to flicker before

[1] The name originally Agramunt subsequently Agramont and Grammont, now Grámont, is spelled Grammont in the first (1713) edition of the famous *Mémoires* so we retain it here. The etymology of the name is argued at length in the Vizetelly edition 1889, vol. i, p. 2, Note.

our vision with the impalpable, transitory reality of pictures thrown upon a screen. No Restoration play is more vivid than this book. And what adds to its charm is that though the morals are of the time, the manners are irreproachable, and there is not one sentence that is indelicate. This is more than can be said of Hamilton's sprightly masterpiece. Again and again the thought was forced upon us : what a libretto for Mozart might have been constructed from this work ! Picture, for one instant, his treatment of the scene in the Duenna's chamber at Saint-James's, of Buckingham in the wood, of Miledy . . . in the gallery, and reflect on what musical delight the world has lost.

The translation completed, revised, and divided into chapters,—in the original, the narrative is continuous, —the next step was to identify the four ladies, for which purpose a list of the clues was compiled.[1] It was not until this stage was reached that I found there already existed an English version, published 1708. It is obviously the work of some hack writer, who was not in sympathy with his subject. The style is so colloquial, as to be almost incomprehensible, owing to the use of so many obsolete terms and words. Few people care to wrestle with seventeenth century French if they can get any sort of translation, and no doubt the majority of English persons, consulting these " Mémoires " at the British Museum, have chosen to obtain their knowledge in this rough and ready translation of which it is impossible to make head or tail. The French original, while disguising the ladies, gives all the men's names in full, but in the English version this is not so, they are merely indicated by a dash.

The visit of the Prince of Neuburg in the summer

[1] Mme. d'Aulnoy has a most undeserved reputation for inaccuracy. It will be seen that the notes corroborate every statement that she makes, even to tiny detail.

of 1675 fixes the period roughly. Our author, sacrificing fact to interest, takes a fiction-writer's privilege of compressing into two or three days, what were probably the actual observations of some months.[1] At the request of Mr. Lane I have reluctantly deleted the delightful phonetic spelling of the proper names in the original French: Vitheal (Whitehall), Bouquinkam (Buckingham), Amtoncour (Hampton Court), d'Evinchier (Devonshire), Scherosberry (Shrewsbury), Richmont (Richmond), and Nellé Cuin;—though such spelling is retained in the translation of J. J. Jusserand's *English Ambassador at the Court of Charles II.*

The original capitals and ampersands are preserved.

It remains for me to give the clues that led to the identification of the leading women of the work. I am quite open to correction in my conclusions.

EMILIE—Moll Kirke

Clues

	page
She came to Court before the death of Arran's wife	68
She was in mourning in 1675	69
Generally: she was a frivolous, graceless, little pussy cat. She was in love with the Duke of Monmouth.	

The character of Emilie exactly accords with that of Moll Kirke, who, we are told in the *Memoirs of Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham*, was the cause of the preliminary estrangement between Monmouth and his uncle. The mourning clinches this, Moll Kirke's father having died April 6, 1675.

FILADELPHE—Margaret Blagge

Clues

	page
Was older by some years than "Emilie"	75
Was delicate	75
Was "prim"	284
Generally · was in love with the Duke of Monmouth.	

[1] Grammont's chronology is often inaccurate by years!

This was not so easy as "Emilie," for, sad to relate, few young ladies attached to either the Queen or the Duchess had a reputation for propriety! Had the *Mémoires* concerned the Courts of the first George or his son, the character would fit the prudish Miss Meadows, whom Pope never wearied of assailing, like a glove. But they deal with a more attractive period.

As against this identification it is only fair to add that Margaret Blagge was married on May 15, 1675, and had left the York household upon the death of Anne Hyde. She had, however, temporarily returned to it the previous winter, and, the famous masque of *Calisto*, performed by ladies only, taking place at that time, she had enacted the rôle of Diana.[1] There is no other lady amongst those in the service of the Duchess of York whose character so closely accords with Filadelphe as does that of Margaret Blagge.

DONA MARIA DE MENDOSA (?)

Of Dona Maria I have little to add to what is recorded in the notes on pp. 256 and 263. As given below, the ubiquitous Anthony Hamilton confirms unconsciously his fair contemporary. It may be objected that he places the incident some ten years earlier than she does but, as we have already noticed, his chronology is much more faulty than hers. The Comte de Grammont returned to France with his bride, la Belle Hamilton, in 1663, but they paid periodic visits to England, presumably to visit her people. M. de Grammont, resuming his acquaintance with the Restoration Court, confused what he subsequently saw, with his initial experiences. Hence his allusions to Nell Gwyn, who did not come to White-

[1] It is more than probable it was Mme. d'Aulnoy's thrice enviable privilege to witness that masque.

hall till 1667–68. In 1663 she was but eleven years old.

"Amongst the men" (who accompanied Catherine of Bragança to England) was "one Taurauvédez, who called himself Don Pedro Francisco Correo de Silva, extremely handsome but a greater fool than all the Portuguese put together: he was more vain of his name than of his person; but the Duke of Buckingham, a still greater fool than he, though more addicted to raillery, gave him the additional name of Peter of the Wood. He was so enraged at this that after many fruitless complaints and ineffectual menaces, poor Pedro de Silva was obliged to leave England, while the happy Duke kept possession of a Portuguese nymph more hideous than the Queen's maids of honour whom he had taken from him." [1] Later allusion is made to Buckingham forgetting his Portuguese mistress when endeavouring to ingratiate himself with Frances Stewart. It will be observed that it is distinctly stated above that the "Portuguese nymph" was not in the household of the Queen nor is anything said of her taking violent methods to rid herself of her earlier lover.

LA CONTESSE DE —— JANE, DUCHESS OF NORFOLK (Countess of Norwich)

Clues

	page
She had such an unusual Christian name that her brother-in-law had the utmost difficulty in finding her patron saint	145
She was Arran's "good cousin"	140
She had a sister	33, 34, 143
Her title commenced with a consonant, she is not d'. She was in Tunbridge Wells with Mary, Duchess of Richmond in the autumn of 1672. Chs. xxiii and xxiv	

[1] Hamilton's *Memoirs of the Comte de Grammont.*

	page
She gambled	161
She could not have been Lady Chesterfield, as the Duke of Ormonde, the latter's father, made love to her	146, 165, 166
Generally: she was Buckingham's mistress and she was in love with the Duke of Monmouth	

I identified this lady as follows: Observing her described as Arran's "good cousin," I made a list of his cousins who were countesses, but they all proved so nearly related, that it was impossible for his father to have made love to any of them. Noting that Arran called Buckingham "uncle" when he was only uncle to his wife, *née* Lady Mary Stuart, I proceeded to investigate *her* countess cousins. The only one, whose dates at all fitted in, was Lady Norwich. This lady's title commenced with a consonant. Mary Duchess of Richmond, mother of Lady Arran, was Lady Norwich's husband's aunt by marriage, and was very likely to visit her at Tunbridge Wells (or elsewhere) though there is no record preserved, locally, of such visit. In 1672 there existed but one St. Jane, and she was but a minor saint. Further particulars are given in the notes.

MILEDY . . . —— ?—Probably Katherine Crofts

Clues

	page
She once had a love-affair with Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans, but threw him over for the sake of Richard, Earl of Arran	83
She was very thin and ugly	154, 157
She had a *nom seule*. She may have been Lady ——, as Lady Bellasys—the wife of a baronet or knight rather than of a peer	88
She had apartments at Whitehall	73
Generally: there is no mention of a husband, she was no longer young, perhaps about thirty-five but witty and interesting	

That St. Albans succumbed to the indiscretion of an amour after the Restoration we know from St. Evremond. On pages 308–310 of the 1728 translation of his works an epistle appears rebuking one who "could not endure that the Earl of St. Albans should be in love in his old age." To St. Albans himself St. Evremond—a little earlier—wrote as follows:[1] "I will say nothing to you of Mistress Crofts, since she has been Duchess of Châstellerault (*sic*) I can't tell how she will behave towards the Earl of St. Albans." To the name of the lady the translator (Pierre Desmaireaux) appends the following note. "Mistress Crofts, sister to the Lord Crofts, had been one of the maids of honour to the Queen. After she retired from Court her house became a Pleasurable Rendesvous where the Earl of St. Albans and two or three more persons of Quality used to sup almost every night. The Earl of Arran afterwards Duke of Hamilton paid assiduous court to this Lady whereupon the Earl of St. Albans withdrew. M. de St. Evremond in this place rallies the new intrigue calling Mistress Crofts Duchess of Châstellerault because the Earl of Arran had been in France to pursue an old claim of the House of Hamilton to the Duchy of Châstellerault." Everything points to confusion on the part of the writer of this note. It is extremely improbable that the Earl of Arran, subsequently Duke of Hamilton, was ever the rival of St. Albans, who was well over fifty years his senior, or that they ever frequented, intimately, the same society. James Hamilton, styled till 1698 Earl of Arran, was born on April 11, 1658, and slain in a duel with Lord Mohun in 1712. He was the eldest son of Anne, niece and heiress of the second Duke of Hamilton, who died of wounds received at the Battle of Worcester. His father was William Douglas

[1] *Memoirs of the Comte de Grammont*, p. 242.

Earl of Selkirk, who at the Restoration was on the petition of his wife, created Duke of Hamilton for life. After his death, in 1694, the Duchess resigned her titles in favour of their son, James, Earl of Arran. He was educated in Glasgow and did not come south till 1679 when he was appointed gentleman of the bedchamber. Lord Arran first visited France (as envoy) in 1683. It is next to impossible that two Earls of Arran should have been rival to St. Albans and everything supports Mme. d'Aulnoy's contention that it was the elder one, Richard Butler. Writing at a distance of fifty years St. Evremond's editor took the allusion to the Duchy of Châstellerhault literally. It was probably a contemporary jest, for the two Earls of Arran existing at the same time must have given rise to many comments. James Hamilton was the only Duke of Hamilton to claim to be Duc de Châstellerhault, but I believe he did not seriously advance this pretension till the reign of Queen Anne.

Though the major part of the clues as given above may be applied to Mistress Crofts, I do not consider her identity with Miledy . . . so absolutely established as to admit of the insertion of the latter's name in the text. Katherine Crofts was b. 1637 and d. unmarried in 1686. After the Restoration she received from Secret Service money the considerable income of £1500, a sum worth four times that amount in modern currency.[1] There is no record of her having acted as maid-of-honour to either Henrietta or Catherine,[2] but she was high in the Royal confidence,

[1] Camden Society, vol. lii. Money's ... Secret Service ... Charles II. &c. 1851.

[2] Katherine's eldest sister Elizabeth Lady Cornwallis, was in France in 1645, "probably in the service of the queen." The second sister Hester, Lady Poley, had a daughter Judith who in 1678 married St. Alban's nephew Henry Jermyn, afterwards Lord Dover. There were three half-sisters but even the youngest (and there is nothing to

her big annuity being apparently the reward for some part played in the early days of Monmouth. According to the contemporary Memoirs of Thomas Earl of Ailesbury,[1] a Mrs. Crofts had lodgings at Whitehall "where the King used to go often and I take it she had been governess to the Duke." This authority states that it was in Mrs. Crofts' apartments that the King and his son were reconciled in the autumn of 1683. Fea identifies her with Katherine.[2] Madame d'Aulnoy describes Miledy . . . as a grand dame (*see* Note, p. 4), and although Mistress Crofts had not the title ascribed to Miledy . . . it would seem she occupied an unique situation at Court. Two years the senior of Richard, Earl of Arran and associated in exile with St. Albans, in 1675 she was thirty-eight, just the age Miledy . . ., still attractive though "no longer young" might have been. If any reader cares to favour me with suggestions which may lead to the completion of these identifications I shall much appreciate such kindness.

Mr. Lane upon accepting the MS. of this work asked me to supply some further particulars of Lucy Walter. I told him of the paper I had prepared, as the result of my enquiry into her life and he has permitted me to include it as an Appendix.[3]

G. D. G.

Wentworth House,
Keymer, Sussex,
August 4th, 1912.

show they were ever at Court) must have been a good ten years the senior of James Earl of Arran. The Rev. S. Hervey's *Little Saxham*, and *West Stow*.

[1] Roxburgh Club, pp. 81–2, 1890.

[2] *King Monmouth*, p. 179. There were two rooms off the Stone Gallery at Whitehall ascribed to Lord Crofts, and these may have been those occupied by his sister. He was a married man, and had a house in Spring Gardens. Sheppard's *Old Royal Palace of Whitehall*, Cunningham's *Handbook of London*.

[3] The kind assistance I have received in this connection is acknowledged elsewhere.

We beg to offer our grateful thanks to His Grace the Duke of Portland, K.G., for having the miniature of the Earl of Arran especially photographed for this work; to the Marquess of Bristol for so kindly sanctioning the reproduction of the portrait of Lady Betty Felton; to the Marquess of Ormonde, K.P., for the interest he has taken in the annotator's prolonged endeavour to identify Miledy . . . ; to Lady Gilbert for authorising the dedication; to the Rev. S. H. A. Hervey for an interesting correspondence on several points raised in the notes; to the Rev. J. Willcock, D.D., B.D., for the loan of the block of the Argyle portrait reproduced facing page 176; to Mr. S. M. Ellis for his innumerable kindnesses and constant interest. He has supplied several valuable notes; they are indicated by the initial E.; to Lieutenant-Colonel Prideaux, C.S.I., for a most valuable reference for the account of Madame d'Aulnoy. And to these must be added the names of the Marquis de Ruivigny et Raneval; Mr. A. R. Bailey; the Rev. Dr. Callow, M.A.; Mr. Frederick Chapman; Mrs. Chichester; Miss Lilias Campbell Davidson; the Rev. Canon Edgar Shepperd, D.D., C.V.O., Dean of the Chapels Royal; Professor C. H. Firth, F.S.A.; Miss Rose Frowd; Mr. F. G. Grant, Rothesay Herald; Mr. S. G. Hamilton; Miss E. J. Hastings; the Rev. E. G. Hutchinson; Mr. T. W. Jackson, Keeper of the Sutherland Collection; Mr. Andrew Lang; Miss A. E. Mitchell; Mr. L. R. M. Strachan; Mrs. Townsend.

LUCRETIA ARTHUR.
G. D. GILBERT.

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MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF ENGLAND

CHAPTER I

IT is true, my dear Cousin, that the sojourn that I made in London, & the friendship that was extended to me there by the Duchess of Richmond & Madam Hyde, enabled me to know, having learned the truth from them,—the secret and interesting history of the Court of England. One of these Ladies is married [1] to the Duke of Richmond & Lenox who hath the honour to be a near relation of the King ; she is the sister of the Duke of Buckingham and one may say that never hath there been a more beautiful person, or one whose appearance was grander or more noble.

Madam Hyde was sister in law through her husband to the old Duchess of York, Daughter of the Chancellor of England,[2] an alliance which brought her many distinctions. She was very worthy of them all.

My lord Hyde is at present [3] Earl of Rochester [4]

[1] It should be he "was formerly married to ——." *See* Note, p. 111.

[2] The 'old' Duchess of York, the mother of Queens Anne and Mary, was but thirty-two years of age when she died !

Anne Hyde, eldest daughter of the famous Sir Edward Hyde first Earl of Clarendon, was secretly married to the Duke of York (1633–1701) at Breda, 24th of November 1659. The marriage was publicly acknowledged some eleven months later. The duchess died March 31, 1671. Burke.

[3] *I.e.*, in 1695, when the book was published.

[4] Laurence Hyde, second son of Clarendon, b. 1641, d. 1711. Created Earl of Rochester 1681, m. 1665 Henrietta, daughter of Richard Boyle, first Earl of Burlington. She died April 12, 1687.

You know the Duchesse de Mazarin [1] well enough to realise that she is one of the most amiable people in the world. Her House was ever the rendezvous of all that then was illustrious and notable in London. I went there frequently. Every one recited stories; they played; they made good cheer, and the days passed like moments.

Monsieur de Saint Evremond [2] had been the friend of my Father & it pleased him to become mine. I also knew the Dukes of Monmouth & of Buckingham, the Earls of Saint Albans & Cavendish whom I had often seen at my house in Paris. Our Ambassador, Monsieur de Barillon [3] was one of my friends; Dom Pedro Ronquillo [4] Ambassador of Spain, & Comte Thun, Envoy of the Emperor, came to see me :—the intimacy that I had with so many people of birth & merit gave me an opportunity to hear a thousand interesting things of which I made note, and, as you ask me, I now put them in order.

It is true that I have not been able to name all the Ladies of whom I speak, being afraid to injure some of them; but there are some I do name with the idea of the truths I tell in their favour recompensing, in part, for what their enemies have said against them.

Hortense de Mancini (1645–1708), m. 1661 the Marquis Milleirage afterwards Duc de Mancini. This beautiful *femme galante* was the favourite niece, and principal heir of Cardinal Mazarin.

[2] Charles de Margroetel de Saint Denis de Saint Evremond, soldier and poet, 1613(?)–1703.

[3] Paul Barillon d'Amoncourt, Marquis de Branges, Seigneur de Mancy, de Moranges et de Chatillon-sur-Marne, Conseiller d'État ordinaire, Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of St. James 1677–1688 when the Prince of Orange on his arrival in London ordered him at twenty-four hours' notice to quit the country. d. July 23, 1691.

[4] Pedro de Ronquillo, Duke of Grainedo, Spanish Ambassador to the Court of St. James from March 1675 to Tuesday, July 20, 1691, when he expired.

One could not have known the Duke of Monmouth : [1] and have refused to praise him. He was, of all men of fashion, the best made ; in his face was a character & grandeur such as was worthy of his Birth ; his bravery amounted to intrepidity, and when he served in France and other Foreign Countries, every one was agreed that the valour he displayed could not be surpassed.[2] The care lavished on his education had

[1] James, favourite son of King Charles II., was born, on the authority of his *Heroick Life* (1683) at Rotterdam in 1649 and executed without trial on Tower Hill on St. Swithin's Day, July 15, 1685. His creation as Baron Tyndale, Earl of Doncaster, and Duke of Monmouth took place 14th February 1663. His dignities were attainted in 1685. His grandson obtained the restoration of the Barony and the Earldom in 1743. *See* Appendix A.

[2] A characteristic illustration confirming this statement occurred at the Siege of Mæstricht.

" In the month of April 1673 the Duke of Monmouth left England and on his arrival at the French Court was appointed Lieutenant-General. At the end of the same month he left Paris with the squadron of Life Guards. . . . The army marched towards Mæstricht and on the seventh of June invested the town. . . . Lines of circumvallation were formed, with bridges of communication over the Mæse, above and below the city. The King (of France) had his quarters at a place called Onwater ; the Duke of Orleans occupied the side of the Wick ; and the Duke of Monmouth, with eight thousand horse and foot, invested the lower side of the city. On the 17th of June the trenches were opened, and on the 24th the Duke of Monmouth led a detachment with such invincible courage against the counterscarp that he soon carried it, and advancing to the outward half-moon, which was before the Brussels gate, after a brisk dispute of about half an hour, he won that also, although the besieged during the time sprang two mines. On the following day another mine was sprung by the enemy, which blew a Captain, Ensign, and sixty soldiers into the air ; then making a furious sally on the troops who had relieved the men under his Grace's command, and who now occupied the outward half-moon and counterscarp, drove them back with great slaughter. Whereupon the undaunted Monmouth, unwilling to lose what he had but the day before purchased with so much hazard, and such unheard-of courage, drew his sword, and with Captain Churchill and twelve private gentlemen of the Life Guards, who volunteered to accompany him, leaped over the trenches ; then, regardless of a shower of bullets from the enemy, rushed through

found in him a subject that had already received from Nature all the most favourable graces; he danced so marvellously that one could not witness it without regarding him in admiration.[1] Never was a man more gallant, and his heart was ever divided between love and honour. But one must admit that he was too ambitious, and this passion eventually engaged him in a guilty enterprise for which an unhappy death was the just recompense.

It would have been strange had his heart not been susceptible to the most tender impressions, for he was the son of Charles II., King of England. Although that Prince had several Mistresses, he never had one who was so dearly loved as Mademoiselle Barlow,[2] Mother of the Duke of Monmouth. Her beauty was so perfect that when the King saw her in Wales where she was, he was so charmed &, ravished & enamoured that in the misfortunes which ran through the first years of his Reign he knew no other sweetness or joy than to love her, & be loved by her.[3] The surroundings

one of their sally-ports, and with incredible speed passed along the works, within twenty yards of their pallisades, until he met the soldiers flying before the enemy. The arrival of the Duke with his followers inspired the troops with fresh valour, and they now turned round upon their pursuers. The heroic Monmouth and Churchill, with the Life Guards, who cast aside their carbines and drew their swords, now led the troops they had rallied to the charge with such invincible courage, that they drove back the Dutch and regained the outward half-moon (his Grace being the first who entered it), to the admiration of all who beheld their gallant conduct. The horn-work and half-moon were taken on the 27th. His Majesty Louis XIV. stood on a hill and viewed the whole action. The besieged afterwards beat a parley, and, on the 2d. of July surrendered the town." *Historical Records of the British Army, The Life Guards*, edited by R. Cannon. London, 1835, p. 42–43.

[1] Monmouth's dancing was famous; there are endless comments on it in contemporary literature.

[2] Lucy Walter, 1632 (?)—1658 (?). *See* Appendix A.

[3] Oldmixon comments on the young King's regular life, p. 453.

that he gave her ; the care that he took to please her ; the delight he displayed in her went so far that, as he was so very young, & this was his first passion, and as, when a heart is truly possessed there is no engagement which it is not capable of taking, the world thought that he had promised this beautiful Girl to marry her.

In later years the report that he had done so, flattered the vanity of the Duke of Monmouth to such a degree & seemed to him so attractive that, notwithstanding that he well knew there was no truth in the story, he acted as though it were beyond cavil. Many persons encouraged him ; & this rumour, joined to the extreme tenderness the King had for him, placed him in a position to sustain his rank with more pride and distinction than any of the other Lords whom the King of England had legitimised.[1]

The personal advantages of the Duke, and the influence that he had with the King, brought about him a Court so numerous that the heir presumptive to the Crown could not have been treated with more deference and respect. He enjoyed the most impor-

[1] Madame d'Aulnoy here confuses the recognition and honours accorded by King Charles II. to the Duke of Monmouth and to his natural sons, with the legal status conferred by Louis XIV. on the Duc du Maine &c. In 1694, a year before this work was first published, the French King gave precedence in the succession to the Duc du Maine and the Comte de Toulouse, after the French princes of the blood, and before his legitimate heirs amongst foreign Royalty,—as his grandson the King of Spain. In 1714 he confirmed this edict, extending it to the sons of the Duc du Maine. Lavisse, *Histoire de France*, vol. viii, p. 470.

It was the custom in England at this period, and at a later date, to accord a limited precedence to the children of the Sovereign born out of wedlock. "The natural or illegitimate sons and daughters of the king, after they are acknowledged by the king, take precedence of all the nobles under those of the Blood Royal." *Angliæ Notitia or the Present State of England together with Divers Reflections or the Antient State thereof*, 1669, p. 178.

tant Appointments in the Kingdom ;[1] he was rich, young, gallant and (as I have already said,) he was of all men of fashion the most amiable and the best made.

After all this it is not difficult to guess that there were many Ladies who seriously devoted themselves to his conquest. He realised his good fortune thereupon, and knew how to profit by it ; though not always in a manner completely delicate, for his *feelings* were but little engaged. He brought more of flirtation and frivolity into his intrigues than love or deep sentiment ; & for these reasons he was incapable of sustaining an individual attachment and not a single day passed but he had a new Mistress.

The King thought it best to settle him and chose for his wife the daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch and

[1] After his creation as Duke of Monmouth &c. in 1663 the following dignities were successively conferred on his Grace—they are given chronologically : M.A. Cambridge, March 16, 1663 ; K.G., April 23rd, 1663 ; M.A. Oxford September 28, 1663 ; Member of the Inner Temple, September 21, 1665 ; Master of a troop of Horse, June 30, 1666 ; Captain Prince Rupert's Regiment, June 13, 1667 ; Captain of the Horse Guards (*i.e.* Colonel of the Life Guards), September 16, 1668 ; P.C., April 29, 1670 ; General of the British Forces in France, April to July 1672 ; Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the Court of France, June 22, 1672 ; Warden and Chief Justice in Eyre of the Royal Forests, Parks, Chases and Warrens South of the Trent, January 13, 1673 ; Great Chamberlain of Scotland, February 1, 1673 ; Governor and Captain of Kingston-on-Hull, April 12, 1673 ; Lord-Lieutenant of East Riding (Yorkshire), April 1673 ; Lieut.-General in the French Army, 1673 ; Lord of the Admiralty, July 9, 1673 ; High Steward of Kingston-on-Hull, August 1673 ; Master of the Horse, April 14, 1674 ; Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, July 14, 1674 ; Colonel of the " Royal English " Regiment of Foot in the French Army, 1675 ; a Governor of the Charterhouse, January 20, 1675 ; Joint Registrar of the Court of Chancery, September 8, 1676 ; High Steward of Stafford, March 17, 1677, and Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Stafford, March 24, 1677 ; General of the British Forces in Flanders, March 1678 ; Capt.-General of the Forces, April 30, 1678 ; Privy Councillor of Scotland, June 18, 1679. Doyle's *Baronage*, vol. ii, 1886.

the Countess of Wemyss.[1] She was one of the richest heiresses in the Kingdom of Scotland; all that could be wished for to make a person amiable met in her; virtue, intelligence, great possessions, birth; &, although she was not extraordinarily beautiful, & although she limped [2] a little, she was ever full of liveliness. Perhaps if the Duke had been obliged to exert himself to achieve this conquest & had found it difficult, & so to his glory to win, he might have thought himself but too happy to succeed in espousing her; but he received her from the hands of the King; she never cost him a tear or a sigh; and thus, what should have been his happiness, proved but his embarrassment and his affliction.

He found, in addition, that his liberty was engaged; that with a Wife, given him by the King, he was obliged to be guarded in his movements; for, should it happen that she had any reason for complaint of his conduct, the King might be expected to constitute himself the Judge, and would not fail to favour her. In addition, he was disinclined to submit to the fetters Hymen imposes, & he obeyed but through submissiveness, & from the fear of displeasing his Father the King.[3] Marriages thus arranged are not always

[1] There are some mistakes here. Anne Scott, Countess of Buccleuch in her own right, was the daughter of the second earl (1628–51), and succeeded her sister as fourth holder of the dignity in 1651. She was born February 11, 1651, and married to the Duke of Monmouth April 20, 1663, upon which day they were jointly created Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch; the date of the creation of the earldom was 1619. The Duchess married again in 1688, and died February 1732. Her mother, who was already a widow when she married the Earl of Buccleuch, took for her third husband the first Earl of Wemyss. She was a daughter of John, fifth Earl of Rothes.

[2] This was the result of an accident. Pepys, May 8, 1668.

[3] As the Duke and Duchess were wedded at such a tender age it is unlikely that Monmouth argued things in this manner at the time of the wedding. Madame d'Aulnoy probably alluded to his views when he

happy; in fact it was the Duke's idea only to observe conventional decencies with his Wife, & as she was very proud it was easy for her to discover her husband's sentiments. Thus her own affections chilled; & she contented herself on her side in performing her duty without making any display of tenderness.

The marriage once consummated, the Duke thought it might be allowed him to devote his heart to love, & he found one of the maids of honour of the Duchess of York whose beauty & youth charmed him equally. The name of the House being unnecessary here I will content myself with calling her "Emilie."[1] She had something in her spirit so appealing that the Duke would have been in despair had she chosen any other Master save himself to teach her the art of love. He never lost an opportunity of seeing or entertaining her, but these occasions were rare; for the Mother of the

first went to live with his wife in the autumn of 1671. Madame d'Aulnoy's imperfect grasp of the situation is accounted for by the fact that she was a foreigner.

[1] Mary Kirke eldest (?) daughter by his second marriage of George Kirke, Master of the Robes to Charles I. (b. ?, d. April 6, 1675) by Mary (b. ?, d. 1725) daughter of Aurelian Townsend, the successor of Ben Jonson as the writer of Masques at Court; Mrs. Kirke, who was a famous beauty in her day, was on her marriage, at Oxford February 26, 1646, given away by the Martyr King. Mary Kirke held her appointment to Mary of Modena 1674–76 but does not appear to have taken any part in the famous masque of *Calisto* performed by the ladies of the York Household in the winter of 1674–75. She married Sir Thomas Vernon of Hodnet, Salop, third baronet (b. 1637 ?, d. February 5, 1684), by whom she had three children who survived: Richard, b. 1678, d. at the Court of Poland (where he had been accredited Envoy Extraordinary by George I.), fourth and last baronet; Diana and Henrietta, who both died unmarried in 1752. The Vernon family is now extinct, but is represented by the Hebers of Hodnet, Salop. Mary, Lady Vernon, was buried at Greenwich August 17, 1711. The notorious Colonel Percy Kirke was her half-brother. For further particulars and the clues that led to identification *see* Introduction, p. xviii.

Maids,[1] who knew him to be very dangerous, did not fail to interrupt all their meetings.

However it happened one day that the Duchess of York[2] went for a water excursion on the Thames & this exact spy was too ill to follow. The Duke of Monmouth took advantage of this to speak to Emilie, & when every one was settled in Her Highness's Barge he approached her & with an air intended to embarrass her he said : " Destiny, Madam, is very cruel to me ; for not only do you refuse me your smiles, but I hear you bestow them freely on My Lord Arran."

" Sir," she said, blushing the while, " those who have troubled themselves to inform you of my affairs have done so wrongly. My lord doth not care for me, and moreover he hath a Mistress in every way worthy of his attachment. I assure you were I capable of wishing more good to one man than another, you would have a great preference in my heart."

" What you say would only console me," replied the Duke, " if I could content myself with what is called a Compliment,[3] but I need something truer if you would not cause my death."

" And what do you want ? " she continued playfully.

" I want all your tenderness," he replied gravely.

[1] Mrs. Lucy Wise, b. ? , d. ? , was, in the first instance, Mother of the Maids to Anne Hyde and passed on to her successor, continuing to serve her until 1677 when she was succeeded by Lady Harrison. E. Chamberlain's *Angliæ Notitia*, 1669-78.

[2] Mary Beatrice Eleanora d'Este, eldest child of Alphonso III., Duke of Modena, b. October 5, 1658, married the Duke of York, second son of Charles I., November 21, 1673. She died in Paris, May 8, 1718.

[3] A formal phrase lacking any deep sentiment. Sometimes called a 'How do ye,' often conveyed third hand. People sent 'Compliments' and 'How do ye's' by a servant to any new arrival in the neighbourhood whose acquaintance they wished to make. This custom anticipated private calls and visiting cards. Ashton's *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*. Strickland's *Queens*.

"Do you consider that would be too much, to bestow in response to a passion as strong as mine?"

"Yes," she replied smiling, "I consider it would be too much; you ought to be ashamed to ask me; and I should be even more ashamed to accede to a prayer so indiscreet."

She spoke with so much grace and gentleness that although the Duchess of Monmouth was in the same Barge, occupied with a game with her Highness, he could not prevent himself from taking Emilie's hands & kissing them with the utmost devotion. His wife was watching him, & although she did not love him enough to be jealous, she highly disapproved of this display of feeling for another. It is impossible to describe her secret vexation; her eyes flamed with wrath until they were for the moment beautiful; but the Duke was far too occupied with Emilie to pay any attention to his wife.

A second Barge followed in the wake of that of her Highness; it was full of various members of the Court, amongst others My Lord Arran.[1] Although this last made every effort to disguise his feelings he found it impossible to keep his eyes from where Emilie and the Duke of Monmouth sat together. For he loved her dearly and was obliged to keep the fact hidden on account of a secret *liaison* that he had with Miledy. . . .[2] This Lady was of the first quality, & she was consumed so much by her love for him that,

[1] Richard Butler, second son of James first Duke of Ormonde (1610–88), b. 1639, created May 1662, Earl of Arran in the Peerage of Ireland, and, in 1673, Lord Butler, in the Peerage of England. He married Lady Mary Stuart, only daughter of James, first Duke of Richmond and Duke of Lennox in Scotland, by his wife Lady Mary Villiers, only surviving daughter of the first Duke of Buckingham. She died without issue at Dublin, July 4, 1668. He died in 1685.

[2] The word signifies a Great Lady. (Mme. d'Aulnoy's note.) See Introduction, p. xxi.

RICHARD, EARL OF ARRAN

From a miniature by S. Cooper at Welbeck Abbey

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apart from her beauty & wit, her affection had attracted his tenderness. But alas ! when one's only hold upon a Lover is one's claim to his *gratitude*, he is soon lost !

My Lord Arran had for a long time been racking his brains for an excuse to interrupt the conversation between Emilie and the Duke. Beside him was his dog that all the Court knew, & and at last he took it up, and, in pretending to caress it, let it fall into the Thames. He then made a dreadful outcry to recover the animal from the water, whilst all the ladies interested themselves to save it : particularly Miledy . . ., who was on the other barge, & who could not regard with indifference anything that my lord loved.

When a waterman had saved the dog she advanced to the side of the Barge : " Come," said she to Lord Arran, " Come, my lord, and rejoice with us that your faithful Melampe is saved, her Royal Highness gives you permission."

The Cavalier, who desired nothing more than to enter the Barge of her Highness went with alacrity, & having respectfully saluted the company, he placed himself near to Miledy, but it was not his intention to stay there long & with a view to soothing her he made her a pretended confidence.

" Do you see the Duke of Monmouth ? " said he, " I am dying to play a trick on him."

" And what is the trick you would play on him ? " she asked.

" I would interrupt his conversation with Emilie," he replied. " You must admit that would be good sport."

" You are not very sensible of the pleasure of being near me," she said with a melancholy air, " if you already think of leaving me for such a vain thing."

" Ha ! Not *useless*, she is never that ! " Then he continued confusedly : " Have you forgotten, Madam,

the many evil turns he played us upon that expedition to Hampton Court ? Nothing could punish him sufficiently for it."

" You are much more vindictive than I am," she said coldly, " or to speak more plainly I am more discerning than you think. Go, my lord," she continued, " present yourself to Emilie. If you have any design to revenge yourself upon the Duke of Monmouth 'tis not on account of what happened at Hampton Court between him & us but rather is it on account of what is now passing between him & *her*. You regard him as a Rival, & as a dangerous Rival."

" What cruel doubts you have, Madam," interrupted her companion, forcing himself the while to regard her tenderly. " You put the most criminal construction on the most innocent things. But in truth there is no means of loving for ever, & rather than continue in this condition of embarrassing constraint it would be better that you should rely on my fidelity instead of trying to quarrel with me from sheer wantonness."

Miledy, who was herself extremely oppressed by anger & jealousy rose abruptly without making any reply, and as she could not restrain her tears,—which were covering her cheeks,—she concealed them with her handkerchief, pretending her nose was bleeding, so as to have occasion to take some water in her hand to bathe her face.

My Lord Arran was not sufficiently touched by the state in which he saw her to abandon his first intention.

Approaching Emilie he saluted her. " Am I an inconvenient third, Mistress ? " said he. " Do you wish me all the bad fortune that Melampe has just experienced ? All the ladies have had the goodness to take a part in congratulating me. You are the only one who appears not to have been aware of my trouble."

" Here is a fine subject for complaint," said the Duke

of Monmouth, piqued that he had been interrupted. "Your dog hath fallen into the water; Emilie hath not uttered loud cries! You ought to be content with those to which Miledy . . . hath given vent."

Had not Lord Arran been restrained by the very strongest considerations he would have replied to the Duke in such a manner as would have speedily have brought them into a field of mortal combat, but he remembered that he was on her Highness's Barge, and that he had to do with the son of the King, and the favourite of the King; and nothing more was needed to make him moderate his first feelings of anger, and to ignore that he was himself the son of the Duke of Ormonde, Viceroy of Ireland; who also held a very distinguished position at the Court.

"You are very beholden to the Duke of Monmouth, Emilie," he said, "for taking the trouble to answer me for you, and to applaud the indifference you show me——"

"You are trying to quarrel," interrupted Emilie, with a smile, "and it is rather for a whim than for a genuine reason."

"It is some consolation to me," he continued, "to know you deserve my anger in lieu of my moderation, and——" He was interrupted at this point by Miledy. . . . She had awaited his return to her without result; she had made him many signs to which he had not paid the slightest regard. At last, not being able to bear any longer that he should continue to speak to her Rival, she called him—to show him,—as she said—a bracelet she had bought.

He left Emilie unwillingly, nor would he have returned to Miledy . . . had he not feared that the rudeness of refusing to do so would be altogether too remarkable.

"You wished me every ill for coming at such a

time," she said, lowering her voice after she had shown him the bracelet—" because I separated you from an object that occupies you far more than I do."

" No one save yourself occupies me, Madam," responded he, with such a constrained air that the acute Miledy . . . at once saw through it. " But I swear to you I do enjoy myself at the expense of the Duke of Monmouth."

" I greatly fear," she said curtly, " that your success is not very great. I gather this from the contented expression I observe in his eyes. But," she continued, " do you not remark anything in *mine*, my lord? Have you absolutely lost the habit of reading what passes in my mind? and if you realise it do you think that I can continue to suffer so much indifference and bad faith? " She looked at him as she said these words, and as it is always difficult to endure the scrutiny of the reproaches of a person one hath—for no particular reason—ceased to love—(notwithstanding that one may not deserve the said reproaches) he blushed and remained disconcerted.

Miledy . . . for her part, lowered her eyes & fell into a profound reverie, from which he made no effort to rouse her.

Whilst these two people were in such a cruel despondency the Duke of Monmouth on his part was teasing the young Emilie. " You can no longer deny the passion that My Lord Arran hath for you," he said. " One would have to be less interested than I am, not to have discovered all that is passing in your two hearts considering that you have not been able, despite your eagerness, to prevent my observing it. Do you think you can deceive me? "

" I have never harboured such a design," said Emilie proudly, " I have neither occasion nor desire to inspire you with an interest in my concerns. You are taking

a tone which I should like but little were I so foolish as to pay any attention to you, but I declare I am not sufficiently interested in you to take the trouble to deceive you ! "

This reply appeared to the Duke so rude that he was overwhelmed. He hesitated if he should reply, but eventually his passion triumphed over his vexation. Swiftly assuming a sweet and affable manner he said : " I see well it is my place to ask your pardon ; beautiful people have the right to be unjust, but no one hath the right to complain of such injustice. And notwithstanding all this, I have a favour I would ask of you. Promise me that you will grant it."

" I will promise nothing," replied Emilie, smiling, " I prefer to leave you as uncertain in regard to me as you are jealous."

" Ha ! Madam, pray disabuse yourself of that error," cried the Duke, " I know it is common amongst Ladies but there is no foundation for it ; & for my part nothing could more turn me against an attachment than to find Rivals in my path."

" What reason have you, my lord to distrust your own worth ? " demanded Emilie. " It appears to me that when one hath as much as you one triumphs over one's rivals not fearing them at all."

" You endeavour to console me, beautiful Emilie," he said, " by such flattering terms that they cannot fail to reassure me. Convinced though I am that you are less of a coquette than any other, I am equally persuaded that you do not wish to lose either of your Lovers, & I am not sufficiently the Master of my passion to be satisfied thereupon."

The excursion was brought to an end sooner than was expected because the Duchess of York, who was enceinte, felt ill. As soon as they were returned to London, & the Ladies, who were her guests, had

accompanied her to St. James's, where she lived, the Duchess of Monmouth quitted the Royal apartments to return to her own home. She found neither her Chair nor her People in attendance, for they had not expected her to require them so early. Too impatient to send to fetch them she proceeded into the Park that separated St. James's from Whitehall. Night had already fallen, and there was no other light save that which came from the Moon. The Duchess was absorbed in her troubles; and in her anxiety to avoid those who promenaded in the Mall she chose to go by the darkest and most retired side paths. As she walked quickly on her way she meditated upon the complaints she was going to make to the King about her husband's behaviour.

CHAPTER II

THE Duchess of Monmouth was not the only one who was afflicted with jealousy at this moment. The Duchess of Buckingham[1] suffered many worse torments. This Lady was the daughter of Fairfax, whose name had been only too well known during the troubles in England. He agitated in concert with Cromwell and was declared Generalissimo of the State[2] in the place of the Earl of Essex during the time that the people rose against their King, Charles I., refusing to obey him. George, Duke of Buckingham,[3] Master of the Horse to the King, had espoused Mary Fairfax from political motives.[4] They did not in the least accord with the grandeur and the liberty in which he gloried. Never had there been a man better made, nor more regularly beautiful; and in his conversation there was something so engaging that he pleased even

[1] Mary Fairfax only child and heiress of the third Lord Fairfax (b. January 17, 1612, d. November 12, 1671), b. 1638, d. October 20, 1704, married George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, September 7, 1657. There was no issue.

[2] In 1647.

[3] George Villiers, second and last Duke of Buckingham, only surviving son of King James I.'s favourite, b. January 30, 1627–28, d. at the house of a tenant at Kirkby Moorside, Yorks, April 1687.

[4] The motive was private rather than political! General Fairfax had received a grant of the Villiers estates in the Strand (hence Villiers Street, Buckingham Street, Duke Street, &c.), from the Rebel Parliament; so Buckingham had the strongest personal motive in marrying the former's only child, viz., the regaining of his paternal estates. E.

more by his intellect than by his person, & one would have found it difficult to say which of the two created the deepest impression. All his words went straight to the heart; he was born for gallantry and magnificence; and he carried it further than any other lord in England.

The Duchess of Buckingham had worth and virtue. She was small, dark, and thin; but even had she been beautiful and charming, the fact that she was his wife was sufficient to inspire him with repugnance. She had always loved him, and although she was sufficiently sensible not to worry him with her affection, —& also sufficiently complaisant to caress his Mistresses and to permit them to lodge in her house, she yet suffered very much because she loved her husband solely, & she very well knew that he did not love her at all. But there is a limit beyond which the most gentle patience refuses to go; then comes a breaking point.

The Duchess of Buckingham, wearying of seeing her husband ever occupied by a new passion, resolved to make a to-do and to gain by awe what she could not acquire by humility.

She had remarked that day that the Duke was restless & that one of his *valets-de-chambre* repeatedly came and spoke to him in a low voice. Subsequently the Duke went out. He was lodged at Whitehall at the Cockpit.[1] His Apartments were built at the foot of the galleries overlooking the Park. He had told the Duchess he was going to the King, but she did not take the change.[2]

[1] The Cockpit at Whitehall, site of the present Privy Council Office. Eminent occupants: Villiers (second Duke of Buckingham) was living here in 1673. (*Ludlow Memoirs*, ii, 488.) Peter Cunningham's *Handbook of London*, London, 1849, vol. i, p. 222.

[2] A contemporary slang term which occurs more than once. Original of "not taking any" and "you don't get any change out of me?" E.

She followed him, but kept sufficiently in the rear to avoid his perceiving her. She observed that instead of going toward the Lodging of the King he passed on into the Park. Advancing quietly by the side of the Menagerie [1] she was able to cover her own progress without any difficulty owing to the friendly aid of the trees andbushes.

The Duke entered on a bypath darker than the others. Barely had he done this when he saw ahead of him, a woman whose figure resembled that of his Mistress :—the fact that he was expecting her helped to deceive him. He advanced eagerly towards her, making so little effort to conceal himself that she immediately recognised him.

It was the Duchess of Monmouth.

The latter's vexation gave place to curiosity, & she experienced the keenest desire to know what he was doing there. She determined to penetrate the mystery & hid herself in her mask. Then cleverly disguising her voice that he did not recognise it, she said " What are you thinking of my lord Duke ? I have been awaiting you an hour."

" Madam," he replied, approaching her, " my wife prevented my coming as soon as I could have wished, she had some chimera in her head to-day, & would not leave me. Never before did I suffer so much."

" When one hath a tender impatience to see the one whom one loves," said the Duchess, " one easily finds the means to get rid of a *wife !* "

The Duke, persuaded that his Mistress was annoyed, threw himself on his knees intent to pacify her, but the burst of laughter with which she greeted this

[1] Bird Cage Walk. English Edition. There is no record of a menagerie at Whitehall, though why the Duchess of Monmouth in going thither from St. James's Palace should get into Bird Cage Walk we cannot explain.

action instead of the salutation he had hoped for, awoke him to a sense of the error under which he laboured.

The Duchess of Buckingham, who watched them from a distance, was sufficiently near to see all that passed but was beyond earshot. Leaving the shrubbery where she had been in hiding she ran towards Whitehall. She was assured of her Husband's infidelity and did not wish to know anything further.

It happened that the Duke of Monmouth in coming from her Highness's had noticed, notwithstanding the night, a woman, alone, who appeared well made, and who passed through another gate to avoid him. He was not so deeply in love with Emilie that a new adventure had no appeal to him, so he followed the unknown with the intention of accosting her as soon as they had gone a little further into the Park. Seeing a man coming towards her he did not doubt that he was about to witness a lovers' meeting; nevertheless he continued to advance quietly until suddenly he recognised the dress—(a very splendid one)—which she wore. It was his wife! Whatever good opinion he had hitherto had of her was completely destroyed by what he saw. Knowing she was not ignorant of his own conduct, he never doubted that she was seeking to avenge herself by equal infidelity. He discovered that one can be jealous when one does not love; & his first feeling of anger would have resulted, had he been in any other place, in a violent outbreak.[1] Listening to the conversation with all that attention that one hath for things which vitally concern one, he was presently rewarded by hearing her say in a louder tone: "See, my lord, your advice is not for me. I am resolved to complain to the King of the proceedings of the Duke of Monmouth. If you had only seen all that passed in Her

[1] See Appendix B.

Highness's Barge between Emilie and him ; the manner in which he kissed her hand, the length of their conversation, you would quite realise that it is his intention to bully me,[1] and that my patience is imputed to stupidity. 'Tis my intention to go at once and hold discourse with the King imploring him to keep order."

When the Duke of Buckingham replied, endeavouring to dissuade her from this intention, the Duke of Monmouth recognised simultaneously the voice and the generosity of his friend. This set his mind at rest to some extent on the one point ; but on the other he was not free from uneasiness ; for the King had exhorted him to guard his wife carefully from all the annoyances that his ordinary gallantries could not fail to cause her ; & he had promised to be so strictly observant in this respect, that she should never hear of them.

Suddenly he bethought him that his best remedy would be to inform his Majesty himself. Without stopping another moment to listen to the conversation of the Duchess & the Duke of Buckingham he went forthwith to the King's lodging.

Arrived there, he was informed that his Majesty was in his closet with the Duchess of Buckingham.

A moment later she came forth. His Grace noticed that her eyes were very red and very wet, for she had been crying.

The King [2] had followed her to the doorway, and perceived his son at the same moment that the Duchess retired.

[1] Me veut braver.

[2] His Majesty King Charles II., the second son of the Blessed Martyr and Queen Henrietta Maria, was born at St. James's Palace, May 29, 1630, crowned April 23, 1661 ; died at Whitehall, February 6, 1685, and is buried in Westminster Abbey.

"There goes a very unhappy woman," he remarked to him. "Her husband most cruelly neglects her, lavishing all his tenderness on others. If you behaved in that way I would never forgive you."

"Things are the other way about with me, Sir," he replied; "I have just left my wife in the Park at a nocturnal assignation with a man whom I do not know! I own to your Majesty that I should have inquired the meaning of it if my respect for you, Sir, had not overcome my just resentment." The King, much astonished, mused for some moments ere speaking. "Is what you tell me really true?" he asked at last.

"She could not have the hardihood to deny it supposing I were to relate to her, before your Majesty, the circumstances of her conversation!" said the Duke.

He was still speaking when the Duke of Grafton [1] came & told the King, in a low voice, that the Duchess of Monmouth prayed to be accorded a private audience.

Though this messenger was only a child he had not failed to perceive, from certain words the lady had let fall, that she came to make complaints to the King about the conduct of her husband. The Duke of Grafton did not like the Duke of Monmouth at all, although they were brothers; because the latter despised all the children of the King, pretending there was a great difference between himself and them. This reason was quite sufficient to pique them; and

[1] Then only Earl of Euston. Henry FitzRoy, second illegitimate son of King Charles II. by Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland. Born September 28, 1663; created, August 16, 1672, Baron Sudbury, Viscount Ipswich, and Earl of Euston; and on September 11, 1675, Duke of Grafton, K.G. In 1672 he married Isabella Bennet, only child and heiress of Henry Earl of Arlington, and died October 9, 1690, leaving an only son.

on all occasions they willingly declared themselves on the side opposed to him.[1] This antagonism caused the young Duke of Grafton to urge the King to speak with the Duchess, & telling the Duke of Monmouth to await him, his Majesty passed into his great closet where she presently joined him.

The King's cold and disdainful manner caused her much surprise. It was so different from his usual affability & the civility which he had for all Ladies. In fact this hauteur combined with the annoyance which he made no effort to conceal and which was manifest in his face positively alarmed her.

"'Tis to you alone, Sir, that I have recourse," said she, "in the trouble in which I find myself overwhelmed by the indifference & bad behaviour of the Duke of Monmouth. He tries my patience to the utmost limit——"

"This is a very politic move," interrupted the King. "You come here & complain with every appearance of jealousy; but your reproaches & suspicions of your husband are but a device to hide your own conduct. You should arrange things better. You should realise that the moment of quitting an assignation yourself is scarcely a befitting occasion upon which to come & accuse *him* of gallantry."

The Duchess was so astonished at what she heard that, notwithstanding her innocence, an onlooker would have thought her guilty. However, she soon recovered her equanimity sufficiently to make an effort to justify herself;—for now she cared more to do this than to make complaint. She protested to the King that she had nothing to reproach herself with; that it was the Duke of Buckingham[2] that she had met in the Park; that she had simply stopped him to speak

[1] The Duke of Grafton fought against him in 1685.

[2] Who was some twenty-five years her senior.

of her troubles ; & finally she supplicated his Majesty to send for the Duke to justify her.

The King had a sufficiently high opinion of the Duchess to believe willingly all she said to him ; but as he thought the Duke of Monmouth's doubts were reasonable, he was very pleased to be in a position to set them absolutely at rest ; & calling to the Earl of Norwich [1] he despatched him to the Duke of Buckingham with orders that he should come at once.

[1] Henry Howard, second son of Henry Frederick, Earl of Arundel (1608–1652), and Lady Elizabeth Stuart (1626–1657), m. 1627. Born July 12, 1628. Died in London January 1684. Buried at Arundel. Created Baron Howard of Castle Rising 1669, Earl of Norwich and Hereditary Earl Marshal 1672. Succeeded his brother as sixth Duke of Norfolk 1677. For further particulars of identification *see* Introduction.

CHAPTER III

POOR Lord Norwich found the Duke of Buckingham all too soon but under the very last circumstances he expected; for his Grace was kneeling at the feet of my lord's wife,[1]—a very beautiful member of the Court, —who, up to then, had been so discreet that hardly anyone had known of the Duke's attachment for her. It will be easy to picture their mutual surprise. My Lord Norwich was far too politic to desire to insist on an explanation in the Park. There are scenes in public in which one objects to being an Actor; so he mastered his wrath sufficiently to pretend to believe his wife when she said, in excusing herself for having been found at such an hour with a Man of the World so well made & so gallant, that Chance alone had conducted her to this place. Then, in an inconceivable embarrassment, she retired.

The Duke of Buckingham overcome with chagrin at the cruel mischance which had befallen him had hesitated to justify himself to the lady in the presence of her husband, and now, without stopping for any explanation he presented himself before the King & there corroborated all that the Duchess of Monmouth had said.

[1] Jane, daughter of Robert Bickerton of Cash in Scotland, Clerk of the Wine Cellar to Charles II., son of Thomas Bickerton Lord of Cash. She was born 1644 and married Lord Norwich as his second wife 1668 having previously been his mistress. By him she had seven children, one posthumous. She died August 27th, 1693. *See* Introduction, p. xx.

Quite satisfied, the King called the Duke of Monmouth, & also sent for the Duchess of Buckingham, who had returned home, for he wished to make known to her the mistake she had made. When presently she arrived, he first of all addressed his son : " You had reason to think," he said, " having seen your wife in the Park with a man, that appearances pointed to guilt ; but she is innocent. My lady of Buckingham had, on her side, causes for alarm ;—still, another time she would be well advised to be more moderate. As for the Duchess of Monmouth, this adventure should convince her that appearances cannot always be relied on. Believe me then, all of you, & hearken to what I say : Forgive these annoyances that you have equally suffered, & let this serve to cure you of jealousy ; which may be called the supreme evil of Marriage."

The Duchess of Monmouth said nothing. What had happened had caused her so much surprise that she continued in a sullen silence which was more indicative of anger than of moderation. The Duchess of Buckingham, on her side, loved her husband to such a degree that she could not be other than transported with joy at having been so deceived ; she flattered herself that he was not so faithless as she had supposed, & she felt for him a reawakening of a love so sincere that nothing would have given her greater happiness than that he should have responded. But, the Duke being the victim of a secret uneasiness for the fate of My Lady Norwich found the pleasure he would have otherwise experienced at the termination of this affair poisoned. As for the Duke of Monmouth, he appeared to be more satisfied than at the bottom of his heart he really was. He had discovered in his spouse an overseer who would oblige him in future to guard his movements to a degree which would cause him grievous constraint. But like the rest he remained

de Witt

ANNA, DUCHESS OF MONMOUTH AND BUCCLEUCH

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silent, & then the King, impatient to go to his Mistress, left them all ; passing into her Apartment.

The two Duchesses made the first move & went off together. Then their husbands proceeded to the Park ; it was the most glorious night that can be imagined.

" What is the matter ? " said the Duke of Monmouth to the Duke of Buckingham, " I find you in the depth of melancholy, a state of mind most unusual in your case."

" Alas ! in trying to save you I have lost myself. I had not come into the Park just now without a reason ; in fact I will own to you I was awaiting My Lady Norwich."

" *You* were awaiting her," cried the Duke of Monmouth ; " is what you tell me possible ? "

" You may believe me," continued the other, " nor must you think that the secret of my passion has been kept from you through any lack of confidence ; but she was so delicate & jealous of her reputation, she bound me by a thousand oaths never to confide in a third person, & I have kept my word as long as it was in my power. She even said to me : ' I will be both your Confidante & your Mistress together. Never betray me to a friend : he would be certain to speak of the matter. As long as you follow this conduct be certain I shall consider your interests before my own.' Alas, I did all that she wished ; & the first person, save ourselves, to know anything of the matter was—would you believe it ?—her husband ! "

" Her husband ! "

" Himself ! The King had sent him to look for me & he found me at his wife's feet. Judge of our surprise,—or rather do not attempt to do so, for it is an impossibility. See then, my lord, what your gallantry has cost me."

He sank into a silence which his companion made no attempt to break, but walked along with a disturbed expression, evidently reflecting profoundly.

"Is it possible?" his Grace of Buckingham asked presently, "that my vexation touches you so deeply?"

"No," replied the younger Duke.

"It must not be," he continued, "that I have to reproach myself with being wanting in good faith to my best friend.[1] Know therefore, my lord, that I can take no part in your trouble,—I am full of my own. Know too, my lord, that this lady, so jealous of her reputation, told me a precisely similar tale to that which she told you, & she appeared to me a woman so worthy of my attachment that, hitherto, I could not have believed it possible she could be capable of infidelity!"

The Duke of Buckingham was extraordinarily surprised. "What! are we Rivals then? Has this woman had the address & duplicity to deceive us both?"

"I am deeply moved," responded the other, "but at the bottom of my heart I am not very greatly surprised. As she must realise that we love others beside herself it is no wonder that she retaliates."

"Ha! that is very different," said the Duke of Buckingham, "and your excuses for her are not altogether delicate. It seems that your love must be less than mine otherwise you would hardly regard with indifference what fills me with horror."

"In justice to myself," replied his Grace of Monmouth, "I cannot acknowledge that any Lady who

[1] Friendship notwithstanding, Buckingham was the author of some very aggressive verses satirising Monmouth. *Collected Works*, vol. ii, p. 15. As the annotator comments: "Though our author was a leading light of the Duke of Monmouth's faction that would not exempt the Duke from the satire of his pen." *Ibid.* p. 33.

was worthy of an honest man's heart, would consent to accept but a share of it."

"And yet," dissented Buckingham, "it often happens that, during the actual course of a long & a great passion, one would escape for the moment & take advantage of a favourable opportunity in another direction. But it is an assured fact that these little infidelities are rarely followed up; for one returns with renewed ardour to the real object of one's affections, as if to one's only good. It is for this reason that no sensible woman takes offence——"

"I find," said the Duke of Monmouth, "that the Laws that govern Woman & that govern us are equal, & that in assuming we possess the privilege of temporarily attaching ourselves to some chance Mistress from time to time, reserving the right to return to the old one, when and as we will, we are the victims of a totally erroneous conceit. Women adapt themselves but hardly to this rule, & take revenge is no measured manner the instant an opportunity arrives."

"You conclude then," interrupted the Duke of Buckingham, rather heatedly, "that My Lady Norwich hath done well to deceive us both, & that we ought to thank her for having taken the trouble."

"No," said his friend, "I do not come to that conclusion, for I am in despair at being the dupe of a person whom I esteemed even more than I loved;—for my passion was not new. Yet with all this I cannot help believing that one of us two can make her come to a decision if he himself hath first done so."

"Hey, *bon Dieu*, was my mind not made up? And I am still such a fool over the woman that, despite myself, I am worrying about her,—for the apparent moderation of her husband is more ominous to me than would be the most violent paroxysms of rage."

"Do not let us regard ourselves as Rivals," suggested

his Grace of Monmouth, "let us rather combine in an endeavour to serve her."

"Alas, what is there to be done in an encounter of this nature?" sighed the Duke of Buckingham. "We may never see her again."

They continued walking discussing the matter, when the Duke of Monmouth suddenly stopped, his eye arrested by the sight of something sparkling lying on the ground before him. He stooped to pick it up and found it to be a set of Tablets garnished with diamonds.

"Have you no curiosity," he asked, "to see what these Tablets contain?"

"To have such a desire," replied his companion angrily, "one would need to be as dissipated & flirtatious as you are! I have other thoughts to occupy me."

"I will take care of them then," said Monmouth amused at his friend's petulance, "and if I find anything likely to arouse your interest I will tell you——"

"All I ask of you at the present," replied the Duke of Buckingham, "is the history of your loves with my Mistress."

"It is too late to begin them now," said his companion serenely. "I can tell you the day after to-morrow if you wish."

The Duke of Buckingham was constrained to thank him for even this limited mercy, and at this point each of them took his separate road to his lodging.

Although the Duke of Monmouth to all outward seeming, treated the matter but lightly, he was in reality extremely sore at the infidelity of My Lady Norwich. He had thought himself her only lover; this very opinion had inspired him with an indolence in regard to her from which he had never expected to be aroused by such a singular adventure. He recalled to his mind all the charms of this beautiful person &

never had he found her so fascinating as at this moment.

His reflections only served to make him feel the more fully what was involved in her loss.

All the same, his heart was not seriously enough affected for him to remain very long in such a melancholy & affliction, &, arrived home, he hastened to search the Tablets which he had just found, in the hope of seeing something there which would distract & even divert him.

He read these words :

Do not worry yourself in the least at what you have made me suffer ! If you really had any preference for me you could not possibly encourage the Duke of Monmouth & encourage him before my eyes ! Do not advance, in making an apology : But you have lived with Miledy ——! You know that the case is quite different ; but I am obliged to keep up appearances with her, & that for your sake Madam. This gives you no excuse to be tender to my Rval.

If you do not wish for my death, find a moment when I can speak to you in private.

The Duke guessed immediately that these Tablets belonged to My Lord Arran, & that the letter was addressed to Emilie ; this was confirmed absolutely by the words that were written underneath those just quoted.

Pray cease troubling yourself, my lord, for there is no reason why you should doubt my heart. If I have appeared to pay any heed to the Duke it was from a politic motive, of which regard for you was the leading principle ; it was my desire to divert the suspicions of the jealous Miledy —— by making her think that I preferred another to you.

I cannot meet you before to-morrow evening in the Gallery at the end of the Queen's Apartments. Do not fail to be there.

The Duke of Monmouth was in despair at this bad faith on the part of Emilie. Was it not enough, he

thought, to know that My Lady Norwich cared for the Duke of Buckingham ? Must he find out at the same time that the girl he loved was disposed to sacrifice him ? For although My Lord Arran had preceded him in her good graces, he had flattered himself that he had entirely obtained her preference.

He lay awake nearly all night unable to find any repose, revolving in his mind a thousand designs by which he might be avenged.

CHAPTER IV

THAT night was evidently destined to be one of trouble & unrest.

The Countess of Norwich upon her return home called immediately for one of her women in whom she had the greatest confidence. "My dear Esther, I am lost," she said. "The cruellest adventure that can possibly be imagined hath occurred to me this evening. My husband discovered me in the Park with the Duke of Buckingham. From the studied calm of his manner I augur the utmost misfortunes. *O Dieu!* How can I escape them?"

"You should go, Madam," said Esther, "without losing a moment, to Madam your sister, & stay there until you have recovered from this state of agitation; otherwise you may say or do something you will repent of."

"Under what pretext?" demanded the lady, "could I leave here so late? Would it not be to confess that I have done wrong & so to cover myself for ever with shame?"

"When the peril is so near," said Esther, "I assure you, Madam, that you need not be so studied in your actions. Madam, your sister will give you good advice & hide your disgrace as she would her own."

"But what shall I say to the Duke of Monmouth?" cried her mistress. "If he guesses what is passing he will at once become my cruellest enemy——"

"He hath never loved you enough, Madam, to hate

you," replied Esther. "And if you continue to make these unnecessary reflections my lord will return & there will be no chance for you to escape."

My Lady Norwich thereupon hurried from her chamber to the stairs.

She was just about to enter her chair as her husband appeared. Far from being disconcerted she told him that her sister had sent to ask her to come at once as she was very ill.

Apparently he did not believe this; if he did it gave him but little concern; for, remarking that it was too late to run the streets, & that a clever Doctor would be of more assistance to her sister than she could be, he obliged her to re-enter the house. His manner warned her that she might expect trouble.

As soon as they were in the Room he told her that the King had just given him orders to leave the next morning to go to the County of Pembrokeshire, where just then things were passing contrary to his Majesty's interests;—& that she would accompany him on the journey.

Never was surprise equal to hers. She said she expected it would prove to be an insurrection & that she would find herself among rebels.

He assured her that he would pacify them all.

She objected that it was not then the time to go into the country,—that it was already too hot.

He told her that he would only take her into airy houses.

She replied that she would be certain to fall ill.

He said that there were good Doctors there.

She exclaimed that they would embarrass her.

He entreated her not to upset herself.

Thus all the reasons were useless. He signified to her that, without seeking so many obstacles, it was his

desire, that she had best prepare with a good grace for they would leave at daybreak.

Whilst the Duke of Buckingham was ignorant of this bad news, he was not more tranquil at home. His wife had awaited his arrival; he found her in his apartment; she fell on his neck, & this was a new annoyance to him. She protested that she would not have slept at all if she had not seen him before retiring to make her excuses to him for what had passed before the King. She declared that she knew she had done wrong to murmur; but that if he would only examine the sources of her complaints he would but find the cause to love her the more.

He entirely agreed with all she said, & then advised her to retire to her Chamber. He told her he considered it was very bad for her that he should keep her up so late, & that he was far too interested about her health to countenance it; & then he, notwithstanding her protests, conducted her to her room.

He had thought to be rid of her, & this caused him much joy, but she came back almost on his steps. It had so happened that one of the servants in opening a bottle of Imperial water [1] had let it fall beside the Duchess's bed. She said the odour was so strong,—perhaps she found the excuse so good,—that she had returned to ask her husband for the half of his bed, & this he could not decently refuse her however great was his secret desire to do so.

In yet another household Miledy . . . not being able to control her grief, on leaving the Barge of the Duchess of York, had pretended to be ill so as to have an excuse for returning immediately to her own apartment. There she gave free course to the tears which she had hitherto restrained with such difficulty. The shame &

[1] A drink made of cream of tartar flavoured with lemon juice and sweetened. N. E. D.

misery that she felt at weeping over one so unworthy cruelly augmented her indignation. "Shall I never cure myself?" said she to My Lady Feismouth[1] who was her intimate friend, & for whom she had sent on her return. "I love this traitor who is utterly uncomprehending of the value of my heart. He prefers Emilie to me, although she only mocks him, sacrificing him without scruple to the Duke of Monmouth. Yes, Madam; My Lord Arran hath seen my sorrow with a disgraceful indifference; he hath given me proof of his infidelity; I realise that I persist in standing in my own light, & yet,—despite all the reasons that I have for hating him,—I love him & by this weakness make myself one of the unhappiest people in the world!"

My Lady Feismouth was genuinely delighted at what her friend told her. "Now *you* realise," she said, "what *I* have seen for a long time. I begin to hope that your pride will come to the rescue of your heart. Is it not a pitiable thing that with so much sense & worth it is your sole desire to be ever the dupe of a man like Lord Arran?"

"I would rather be his veriest plaything than nothing at all to him," cried Miledy . . . shedding a torrent of tears. "You speak like a woman who hath never loved, & who does not know anything of the most tyrannical of all passions."

My Lady Feismouth embraced her. "Do not then let us think anything more of what you ought to do to cure you," she said, "but at least my dear friend promise me that you will endeavour to profit by the lesson that he hath given you by his indifference."

"I am not likely to forget them," said Miledy . . . "although I fear that there will be little peace for me. However, if I am still too foolish to banish that ingrate from my heart I will at least be sufficiently

[1] We have not succeeded in identifying this lady.

proud to keep my secret, & sufficiently vindictive to avenge myself on my Rival, & make her realise that one does not flout with impunity a woman of my birth or my character."

" I presume," said the other, " that you are going to exert yourself to the utmost to plague Emilie ? Ah, my dear Miledy . . . how far you are from the sentiments I should like to see you have ! "

They would have continued much longer, but their conversation was interrupted by one coming to inform My Lady Feismouth that the Queen was asking for her.

Of all those that up till now I have mentioned Lord Arran was the only one whose mind was perfectly tranquil. The reply of Emilie, which he had found in his Tablets, had put him at peace with all the world,— for he did not yet know that he had lost them, any more than he remembered that the pleasures we think the nearest & the most sure, are often the most distant, or the most cruelly hindered. And at this very time the one care of the Duke of Monmouth in his jealous infatuation was to disorganise his Rival's pleasant assignation.

To succeed in this he found he must take Miledy . . . into his confidence.

He was with her at a very early hour. He found in her eyes a certain air of languor which made her altogether charming, & he would willingly have proposed that she should, forgetting My Lord Arran for ever, from that very moment, commence a *liaison* with him, had he not been afraid of displeasing her by so doing.

" Our interests should be in common, Madam," said he, on entering her room. " People who cease to merit our regard treat us as dupes."

"I presume," said she, "you wish to speak to me, my lord, about the scene which took place yesterday on the Barge of her Highness? I must confess that I have played a very culpable part; it is with shame I hear it spoken of."

"Can it be possible!" exclaimed the Duke, "that a man you esteem so particularly can display so much ingratitude & bad taste!"

"He still endeavours to deceive me," she replied, "swearing a thousand oaths that have lost all their power. For example, what did he tell me only yesterday? Why, that it appeared to him I did a very great wrong in accusing him of loving Emilie,—& that, despite the faithful witness of my own eyes. But," she continued smiling, "Jupiter is not a dupe." [1]

"Apart from what you have seen," said the Duke, "here are these Tablets which chance has thrown into my hands; they confirm your just doubts & convict him."

"I have no need," said she, taking them in a manner which betokened great displeasure. "I have no need to be persuaded of Emilie's bad faith."

She read the two Notes alternately flushing & paling, and then returned the Tablets to the Duke. She lacked the strength to speak, but her eyes were eloquent.

"Do not let us miss the opportunity," said he, "of interrupting this agreeable *rendezvous*. You, Madam, must go to the Gallery where, passing for Emilie, you will from his own mouth obtain an avowal of his disloyalty. I, on my part, will take care of the rest."

She had a genuine struggle ere resolving to take this step. Knowing that she was neither waited for nor

[1] We have not been able to trace the meaning of this expression; the 1707 translation evades the difficulty by substituting "I am not easily deceived!"

desired by Lord Arran, she feared that some one would come & surprise her while with him,—a situation which would be most difficult to account for,—but she thought also of the joy that she would have in confronting him in his actual infidelity, of how, afterwards, she would have every right to break with him, if she wished, & anyhow to treat him with the greatest contempt. Finally, all her reasons gave way before the Duke's desires, & she promised him not to fail in keeping the rendezvous in the Gallery.

Once assured of this he proceeded to the King's Apartment to know what was the programme for the day. He learned that they were going to hunt, & that Lord Arran was one of those whom his Majesty had named to follow him. With this news the Duke returned to his lodging,[1] & then imitating, as far as lay in his power, the calligraphy of Lord Arran,—of which he had several specimens,—he wrote the following words on the Tablets that he had found :

I cannot go into the Gallery without passing the Chamber of the Queen, I fear lest she might order me to remain for her amusement. It would be better, Madam, that we should meet in the little Salon of the Princess Anne ;—you can reach it without being noticed, & upon my return from the chase, I will go there with the greatest eagerness.

He then ordered one of his Valets de Chambre who was unknown to Emilie, to find a means of giving her the Tablets as though from My Lord Arran; after which he returned at once to the King.

[1] It was in the Cockpit.

CHAPTER V

ARRIVED at the King's, he was mounting the stairs when he saw the Duke of Buckingham descending them with all the precipitation of a man who hath important business.

He at first hesitated whether or not to stop him, & eventually he turned & ran after him.

"What is it?" he said, catching him by the arm, "you appear very busy."

"Ha! My lord," said his Grace of Buckingham, "look at this Billet they have brought me on behalf of a certain lady, & judge of my indignation."

The Duke of Monmouth read these words:

You will easily realise my unhappiness when I have told you that my husband, insensible alike to my tears & my prayers, is taking me into Pembrokeshire! What can you do my lord to prevent a journey that will perhaps prove fatal to my life? Consult your heart, it alone can suggest the means. Myself, I am not in a state to think of anything.

"Whatever reason I have to complain of her," said the Duke of Monmouth, returning the note, "her condition touches me sensibly. But I cannot serve her in a matter so delicate, & I also advise you to leave this affair to take its natural course."

"Heaven forfend!" exclaimed the other, "it is sufficient that she asks succour for me to give it."

"You will place yourself, then, in the position of a Knight Errant?"

"I am not sufficiently romantic for that," inter-

rupted the Duke of Buckingham. "All the same I cannot patiently endure that you should show so much indifference concerning a woman who, not twenty-four hours ago, you believed loved you."

"And if I were not so indifferent," interrupted Monmouth, "my imagination would so sensibly influence me in a matter so vital, as to effect my cure."

"I was equally mistaken with you, & perhaps more so," replied Buckingham, sighing, "and yet I feel an unconquerable weakness for her; it may be charity, it may be passion, it may be the two combined;—anyway, I am going to snatch her from the hands of her husband.

"You are going to make a terrible disturbance," exclaimed the Duke of Monmouth. "In the name of God let me think a moment what had best be done."

The Duke of Buckingham made no reply, & the Duke of Monmouth considered intently as to what was the most proper course to pursue.

"Of course! One should not hesitate," he exclaimed after a few moments. "Go, my lord, & implore succour of the King. You enter into his interests every day, & he is too gallant & too generous to refuse you."

The Duke of Buckingham snapped at this expedient & immediately mounting to the chamber of the King he asked for a moment's audience.

As soon as he was alone with his Majesty, he recounted to him all that had happened at the rendezvous in the Park, & his misfortune at being discovered by My Lord Norwich. He then showed him the lady's Note.

The King changed colour several times as he listened to the Duke's recital of his woes & the latter perceived it with the greatest emotion; for it suddenly occurred

to him that he had found yet another Rival, and one still more dangerous than the Duke of Monmouth.

"I am surprised," said the King, after he had spent some minutes in silence, "that My Lady Norwich did not address herself to me rather than to you in asking to be saved from the ill-humours of her husband. But no doubt she hath her reasons for keeping from me the knowledge of the conduct of her affairs."

The Duke of Buckingham had the honour to be brought up with the King.[1] He had so fully entered into his confidence that he was able to speak to him with greater familiarity than any other man of the court.

"Do not hide from me your thoughts, Sir," he said. "Indeed I already guessed them, a fact which materially increases my unhappiness. You love Lady Norwich; you are displeased, & jealous at what took place in the Park. But the present moment is not the one to inquire if she be right or wrong. Stop her departure, Sir; think only of that."

"*Ingrate!*" said the King, heaving a profound sigh.

After this he was silent, meditating some time before he again took up the thread.

"No, she merits neither my anger nor my protection," he said, "I will abandon her. Do not speak of her again to me," he concluded, turning to the Duke. The latter remained silent and downcast. He fully realised that the King, possessed as he was just now

[1] When the first Duke of Buckingham was murdered King Charles I. told his broken-hearted widow that he would be a father to her children, which promise he faithfully kept; the two Villiers boys were brought up with and shared the same instructors as the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. The beautiful Vandyke, still at Windsor, of the Duke of Buckingham and his brother in childhood silently, as Lady Burghclere says, "testifies to the fatherly affection of Charles I. for his orphan wards." *George Villiers, Second Duke of Buckingham*, by the Lady Burghclere, London, 1903.

with righteous anger, would not accord him anything for his Mistress.

Making a profound reverence he left the Closet.

The Duke of Monmouth was awaiting him in the Ante-chamber ; he passed him by without one glance and descended the stairs. The Duke of Monmouth was surprised. He hastened after him, asking him how he had proceeded when with the King.

" I proceeded to be guilty of additional foolishness," he replied brusquely, " and it was by your counsel ; you seem fatal to my intrigue ! I inform the King of what passes, only to have revealed to me that *he* loves the lady ! See to what a degree of unhappiness I have come. Last night I discovered you were my Rival, this morning I find the King to be another one. I learn nothing of my Mistress save reprehensible infidelities, yet instead of my passion being weakened, by a fatality I cannot fathom I find that it is increased, and that it is my destiny to commit—without any assistance—some wild extravagance for a woman who merits only my hatred."

As the Duke was about to remark that one is never fortunate in love without running the risk of losing the object inspiring the emotion, they came to tell him that the King asked for him.

" Will you wait for me ? " he said to the Duke of Buckingham ; " it may be about your concerns."

" I shall lose too much time," responded the latter. " Her ladyship has already gone. She must be followed."

" What ! Do you intend to take her by force ? "

" I do not know *what* I intend ! But I am going to take some people & follow her."

" You are going to commit an outrageous folly," commented the other. " Do not refuse to wait for me,—I shall return in a moment."

Reluctantly his Grace of Buckingham agreed, passing into a dark, low gallery which led to the chambers of several of the King's Officers. "You will find me here," he said.

The Duke of Monmouth hastened off to the King. He was told he was in his Closet. Entering quietly he saw that his Majesty had his head resting on his hands & that he was in a deep reverie. Hearing some noise he looked towards the door, discovering the Duke.

"Come hither, James (it was thus that he sometimes addressed him), & let us speak without reserve about My Lady Norwich."

The Duke of Monmouth, at these words, did not doubt but that his father knew of his own passion for this Lady & that he was going to reproach him for it. He began to speak hastily. "You are asking me, Sir, to make the frank avowal of my attachment for her? I owe too much respect to your Majesty to fail in sincerity. Yes, Sir, it is true that I have loved her, & perhaps she would not have hated me had I been able to pursue her more assiduously——"

The King, amazed at these words stared at him. Sadly he said: "*Complete what Buckingham hath begun.*"

But too late did the Duke realise how great an imprudence he had committed in replying to the King before he knew upon what subject his Majesty wished to interrogate him. The varied thoughts that chased through his mind put him into such a confusion that he had not the power to make any reply.

"I had chosen you to be the confidant of my unhappiness!" cried the King, breaking the silence. "I wished to tell you that I loved to my shame, (hardly ever hath a Lover been more unhappy than I,)—that I loved My Lady Norwich; loved her well, & with such a respectful passion that when she had occasion to

remark that she wished the matter kept an inviolable secret, I used all my application to conceal my sentiments. Satisfied to discover them to her alone, I awaited the hour that would bring me the happiness, I should not owe to my importunities, but solely to her gratitude for my constancy. She carefully avoided showing me any favour, & whilst my heart was fretted with suffering, I did not cease to feel gratification at finding a woman could be so virtuous. My esteem augmented my desire,—& all the time I was but a tool! Whilst you & Buckingham enjoyed her tenderness *I* languished a submissive Lover, & sighed without complaining!"

The Duke of Monmouth, who had by this time recovered himself, respectfully said that his own intrigue with her ladyship should certainly not add to his Majesty's vexation, for he would never see her again.

"When one hath begun to love the son," said the King, interrupting him, "it is rare that one returns to the Father. I should therefore make a great mistake if I flattered myself with any hopes. I swear I shall regard Buckingham as a Rival far less to be feared. We are nearly the same age,[1] but with regard to you the thing is quite different."

"I hardly know what I might have promised myself in regard to Lady Norwich," said the Duke; "but I do know most fortunately that for some time past I have neglected her."

"That is your doing rather than hers," said the King, "nor is she to my mind the more excusable thereby. She hath deceived me by a thousand artifices. . . . Still her husband is going to confine her in the depth of the country. . . . I pity her

[1] The King was two years the junior of Buckingham whilst his son was nineteen years younger than he.

budding charms. . . . What will she do in the wilds of Wales ? It is very certain she will not find three lovers like those she leaves at Whitehall. . . . Go, James, go, and give the order in my name that some guards are to follow and bring her back. To make the husband return let him be told that he is required here for my service ! "

Delighted to be charged with such a Commission the Duke immediately left the King, going in search of the Duke of Buckingham in the little gallery where he expected to find him awaiting him. For some time he walked down it without seeing him, but at length he discovered him pressed against a door, listening attentively. Perceiving the Duke of Monmouth, he signed to him not to make a noise & to approach.

" I do not know if I am dreaming or if I am awake," said he as soon as the latter was near enough for him to be able to speak in a low tone, " but I swear to you that I hear the voice of our inamorata !"

" You are so occupied with her," replied the other, " that you are always thinking you hear her."

" I will give place to you," said Buckingham, motioning him to change places. " Just listen a little."

The Duke of Monmouth then heard a woman's voice.

" Alas, my lord ! " she was saying, " your skilful rescue of me is not enough for I now find myself in a more cruel position than ever. What will become of me ? What will the Court think of an experience so singular as mine ? "

" Do not disturb yourself, Madam," said the person she had addressed, " You are now in a place where you are Mistress. The Marquis de Blanquefort [1] is entirely ignorant of the reason for which I asked him for

[1] Louis Duras, Earl of Feversham, Marquis de Blanquefort in the French Peerage, Lord of the Bedchamber to King Charles II, K.G., b. 1638, d. 1709.

the loan of his apartment, nor will he come back until he returns from his attendance on the King. I am now going to find you a pleasant & secretly situated lodging whence you can make your arrangements, & dictate conditions to your husband at your convenience.

"But, Madam," he continued in a passionate voice, "dare I ask of you that I shall share those arrangements? Are you always going to treat me with rigour? Is the service I have just rendered you of no worth?"

"I am not in a state to reply to you, my lord," said My Lady Norwich (for it was really she). "And I beg you to observe you should not ask me such a question at a time when I cannot dispense with your services. It detracts from the generosity of your heart, & affronts the delicacy of mine."

"Ha! Madam," said my lord, heaving a profound sigh. "The manner in which I have ever loved you is proof enough that I am neither wanting in respect or devotion. No, you do not regard me with favour. I realise that, notwithstanding the vehemence with which you endeavour to conceal your sentiments. Still, even if you are quite indifferent to me, I have the sad consolation of knowing that I have left nothing undone whereby I might serve you."

There then followed some words that the listeners did not catch, because, realising that the lady or her cavalier was on the point of coming out, they promptly retired into the doorway of a little secondary flight of stairs which led up to the apartments of the Countess of Fingal. It was easy for them to see from this place anyone who came from out of the room under observation, &, an instant after, the door opened & there issued forth—My Lord Russell.[1]

[1] William Russell, Lord Russell, b. September 29, 1639, was the eldest

The Duke of Monmouth could not prevent himself from laughingly observing, "Here, then, is another of our Rivals; but from his manner of speaking I do not think he is one of the most dangerous!"

After this he told his companion about his conversation with the King, & of the order that his Majesty had given him to send after the Countess & bring her back.

"My dear lord," said the Duke of Buckingham, embracing him, "no doubt you have the key of the Marquis de Blanquefort's room; will you render me an inestimable service?"

"It is true that in my capacity of Captain of the Body Guard I have the key of the rooms of the two Lieutenants, so that if it should happen that there were night orders to be given I might enter the more promptly."

"Ha! Of your mercy give it me & I will profit by it immediately to see My Lady Norwich."

"If the King knew of my doing so it would not take much more for me to lose his good graces."

"But who will tell him?" interrupted the Duke of Buckingham. "It would not be I who would betray you at the very time I was indebted to you by such a precious obligation."

"No, it would not be you," said His Grace of Monmouth, "but it might be My Lord Russell."

"He is not a sorcerer," observed the other with a laugh, "& he would need be one, to divine that I am here in this particular spot with you who are disposed to lend me the key."

"One would have to be an even greater sorcerer,"

surviving son of the first Duke of Bedford, by Anne, daughter and heiress of Carr, Earl of Somerset and his Countess, Frances Howard, the divorced wife of Essex. Lord Russell, m. 1669, Lady Rachel Wriothesly, and was beheaded in Lincoln's Inn Fields, July 21, 1683.

replied the Duke of Monmouth, "to divine that I should neglect my own interests, in lending you the key, at the time when I know you are my Rival."

"If you were not nearly recovered from this passion," interrupted his friend, "I would rather die than ask such a sacrifice of you, but from yourself I am aware of the state of your heart."

Upon this the younger Duke gave him the key, but fearing that some one might have seen her ladyship enter the Marquis de Blanquefort's room & have told the King, he in doing so extracted a promise from Buckingham that he would make no use of it until after his Majesty had started for the Chase.

CHAPTER VI

AS soon as the Duke of Buckingham had witnessed the King's departure he proceeded to the gallery in a state of supreme emotion & agitated by a thousand different feelings. He went in search of a woman he loved tenderly ; but he was so jealous, that when he recalled that she had such a number of adorers, and reflected that perhaps he had been sacrificed to them all he felt inclined to hate her.

Occupied by these varied reflections he advanced into the gallery, his step now precipitate, now laggard; his mind was in a whirl, & he was unusually agitated.

The Duchess of Buckingham, having passed a part of the morning with My Lady Fingal,[1] happened to be descending by the latter's little private stairs into the gallery when she saw her unfaithful husband coming towards her. She immediately assumed that as he had not followed the King to the Chase there were things afoot that were contrary to her interests. Waiting with the door that shut off the stairs ajar, she beheld the Duke open that of the Marquis de Blanquefort & enter his room. Emerging quietly from her hiding place, she hesitated for a moment debating with herself whether she should knock, when to her great delight

[1] Margaret, daughter of Donogh, third Earl of Clancarty, and niece of the Duke of Ormonde (1639–84), b. ?, d. January 1, 1703. She was in the household of the Queen whom she accompanied to Portugal after her Majesty's widowhood, as first lady-in-waiting.

she perceived that the door was not shut fast. For the Duke, all occupied with his passion, had forgotten to take the key[1] in with him. She pushed the door a little further open & glided in.

The shutters of this little apartment were closed,—it was a precaution that Lady Norwich had taken on entering, fearing she might otherwise be observed.

There was a closet leading out of the room.

Upon entering the room and not seeing anyone the Duke passed on into the closet, whilst his wife, not knowing where to hide, quietly crept on to the bed the curtains of which were drawn. To what chagrin, *Grand Dieu!* did she not expose herself by her imprudent curiosity;—she thought ere she left that room that she would have died of grief.

One saw a little more clearly in the closet than in the Chamber & recognising the Duke My Lady Norwich cried out loudly:

"What is it you, my lord? Is it you who dare appear before me after having refused me the assistance I required of you, & asked with so much urgency! By what indiscretion hath My Lord Russell discovered my retreat to you? It was my desire to hide it as much from *you* as from my *husband!*"

"If you were less unhappy or I less weak where you are concerned, Madam," replied the Duke of Buckingham, "I could make reproaches that were more subtle than yours. I have not neglected on this occasion to render you all necessary service, & I was on the point of mounting my horse to follow & to snatch you from your indignant spouse,—exposing myself thereby to the jealousy of my wife if not to greater troubles—when chance discovered to me that you were in this room. I was overcome with joy. Yes, unfaithful

[1] Handle catches are of comparatively modern introduction. In Paris latches were lifted by the key alone within living memory.

one," continued he, " despite the Rivals that you give me, & the care you take to preserve them ; notwithstanding your infidelity and my just resentment I love you still. Love you with sufficient passion, that, having found you, I am filled with happiness——"

" I did not think," interrupted the lady curtly, " that you would have added further offences to those which already vex me ! It is thanks to *you alone*, that I find myself in the deplorable state in which I am. Before that unhappy assignation, where I was discovered, was there a woman of this Court whose honour had more supporters or fewer detractors ? It is through you I suffer & you—insult me. Go, my lord, go ! I want neither your heart nor your pity,—your presence is the last misfortune."

The Duke was far too moved to enter into explanations. Throwing himself at her knees he embraced them with much passion. " I am not in a condition," said he, " to combat your anger by reasons ; they would only appear offensive to you. You would not like it if I reproached you for your attachment to the King, or to the Duke of Monmouth, or to My Lord Russell,—and all of this hath come to my knowledge, causing me mortal displeasure. No, Madam, I will say nothing that will annoy you, I will even avow that I too have failed, so that you grant me pardon."

My Lady Norwich had believed her intrigues secret, & when the Duke spoke with so much freedom her anger so increased as to be impossible to describe ! So far from pacifying her his words reduced her to a state of raging fury that was utterly beyond control.

" I never wish to see you again," she shrieked, escaping from his proximity. " Leave me immediately or I shall go myself. However great the danger be, I prefer to risk it rather than remain here with you." In saying these words she ran towards the

door of the Chamber & finding it open, promptly went out.

The Duke had remained in the Closet, endeavouring to form in his mind some scheme of action whereby his Mistress might be appeased. As soon as he felt capable he passed into the Chamber where he expected to see her, & hearing some noise near the bed he approached, never doubting but that it was her. It was, however, his wife who had remained there all this time, & who was no less irritated than Lady Norwich. She rudely repulsed her husband when he would have thrown himself at her feet ; so taking her hands he kissed them many times with fervent passion, & the greater the devotion he exhibited, the greater was the Duchess's despondency.

" How much am I to be pitied," she thought, " that I cannot free myself from this traitor. How the marks of his tenderness, so dear to me at other times, do now but swell my misery & my anguish. I owe it all to my Rival, & such poisoned sweetnesses as these mortally hurt a heart so delicate as mine."

These reflections increased her ill-humour so much that snatching her hands away from the Duke she repulsed him, and utterly refused to listen any more.

Such rigour in a person one greatly loves so far from weakening passion materially strengthens it, & however submissive & respectful the Duke might be, he would never have abandoned his intention of coaxing his Mistress to a reconciliation, had he not perceived that the person with whom he was had little, thin arms & withered hands, which did not bear the least resemblance to those of the Lady Norwich. He thought it was not possible that a few hours of trouble could have wrought this surprising change.

For a while he remained immovable, & then he thought of going towards the window in order to open

the shutters but the remembrance of the chagrin which was certain to follow his enlightenment kept him lingering in front of his wife. Just then My Lord Russell returned to escort My Lady Norwich to a house of which he was the master. Much surprised to find the door open, he pushed it gently, & on perceiving a man there facing a woman he thought he would have had a fit.

Jealousy often blinds the eyes. Whatever difference there may have been between the Duchess of Buckingham & My Lady Norwich he never for one moment thought it other than the latter, who thus by infidelity rewarded the essential service he had rendered her. It so overcame him that he had not the strength to advance & discover himself.

The Duke on his part had now sufficient light from the door, My Lord Russell had just opened, to recognise her with whom he was. Barely had he cast his eyes on the face of his wife than he sank into the profoundest despair ; whilst the Duchess, more affected by the state to which he was reduced than by his proceedings, sought to throw herself upon his neck and embrace him.

At first the Duke was not master of his movements ; he repulsed her with a disdainful air. What a sight for My Lord Russell ! He had stopped near the door, & his mind possessed of My Lady Norwich ever saw her in her Grace of Buckingham, & if he had only consulted his resentment & his fury he would have been carried to the last extremity ; but he remembered that such a thing would make too great a to-do & would attract too many spectators. He had now had time to recognise the Duke, & upon making sure that it was he retired in the most violent displeasure imaginable, whilst the Duchess levelled a thousand reproaches at her husband.

" What, hath all my faithfulness & all my tenderness merited no more than that another should reign in your heart ? That heart which, belonging to me alone, & the only pleasure of my life, yet never ceases to take fresh engagements. My unhappy fortune to-day conducted me hither, to make me a witness of your transports for another, & to disgrace me before you. And I love you so dearly, so blindly, that at the very moment you outraged me most, I was so weak as to enter into your interests. Your pain was more grievous to me than mine. . . . Ah ! once again I abandon my own feelings, let me share yours, & console me only with a word, a look—Ah, what am I saying ? " she cried as she realised his coldness. " Alas ! you refuse me everything ! "

Moved rather by gratitude than tenderness the Duke came to her side & replied to her reproaches in a manner so gentle & insinuating that her despair was a little calmed.

When he perceived that her mind was in a more tranquil state he left her that he might look for Lady Norwich. The manner in which she had retired caused him the cruellest misdoubts, surely never had a man found himself more unhappy.

CHAPTER VII

ON leaving the chamber of the Marquis de Blanquefort the first person encountered by the Duke of Buckingham was the confidante of My Lady Norwich.

"Heaven hath sent thee[1] to my aid," said he, stopping her. "Thou must at once reveal to me, Esther, where thy Mistress is. I will not make any bad use of the knowledge; I only ask so much of her secret to serve her;—and—to prove the particular trust I have in thee,—here is a ring I wish thee to receive."

At the sight of this Esther felt her fidelity waver. "I do not doubt, my lord," said she, "that your love for my Mistress is sufficient to impel you to endeavour to find means whereby she may be delivered from the embarrassment in which she finds herself. But this is not a place where I can speak to you without fear."

"Follow me at a distance," said the Duke finding that she spoke good sooth, "& conceal thyself[2] that thou mayst not be recognised." His impatience was too great for him to defer long a conversation, which could explain what he desired so much to know, &, as

[1] Despite the sentimental employment of the second person singular by the historical novelists, its use was in the seventeenth century exclusively confined both in France and England to the upper classes who employed it when addressing menials and those much their inferiors. It was because the plural "you" signified respect George Fox forbade its use amongst the Quakers.

[2] In her hood.

they were passing before the apartment of the Earl of Clarendon,[1] Great Chamberlain of the Queen, who, he knew, was not there just then, the Duke entered, motioning Esther to follow.

As soon as the door was carefully shut, this girl commenced to recite to him all the humiliations her Mistress had endured since her husband had found her in the Park.

She told him of the resolution that she had made to go to her sister; in what manner her *jaloux* had prevented it, & his design to take her into the country; how, not knowing any remedy for this last evil, she had written the note that had been delivered to him at the King's, but that being in fear lest his help should not come sufficiently promptly her Mistress had also written to My Lord Russell, intreating him to find some means to prevent her being taken into Pembrokeshire. She told him further that being so afflicted at the uncertainty of what might happen when her husband had made her leave at daybreak she had thrown herself in utter desolation at the bottom of the Carriage, wondering every moment if no one would come to her aid.

Continuing Esther said:

"My Lord Russell then came in a Carriage at full speed, approaching ours so closely that at the first impact he upset us. Next, descending from his own coach he dragged my Mistress out of our wrecked vehicle, telling her, in a low voice, to retire, & that at the entrance of the wood through which we were passing when the ruse was effected, she would find a Carriage and a Gentleman [2] who would conduct her

[1] Henry Hyde (1638–1709) succeeded his father as second Earl of Clarendon December 9, 1674.

[2] Many allusions to gentlemen in attendance occur in the course of the narrative. In the happy days before the telephone, the telegraph,

to Whitehall. She did not hesitate, risking everything to obey, although my Master was even then endeavouring to leave his overturned carriage. To prevent this my Lord Russell adroitly occupied the doorway, making many compliments the while & asking pardon for the churlishness of his coachman. In this manner he continued to gain time while my Master despaired within where he was with one of his Gentlemen & myself. We were, all three, the one on the top of the other not even able to put a head outside, because of the long and continued civility of My Lord Russell, who he said could not find it in his heart to leave us. At last my Master in great anger cried to him: 'Hey, Is it not sufficient that you have upset my Carriage? Have you resolved to suffocate me? I have two of my people, on the top of me!'

"'If you desire it,' coolly replied My Lord Russell, 'I will chastise my Coachman and my Postilion. There is nothing that I will not do to preserve to me the honour of your friendship.' Having said these words, which caused my Master the greatest impatience, he returned to his carriage just as they raised up ours.

"In what a fury, *bon Dieu*, did our *jaloux* find himself when on looking on all sides he failed to discover his wife, & could not obtain any explanation from any of his people to whom he addressed himself. He never doubted but that she had profited by the occasion to escape; but still he would not break his resolution to make neither noise nor disturbance. So he feigned a tranquil air, saying aloud that no doubt

and the railway train it was the privilege of noblemen to advertise their dignity by the number of such retainers they could afford. The custom, in a limited degree, is still active in royal establishments. The gentleman's duties were numerous. He ran confidential errands, he was the bearer of verbal messages, he acted as secretary to his employer and as escort to his employer's wife. He was rather like the marshal of a Judge on Circuit.

her ladyship had returned to London. We also took that road and I am quite certain that his mind was in a whirl. The moment he arrived home he shut himself up in his Closet. Subsequently he went out, whilst I continued in the greatest disquiet as to where my Mistress might have found a haven, until a Gentleman came from My Lady Feismouth to tell me to go and join her there.

" I went immediately. I found my Mistress in this lady's room. She related to me a part of what I have just been telling you. She was in a state of surprise because My Lord Russell had not returned as he promised. She bade me go and find him ; I promptly obeyed. As I do not wish to conceal anything from you I must tell you that I found him in the most violent temper that can be imagined.

" ' Go,' he cried, ' go and tell thy Mistress that she is unworthy of an honest man's attachment ;—tell her that what has passed to-day will live in my mind for ever ;—tell her that all I ask her is that of her goodness she will leave me in peace ! '

" I was returning to deliver this beautiful message when we met."

When the Duke of Buckingham had heard all this he heaved a profound sigh.

" What could My Lord Russell have thought ? " he asked. " Did he not explain himself ? "

" He pretends," replied she, " that when he opened the Marquis de Blanquefort's door, he saw, in spite of the darkness, my Mistress sitting on the bed & a Cavalier with her ; that the sight caused him to retire in a nearly frantic condition, being persuaded, as he was, that this companion could be no other than yourself.

" Helas ! it was indeed I," said the Duke, interrupting her, " but it was not my happy fortune to have

your Mistress with me. Thou seest all my weakness," continued he, "for this *inconstante* creature—— What other name, *grand Dieu*, can I give her ? The King, the Duke of Monmouth and My Lord Russell are her lovers ; she manages them,—she mystifies me,—for if she hath no thought of favouring them she would have told me herself what I found out afterwards."

"I have several times represented to her that she ought to tell you," said Esther, "but my lord, she feared to awaken in you a restless jealousy ; for I must most positively assure you that even if she encouraged the Duke of Monmouth more than the others, it was only because she desired to make you jealous and to cause you uneasiness.[1] When after your quarrel at Tunbridge you were once more reconciled you rendered her attentions of which she fully knew the value, the Duke of Monmouth had also changed and only observed the usual politenesses, & so she decided not to trouble you with it. As for My Lord Russell she has ever treated him with complete indifference hardly giving him a thought ;—whilst the King, notwithstanding his grandeur & his rank, has, I assure, nothing more from her than subjects for complaint——"

"How rightly thou knowest," said the Duke interrupting her, "the way to soften my pain & justify thy Mistress. Go now to her, offer her the service of all I have, & tell her that, if I were capable of loving her in the past, when I believed her unfaithful, that I am capable of everything now that I can flatter myself that I am not hated. Then return at once and let me know what measures she proposes to take."

. . . . .

[1] The reader's attention is drawn to the manner in which Esther, in her eagerness to defend her mistress, contradicts herself in a most natural and life-like way. The whole scene is admirable.

The Duke of Buckingham was still waiting in extreme impatience the return of Esther. He had endeavoured to while away the time by partaking of some refreshments in Lord Clarendon's apartment. But as it was now getting late, & he was thoroughly wearied he decided to go himself to My Lady Feismouth & learn the news he wished so much to know.

Upon his arrival he found her reclining on a couch, her handkerchief in her hand, her face covered with tears.

" Ah my lord," cried she, catching sight of him, " You come too late ! Poor Lady Norwich is no longer here ! "

The Duke was amazed ; he changed colour ; for the moment he could not speak.

" I will," continued she, " tell you the result of a chance more unhappy than could have possibly been imagined. You went with Esther to Lord Clarendon's. She then told you her Mistress's most vital secrets & all the time My Lord Norwich was in the next room only separated from the apartment in which you were by a partition ! Thinking that no one could overhear what passed you spoke so loudly that this *jaloux* did not miss *one word of your conversation*,—learning by this means many things of which he had hitherto been entirely ignorant. I may say that the fact of the King being a partizan of his wife was one of the reasons that made him abandon the design of asking his Majesty's aid in constraining her. Upon further discovering that in leaving the Marquis de Blanquefort's chamber she had taken shelter with me, he promptly came here & surprised us. A moment later Esther arrived, & he obliged her to confess before me all that she had been telling you ; then he turned to his wife and said in a tone full of anger :

" ' I am resolved, Madam, to take you away either

willingly or by force. Do not doubt but that I mean it. Choose which you prefer, & which will the most preserve to you some remnant of reputation ;—at least keep the Comedy from the mob. I have up till now controlled myself, hiding alike my anger & my shame ; but if you make me proclaim it, know that you will be lost for ever. And if you now decline to come with me I will no longer acknowledge you.'

" Our pretty friend burst into tears. She looked at me mournfully & I regarded her the same way, being unable to give her, the *jaloux* being present, any useful counsel.

" At last, after many tears and prayers, equally useless, she told me that she had resolved to suffer, rather than to push things to an end by an open rupture with her husband, & accompanied by Esther, she followed him ; nor was I able to get from him anything to give me the least inkling as to the place for which they were bound."

The Duke of Buckingham who had preserved a profound silence, interrupted her at this point with the most afflicting outcries.

" Why did you not send to enquire for me, Madam ! " he cried. " Do you think, had I been here, that this unjust husband could have dared to carry away his wife against her wish ! Rather than have permitted this I would have sacrificed my life."

" I did not see," replied she, " my way to expose either of you to the risk of such a brawl. On your part, you are so little the master of your actions, you might have forgotten the place where we are, & however much the King may love you, he is adamant in insisting that his house shall be respected." [1]

" Ah Madam," interrupted the Duke with great impatience, " is it respecting it to allow this poor

[1] *See* Appendix A.

woman to be carried off by a furious husband ? She sought an asylum in your arms. You had neither the courage to retain her there, nor to inform me of her misfortune ! But I am trifling," he continued, " in making these useless reproaches. I must take steps for her ! I must follow her ! I must serve her ! ! "

Thereupon he went out & on descending found My Lord Russell below. This nobleman could not control his passion & however ill-used he considered himself by the continued coldness of the lady he loved & by the understanding which he thought he had observed between her and the Duke of Buckingham it was his wish to smother his anger & to prove his disinterestedness. But the actual presence of the Duke troubled him sorely. Seeing him come from My Lady Feismouth he did not doubt but that My Lady Norwich had summoned him. He reproached himself at his continued weakness, was ashamed, & endeavouring to conquer himself, he turned on his heel.

" Wait a moment my lord," said the Duke, accosting him, " I know something of what is passing in your mind and I want to justify to you an innocent person who is very unhappy."

He then told him of all that I have just recounted.

Continuing his discourse he said :

" You know well, that looking on you as a Rival I should not trouble myself to set your mind at rest by telling you the truth about the conduct of this lady were it not necessary that for her service we should join hands and that so as to obtain her certain liberty to follow the desires of her heart, we must combine our interests for her as best we can. In order that we may be of effective use to her do not let us disagree."

While My Lord Russell had a strong repugnance for what the Duke of Buckingham wished, the latter was possessed of great powers of persuasion. These he

now employed on behalf of my Lady Norwich until My Lord Russell was so struck with his suggestions that it seemed impossible to oppose them. Moreover he had not any plans of his own, so he united himself with this rival & they both swore to serve a Mistress whose jealous husband was at that very moment embarking in company with her for the Hague.

Let us leave them at present while we say something about the Duke of Monmouth.

CHAPTER VIII

THROUGHOUT the hunt on that day the Duke of Monmouth could not distract himself from the different thoughts which agitated him, he could not understand why the infidelity of either My Lady Norwich or of Emilie or of both should so afflict him ;—his attachment for them not appearing to him to be of a character to make him feel either anger or jealousy,—for such belong only to the great passions. But although he was still sufficiently indifferent to them both, to engage in new entanglements had any occasions arisen that offered enough attraction, he continued to suffer through the loss of these Ladies, though all the while he was quite capable of forgetting that they had the least hold on him. It was through this he had convincing proof that vanity sometimes produces the same effect as love.

He thought over all the evil he would do My Lady Norwich & all the reproaches with which he would overwhelm Emilie. Now it pleased him to think that his intrigue with this beautiful girl should have such a startling result that all the Court would be aware of it, thus furnishing him with revenge. Anon he desired that his *rendezvous* should be secret, & that his engaging & ardent demeanour towards her might make her enter into a serious amour with him.

In this way he communed with himself till the end of the hunt.

My Lord Arran had on his side an extreme im-

patience to be with Emilie to speak with her freely, for the strictness of the Mistress of the Maids did not leave them much time. As this Lady was always highly suspicious she discovered the interview which was arranged between Emilie & my lord. Her first idea was to break up all the arrangements they had made; nevertheless it occurred to her, that if she could surprise this charming maid she would be able to reprimand her the more severely. Thus the anticipated pleasure of discovering her in her fault induced her to follow a more moderate course, & far from keeping her under her eye, which she did unceasingly as a general rule, she gave her unusual liberty. Emilie did not neglect to profit by this, & pretending to go to her room to write she descended by a private stairway & proceeded to the apartment of the Princess Anne who for the time being was with her sister the Princess Mary.[1]

Emilie entered the little Salon unseen by any one; she closed the shutters for fear that the light of the Moon might betray her, should any one come in; for the same reason she placed herself in a corner secure from observation.

The Duke of Monmouth was too impatient to let her wait long. As soon as the hour for the rendezvous approached, he entered the Salon. Emilie, fearing

[1] The two young daughters of the Duke of York, Queens Mary (b. at St. James's April 30, 1662, m. William, Prince of Orange (1650–1702) November 14, 1677: crowned conjointly with him April 11, 1689, d. at Kensington, December 20, 1694) and Anne (b. St. James's February 6, 1665, m. Prince George of Denmark (1651–1708) July 20, 1683: crowned April 23, 1702, d. August 1, 1714), were familiar figures in the younger generation of the Court of King Charles II. Despite the laxity of the times the royal maidens were guarded with unremitting strictness and propriety; banishment being the punishment meted out to one daring lover who presumed to declare his passion, by means of a love-letter,—ignominiously impounded—to the Lady Anne.

that it was another than My Lord Arran remained concealed,—hoping that to find her he would unbar the window, when she would see him ; but the Duke, who had his reasons not to discover himself, remained in obscurity and only asked in a quiet tone :

" Are you there ? Answer me."

" I am here," replied Emilie, never doubting but that it was Lord Arran.

It is difficult to describe all that passed in the heart of the Duke. He was delighted to find a favourable occasion to converse with this beautiful girl, but he despaired when he remembered that he did not owe this chance to her choice. He recollected that it was not very creditable for him to usurp the place of his Rival in this manner. He thought twenty times of going away, but at last with a painful hesitation he approached her.

She spoke first.

" Well, my lord," said she, " doth not the risk I run in order to speak with you thus convince you that you alone possess the preference of my heart ? Will you continue to torment me on the subject of the Duke of Monmouth ? "

" Is it possible," said he disguising his voice, " that you would for my sake sacrifice him without a qualm as if you had no inclination at all for him ? "

" I would sacrifice him willingly," said she, " though, as I always desire to be candid, I must admit that he is agreeable——"

" I have remarked," he interrupted, " that he loves you & that he takes great pleasure in telling you so. There is also a certain languishing expression in his eyes which one does not notice there when he is with others."

" I do not think he is indifferent to me," Emilie admitted.

"He hath boasted," said the Duke, "that you have promised him a share of your tenderness, & if he continues to give you his care you will abandon me."

"I am surprised," said she, "that he should dare to say a thing so far from the truth."

"You are surprised!" said the Duke resuming his natural voice. "*You* are surprised? And you come here to betray my passion and your vows."

Emilie recognised the voice with surprise and emotion. It was several minutes before she could recover herself. The Duke wished to leave her but she prevented him. "Ah, my lord, grant me one moment; listen to me. I am going to avow to you a thing which will not displease you;—it is you only that I love; it is you only that I consider——"

"It *seems* so, Mistress!" replied he. "You would have to adopt more convincing methods to persuade me of it."

"What would you have me do?" she cried, weeping bitterly, "I had scarcely arrived at the Court when he professed a violent attachment for me and became unfaithful to Miledy . . . by whom he was tenderly loved. My vanity was agreeably flattered to think myself preferred to a woman so amiable, and my heart, in its first innocence, listened with pleasure to the sighs of this new love. I thought he would marry me after his wife,—so long a helpless invalid,—had died,[1] this hope made me the more ready to receive his letters and to write to him. Alas! I am confessing things which are not to my advantage, in order that you may understand that, having so compromised myself with a man who has not any control when enraged, I have been obliged even against my will to follow the course whither my imprudence had led me. Would you have preferred, my lord, that he should speak ill of me!—

[1] Lady Arran died July 4, 1668.

Bocquet

MARY KIRKE ("EMILIE")

From a mezzotint after Lely in the possession of the Editor

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Would you consider me worthy of your regard if my fair fame suffered in the world ? "

Her tears succeeded in persuading the Duke that she had not done wrong. His love for her was more recent than that of Lord Arran & he was sufficiently conscious of his worth to believe easily that Emilie was not mistaken when she assured him that he held a greater place in her heart than his rival. Nor did he trouble to obtain further confirmation of the truth of this desirable state of affairs. And while they were making their arrangements that their love might not be interrupted, I will tell you what was passing in the gallery of the Queen, between Miledy . . . & My Lord Arran.

Upon the return from the Chase, where he had followed the King, he changed his attire, & neglected nothing that would contribute to make him appear gallant. Miledy . . . on her part the better to imitate Emilie who was then in mourning,[1] took a black robe trimmed with crespe.[2] Her mask which was very large covered nearly all her face. She entered the gallery by a little door which communicated with a private stair & My Lord Arran came from the apartment of the Queen ; there was no other light than that of the moon, whose beams almost made a new day.

Miledy . . . was waiting in a corner, when my lord came to her. Taking her hands, which he kissed several times, he exclaimed : " At last ! It is now, most charming Emilie, that you cause all my doubts to vanish. I should be ashamed to have been jealous if

[1] For her father, *see* Preface, p. xv, and Note, p. 8.

[2] Crespe (old French for crêpe) was evidently unknown in England for mourning in 1708, the date of the first translation, for this sentence is rendered there ; " dressed herself in a black nightdress [dressing-gown in modern parlance] which nearly covered her face."

it were not such a proof of my passion & my tenderness that you must credit it in my favour."

O Dieu, how great was Miledy's . . . resentment in the cruel moment when this man, for whom she had the greatest tenderness in the world, played her such a scurvy trick. She had not strength to reply to him but her silence did not surprise him as much as might have been expected.

"You fear, beautiful Emilie," continued he, "that the step that you have taken in my favour may be known; you are nervous and trembling;—reassure yourself, & do not refuse me some proof of your love."

"What shall I say to you?" asked Miledy . . . in a tone of voice so changed by the state in which she was that it was quite unnecessary that she should try to disguise it. "What shall I say to you, my lord? I am less agitated by the fear of being found with you (though it is a matter that is of vital concern to me) than by the fear that you still love Miledy . . ."

"*I* love her!" cried he. "Do you take me for a lunatic? What comparison is there between your charms and hers? Between a passion newly-born to one that is expiring, between a woman who quarrels with me continually, & a girl whom I adore?"

"But my lord," said she, interrupting him, "you owe her a thousand obligations. You have sworn eternal fidelity to her, & if you show so little gratitude to her, what treatment can I hope for from you?"

"What favours she has given me," said he, "are more the effect of her caprice than of real affection. Chance so willed it that she found it worth while to take me into her reckoning; but clever as she is she could not herself give a really good reason for it——"

Miledy . . . at these words lost all control.

"Of all men the most perfidious!" she cried. "It

is not then enough to fail in all you owe me, but you belittle that tenderness through which you won me ? You attribute it to a silly and ridiculous whim ! But you speak truly, for have I not been so foolish and extravagant as to listen to you or believe in you ? This is the outcome of tears more treacherous than a Crocodile's ! This is the result of vows so many times renewed ! Go impostor ! Go perjurer ! I resign you to your own remorse. I am sufficiently revenged, even as I have sufficient courage left—amply sufficient —to tear you from my heart ! "

But she had not yet finished administering her well-merited reproofs. My lord, confused and dismayed, listened to her without having the courage to reply ; whilst she, finding a certain relief in the harsh truths with which she had bombarded him, was about to continue when she was interrupted in a manner which equally surprised and embarrassed her.

It was the *gouvernante* of the Maids of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of York and the *sous-gouvernante* [1] who had placed themselves as sentinels at the little door of the gallery—who had seen her pass and taken her for Emilie.

They entered some while after, and now came & threw themselves upon her like a couple of furies. My Lord Arran troubled himself but little with what they did, or what was going on ; he retired promptly,—his heart full of regret at having had so disagreeable an adventure instead of what he had hoped for with Emilie, & in his chagrin he found some kind of consolation at the unexpected arrival of these two Ladies.

In the meantime they were exerting all their efforts to oblige Miledy . . . to leave the corner in which she was

[1] We have been unable to trace the identity of this assistant Mother of the Maids.

entrenched ; but with the fear of being recognised she defended herself stubbornly, struggling with them for a long time. Her outraged feelings and anger at the attack of these two oldsters caused her, at length, to strike them with all her force & having found under her hand the cane of My Lord Arran which he in his mental confusion had forgotten she made several cuts at them which were received with little patience.

The duenna had her goloshes ; [1] (it is the fashion in England that ladies should wear them) & at first she used these as weapons of defence, but they soon became weapons of offence, & inflicted cruel wounds upon poor Miledy . . .

From that point the conflict not being equal she grew weary of the fight but it nevertheless continued until the Duke of Monmouth, who had a malicious wish to see how the nocturnal rendezvous had gone off, entered the Gallery with a Footman carrying a *flambeau* before him. Had it been the head of Medusa instead of a torch it could not have produced more surprising effects. The two duenne at the sight of Miledy . . . became as immovable as statues, whilst she on her side was so afflicted at being recognised by these two old dragons,—in addition to being already so overcome with grief,—that she did not know what to do. The cane fell from her hands ; the *gouvernante* threw the goloshes at her, with an indignant air, mumbling the while through her teeth that her informer would repent of having given her such erroneous information. Then, without entering into any explanations, the couple retired.

As soon as they had departed Miledy . . . told the Footman to go away, and, falling into a chair looked at

[1] Goloshes were in use in England from the fourteenth century. Mention of them is to be found from that time onward, in Shakespeare, Pepys, &c. They were not of course made of rubber until recently.

the Duke with eyes, which though swimming with tears were ablaze with anger.

"Ha, my lord," she said, drawing a deep breath, "how much better is a tender doubt to a cruel certainty. I know now,—I can no longer have the shadow of an excuse for questioning it,—that Lord Arran loves Emilie, and that he is a traitor. He hath treated me in a way I can never overlook!"

"What, Madam; you complain at having your eyes opened! You should be glad. And if you must lament rather should you do so because you still retain any feeling for one so ungrateful."

"And who told you?" she demanded shortly, "that I am sufficiently indifferent to banish this man from my heart at once, a man who ought indeed to appear to me odious, but whom, alas! I still love. My reason counsels that I should hate him but my heart begs grace for him; my heart is at war with my good sense, & far from entering into the interests of my reputation, it speaks in favour of a traitor who would grudge a sigh for my comfort. If you had seen," she continued, "with what haste he fled away when those implacable oldsters assailed me!—*O Dieu!* you would have greater pity for me, in the faint & desolate condition in which you find me now!"

Her tears, which she had only restrained with effort, ran with such an abundance at that moment as to cover all her face, & concealing it with her fan she rose to retire. The Duke gave her his hand to her apartment, nor did he leave her there without feeling much sympathy at the trouble to which he saw her reduced.

CHAPTER IX

THE misfortunes which had overtaken My Lord Arran could hardly have been more cruel, & in the first flush of his anger he proceeded to St. James's Palace to endeavour to see Emilie & reproach her for what she had just done. He very strongly suspected that it was through her manœuvres alone that he had found Miledy in the Gallery & it was his intention to display the utmost resentment of this treatment; but they told him in the Ante-chamber that no one could be received, as Madame la Duchesse had miscarried.[1]

If in one way he was sorry not to speak with Emilie, he flattered himself in another it was owing to this accident happening to her Highness that this beautiful girl had been unable to get away. One is always glad to find an excuse that will justify the person one loves. He concluded that she knew nothing of his encounter with Miledy . . . & through this his anger was partly abated.

As a matter of fact it was not through Emilie that the Mother of the Maids had her information, but through one of her companions who had privately discovered the assignation, and who could not refrain from betraying it to the duenna. To tell the truth she was less animated by a spirit of propriety than by a secret jealousy that she had conceived respecting

[1] "S'étoit blessée." Cf. Noel Williams' *A Rose of Savoy*, p. 342, where this contemporary colloquialism is explained.

Emilie. She was not less amiable than the latter, & she had more wit, in fact the only advantage that could be accredited to Emilie was a childish air touched with wilfulness which was very attractive. Filadelphe [1] being older by some years was also more prudent, for she dissembled under an apparent languor, which she took care to attribute to her bad health, the inclination that she felt for the Duke of Monmouth. It was in regard to his relations with her Rival that Filadelphe more particularly studied his sentiments. When she found that the Duke was confident of his success in that direction she fell into a deplorable melancholy, & wished him mortal evil for loving any one save herself; she habitually either scorned him or spoke slightingly to him; though at the very time her heart secretly yearned over him, her repellent manner had so thoroughly alienated his sympathies that he hardly ever went near her. How this increased the misery of this proud high-spirited soul, who would not make any advance, & was yet consumed by a fire she could not quench! All that was left her was to tease Emilie, giving her slaps the more dangerous because she did not realise whose was the hand that dealt them.

Filadelphe had passed all the evening in her chamber, where she had shut herself up for the express purpose of

[1] Margaret Blagge, b. August 2, 1652, daughter of Colonel Thomas Blagge, Groom of the Bedchamber to Charles I. In 1666 she was appointed Maid of Honour to Anne Hyde Duchess of York. Upon the latter's death she was transferred to the service of the Queen. She appears to have temporarily returned to the York Household shortly before she quitted the Court upon her marriage in 1675, to Sydney Godolphin (b. 1645, d. 1712), subsequently Lord High Treasurer 1704, K.G. Created Earl of Godolphin &c. 1706. She died in childbed September 9, 1678, leaving an only son Francis (d. 1766). He married Henrietta Churchill, Duchess of Marlborough in her own right, by whom he had two daughters. *Life* by John Evelyn 1847. *See* Introduction, pp. xviii–xix.

dreaming over the humiliation Emilie would experience on being surprised with Lord Arran. She was impatiently awaiting the return of the *gouvernante* & the *sous-gouvernante* when they knocked with all their might at the door, & obliged her to open it.

" I cannot inform you," said the *gouvernante*, looking at her crossly, " that we have not any reward for those who have advised you with regard to the matter in which we have just been engaged. We have, through you, been led into a great folly and you shall certainly suffer for it."

Filadelphe was much astonished. She assured them that she had seen Emilie receive My Lord Arran's Tablets, and that when the latter opened them she had placed herself behind her at such a nice angle as to be able to read both the Billet and its reply.

" Yes, you read it very accurately," broke in the *gouvernante*. " No better proofs are wanted than that which has passed."

At the moment they were thus disputing Emilie came in. She had just parted from the Duke of Monmouth. He had told her how he had deceived My Lord Arran and they had rejoiced together at the young man's expense. Neither of them had looked for such activity in the *gouvernante*.

As soon as those now present perceived Emilie they advanced, & seizing her by the arm demanded three or four times in urgent tones " Where do you come from ? Where do you come from ? "

Emilie was confounded. She concluded they had been listening. She blushed. She lowered her eyes. Then after having considered for an instant what she should say, she told them that she came from the Princess Mary. They said she must at once tell them who was there, & what they were doing, and that they would forthwith proceed to verify it.

Much exasperated by this searching examination Emilie replied rudely that, thanks to Heaven, there was no Inquisition in England, & that she declined to reply to questions only framed to perplex her ; that if they were in such an agony to know what had passed at the Princess's they could go and find out, for it was not her nature to be a tattler.

Such an arrogant answer from a young person who had been the cause of all the humiliation that the *gouvernante* had just suffered naturally drew a severe reproof. She threatened Emilie that she would inform her Highness of her conduct, but the latter, knowing that the Duchess was not in a condition to listen to such things would not in the least abate her dignity ; this was perhaps as well for her, & if she had proved more yielding her opponents might have gained greater advantages over her.

In the mean time Miledy . . . passed the most cruel night possible to a woman of pride and spirit who was betrayed by a man that she did not know how to hate & with whom she was well aware she must absolutely break, or resign herself to suffer new humiliations every day.

" Ah too intrusive curiosity ! " she said. " Why did I pretend to pass for Emilie ? Ought I not rather to have consulted my heart ere consenting to convict this traitor of his unfaithfulness ? I should then have taken cognizance of all my weakness, this knowledge would have prevented me from embarking in any proceeding that would certify his ingratitude to me. But *now !* I have put him into such a state that he will have nothing further to do with me, for he will regard me as an irreconcilable enemy,—as a person over whom he has too much power to fear, & he will either shun me with utter indifference or see me but to insult me ! In what a cruel extremity has the

Duke of Monmouth's advice landed me. Alas why had I not sufficient insight to discover that by endeavouring to pass me off as Emilie, he assured himself of a rendezvous with her ; & that these two lovers, happy at my expense, were profiting by the *mauvais quart d'heure* that they prepared for us ! "

This last idea caused her more anger than all the rest. She could not support the thought of having been the catspaw of the adventure, & she no longer cared for anything, save to make known to My Lord Arran the adroit manner in which he had been beguiled. " He is too tranquil," she said, " I will trouble his repose,—if not perhaps through feelings for which he is indebted to me,—it will at least be by jealousy, that he will suffer, because of the Duke of Monmouth."

Although the whole house was already asleep she aroused one of her women. When a light had been brought her she wrote these words :

To put it shortly my lord, you are served as you served me,—Emilie, your charming Emilie, is unfaithful to you ! At the very time that you were looking for her in the gallery she was with the Duke of Monmouth. Do you not deserve it ? You, say I, you who made me realise by your treatment of me that you were not worthy of any better treatment yourself. She scorns the conquest of you as she herself is to be scorned, and if she feigns to desire it it is only to enhance the value of the offering that she has to make to your Rival !

Adieu *Ingrate !* It is only fitting that you should pass a night as unhappy as mine, & with this difference that I hope that I shall soon pass more tranquil ones than you.

(Return this Letter.)

As soon as she had sealed it she ordered one of her Valets de Chambre to go to My Lord Arran, to wake him, and give him the note.

My lord was not wrapt in so tranquil a slumber

as the vindictive Miledy . . . had imagined. Reviewing all that had happened he had grown still more doubtful of Emilie,—an impression the note did much to confirm. He was at first astonished that Miledy . . . should write to him at so late an hour but his astonishment deepened when he saw what the note contained. He read it more than once; he pondered over it a long time, and he appeared so concerned that the valet of Miledy (who had been instructed to observe him) had reason to suppose that he had brought very bad news.

This boy asked several times if he was to take his Mistress an answer, ere my lord rousing himself wrote the following words at the end of her letter:

You are very charitable, Madam to inform me of the treachery that they are practising with regard to me. I should never have expected that you would become my confidante. Since you desire it I will also confide a secret to you, by assuring you that if it is true that Emilie has gulled me I shall find the means to punish her in so ruthless a manner that you will be amply avenged, and perhaps you will find in this proceeding reason to pardon me for that of which you complain.

CHAPTER X

AFTER My Lord Arran had charged the Valet de Chambre to take this Billet to the lady, he abandoned himself to the saddest of reflections. Sometimes he would be inclined to doubt the accuracy of the intelligence ; —and the quarter from which it came might well be suspected ;—yet he ceased not to put faith in it, for one is ever impelled to credit the very thing one most fears. Even had the proof been less convincing he must have continued to believe in it. He loved Emilie truly ;—he had been loved ;—but all the sweetness he had tasted in this intercourse served now but to make him the more resent the bitterness of her faithlessness. He was by nature very proud, for he had worth, noble parentage, and, above all, that good opinion that all the English have of themselves (and for which there is certainly a reason), all these combined to inspire him with the greatest vexation against his Mistress. In another way it appeared that his shameful conduct to Miledy . . . was the reason of all his affliction. He reproached himself for having ceased to love one of the most beautiful members of the Court, who had been so kind to him, and given him the preference of so many rivals of advantageous distinction. In short after having believed himself loved by two ladies and after great embarrassment as to which to choose, he now found himself without either.

These reflections committed him to a thousand varied conflicts which kept him awake the remainder of the night. He fell asleep a little towards morning but not to rest;—the troubled dreams which he experienced being the natural result of the oppression one experiences when one has been thus tormented.

It was already late when he heard one of his Valets de Chambre disputing with some one. Rousing himself he called out to know who it was. The Earl of Saint Albans entered.[1]

"I think my lord," said he, "that all your Servants have received orders to make me impatient. For more than an hour I have been trying to gain the door of your Chamber, and to persuade them to open it to me. I had just resolved to retire."

Asking pardon for his people's impertinence, My Lord Arran prayed to be informed if there was any service he could render.

Thus given permission My Lord Saint Albans proceeded with his errand. "I bring you back," said he, "a letter that you will be surprised to see in my hands." Thereupon he showed him the one that Miledy . . . had written to him the night before, with his own reply at the foot.

"What does this mean?" exclaimed the younger man. "Pray explain. The enigma is beyond my penetration."

"I can tell you in two words," replied his friend. "Four days since the King was informed that certain people were plotting something contrary to his service,

[1] Henry Jermyn, first Earl of St. Albans, date of birth unknown, creation 1660, d. 1684. The Misses Strickland, *Lives of the Queens of England*, vol. v (1854), p. 272, state in a note that Jermyn was twenty-six years older than Henrietta Maria, in which case he would have been born in 1583.

therefore he endeavoured to discover it without any clamour. The watch was doubled, and received orders to stop, with no distinction of persons, all those they met in the night.

" The Valet de Chambre of Miledy . . . had only gone a short way from your door when he was taken & searched ; the entreaties that he made to get them to return this letter, sealed and unsigned, caused them to conclude immediately that it concerned affairs of State. Without even listening to him they flung him into prison.

" This morning the letter was brought before the King. The Duke of Monmouth and I were in attendance. His Majesty ordered me to open the packet and to read aloud what it contained. Though not surprised at your understanding with Miledy . . . he was exceedingly so at your change with regard to her, & most of all at the passion of the Duke of Monmouth for Emilie. However, he could not refrain from laughing at the hazard which had caused the letter to fall into his hands. Looking at My Lord of Monmouth he observed, with an air, in which there was more of gaiety than anger : ' Pray how long is it that you have been unfaithful to your wife, & don't you think it is time you settled down ? '

" ' One takes light amusements, Sir,' said the Duke, ' as a diversion from things more serious.'

" ' Then,' said the King, ' of a certainty you have many serious things in your head, for your heart is ever looking for a distraction.'

" The Duke was so embarrassed and confused that he outwardly betrayed his vexation. Approaching me, he would have taken the letter from my hand, had I not (apprehending that in his anger against Miledy . . . he might make a bad use of it), prayed him to let me keep it that I might return it to her.

Scriven

HENRY, EARL OF ST. ALBANS

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"'She does not deserve the regard you have for her,' replied he, speaking sufficiently loud for the King to hear. 'Surely now you have a chance of avenging yourself, you should not lose the happy opportunity?'

"The King began to laugh. 'I am certain,' he said, 'that My Lord Saint Albans hath already pardoned Miledy . . . for the preference she accords to My Lord Arran over himself, for he is indulgent to all ladies, nor would he ever wish to vex any of them.'

"'Your Majesty does me justice,' I said. 'It is true that I have greatly loved this lady, and had she wished she might have turned me round her little finger. I did not know how to hate her & My Lord Arran is too intimately a friend of mine for me to decline to oblige him on this occasion.'

"The Duke of Monmouth did not relish my sentiments. 'What exceptional generosity!' he observed. 'For my part, I who have also suffered from the lady's venom, after having placed such confidence in her, of which she has made so ill a use,—I am going forthwith to inform her that she is a most indiscreet and malicious woman.'

"The King having left his Closet," continued Lord Saint Albans, "I came at once to give you the letter & tell you all that had passed, and I think the Duke of Monmouth has gone to raise a hullabaloo[1] at that poor afflicted lady's."

"Here is a cruel situation!" exclaimed My Lord Arran. "With the anger that she already entertains for me, I am certain she will accuse me. I am already so overcome by Emilie's unworthy conduct that I do not need to have my troubles increased. At the same time you can hardly realise, my lord, how extremely indebted I feel towards you for what you have done

[1] *Fair le Charivary*; 1707 translation, "he has gone to harangue."

for me in this transaction; for you might well have taken advantage of this opportunity to cause me further humiliation. However, you have learned enough from this Letter to convince you that I am no longer your rival."

"It is a long time since I played any part in that direction," said the other, "and I am in a position to view what passes with a tranquil mind."

"Would to heaven," cried My Lord Arran, "would to heaven that I could feel the same with regard to Emilie!"

Whilst they were holding this discourse the Valet de Chambre of Miledy . . . lay in prison. He could not think of any way to escape therefrom save to inform his Mistress of what had overtaken him. She had passed the time that intervened until she got this news from him in a state of hideous anxiety; she knew of nothing to which to attribute the boy's delay. She sent repeatedly to Lord Arran's for news of him, but all her people could learn there was that he had left immediately after my lord had written the reply to her Letter.

She had not been able to rest a moment, a thousand different disquietudes came to trouble her. At last she received the Valet de Chambre's billet informing her of what had happened to him and how the communication had been taken from him. *O Dieu!* how her pain and misery was increased! To think that her Letter was a prey to the curious;—perhaps in the hands of her enemies! for a pretty woman never fails to have enemies.

She decided that the Duke of Monmouth was injured, Emilie disgraced, and as for Lord Arran—his fate was even worse! For herself, she could not determine what would happen, and she was waiting

to see in which direction the storm would burst when she was informed that the Duke of Monmouth was asking for her. As it was only on the previous evening he had parted from her with every evidence of friendship appearing so genuinely sympathetic in the humiliation she had undergone at the hands of Lord Arran and the Mother of the Maids of her Highness, there was nothing strange in his calling to enquire how she had passed the night.

But her heart misgave her and she foreboded that his visit meant something very much opposed to peace and tranquillity.

CHAPTER XI

MILEDY made no order for the Duke's admittance.

She was pondering deeply upon what she should say to him should he know anything about the letter. At last, overcome with impatience he swiftly entered the room, and by the first glance he cast at her she guessed what was passing in his mind. He was commencing to speak when she interrupted him.

"Good, your Highness," she said, "complete my undoing. Come and reproach me for my weakness, come & charge me with ill-doing ;—I deserve all your anger. I have no other weapon wherewith to combat you save the sincere avowal of my fault."

"How impetuous you are," said he, "so to trifle with the happiness of a Demoiselle of rank, who has committed no other crime in regard to you than that of pleasing Lord Arran. What can you possibly expect from her friends ? "

"I expect the greatest misfortunes," replied Miledy . . . "misfortunes which I shall endure without either complaining or seeking to retaliate. Yet, if the fault that I have made in revealing your secret can suffer any mitigation, put yourself in my place. Consider a woman consumed with rage and anger ; remember also that one does not preserve one's judgment when one hath lost all one loves, and that this was the only means whereby I might be avenged on him. And if with all

this, my lord, you do not consider me sufficiently unhappy to satisfy you, add the cruellest reproaches that you can ——" She appeared so affected as she said this, & she looked so beautiful that the Duke having an impulse to love her only curbed himself with difficulty and could not make up his mind to allow her any longer to continue in such distress.

"Your condition, Madam," he said, "amply avenges me. I should be very sorry to cause you any further annoyance; but at least help me to repair the trouble that has been caused."

"If there be still time," replied she, "there is nothing that I will not do;—but satisfy my legitimate curiosity and tell me in what manner you got to know all about my letter."

The Duke of Monmouth was surprised. "Hath not Saint Albans been here and related to you what has passed?" he demanded.

"*O Dieu!*" cried she, "What is that you say? Is it possible that he has been informed of my frailty?"

The Duke informed her of what had taken place at the King's and how My Lord Saint Albans had wished to take the letter back to her.

She was inconceivably afflicted. She recalled all the cruel treatment she had meted out to him, and she could not think that he would neglect his revenge.

"Is it possible," said she, looking sadly at the Duke of Monmouth, "that you have left my letter in his hands? Is it thus you prove yourself to be one of my friends?"

"Why Madam, should I prove myself one of your friends? I swear to you that had I been the master, far from endeavouring to save you, I would have sacrificed you and published it to the world."

"How delightful for Emilie!" she laughed sar-

castically, and then prudently checked herself from saying anything more.

"I could not help that," replied the Duke. "I would have agreed to expose her if you had been exposed with her; for when I think of the manner in which you betrayed me, in truth I cannot pardon you."

"Do not let us speak of it any more, my lord," said she, offering him her hand, which he took and kissed (with sentiments much opposed to those of an irreconcilable enemy).

"I must try," she continued meekly, "to make amends to you by doing you some good service."

"Alas, Madam," said he, gazing at her tenderly, "you need not look far for an opportunity, it is easy to find. I have loved you for a long time; you have always appeared to me one of the most amiable women in the world, and if I have not obtruded my attachment, it was because I understood that My Lord Arran had made too great progress in your favours for me to supplant him. But now that he is unfaithful—Why, abandon him to his bad taste! And let us swear a pact together."

Although Miledy . . . was not sufficiently severe to be angry at a declaration that placed her in a position to avenge herself on Emilie, still she did not put much faith in an avowal dictated by chance alone; so turning into a pleasantry, what the Duke desired her to take seriously, and with a view to changing the subject, she asked him where he thought Lord Saint Albans and her Letter could be.

"He is no doubt with My Lord Arran," was the reply, "for they have been for some time intimate friends."

"I know the reason of that," she replied, "and if

we had not any other matter in hand I could inform you why." [1]

The Duke made no comment on this and contented himself by asking her to go to her Royal Highness's and inform Emilie of what was passing.

"What an extraordinary commission!" she exclaimed. "Do you wish me to tell her myself that I wrote? Think of her rage?"

"I know of no other means of communicating with her privately," he said. "And is there not a sort of justice in it that after having done her all the evil possible, you should now do her a little good?"

"But," she objected, "how can she place any confidence in anything that I say?"

"I will write," said the Duke, "and then you can talk it over together."

"After having last evening been the recipient of a thousand blows from the goloshes of the duenna what is to be my attitude towards her?" demanded the lady.

"Do not notice her at all," replied the Duke. "Your rank is such that you are not obliged to observe the ordinary civilities ——"

"Ha! to show her *any!*" interrupted Miledy with such anger that her face changed colour. "I do not think I need that advice and I think she is very lucky that I let her down so lightly."

The Duke at these words burst out laughing. She demanded to know for what reason he chose to laugh at a thing which reduced her patience to a minimum.

"To speak in good faith," replied he, "I cannot think of the combat in which I found you engaged

[1] All our authoress's oblique allusions have a reason. In the majority of cases we have been able to explain them, but have been unsuccessful in our endeavours to penetrate this particular innuendo.

last evening with those two oldsters, and your embarrassment, without laughing—ay, with all my heart!"

"Truly," said she, much annoyed, "the thing was very amusing, and as a man who desires to persuade me that he entertains certain sentiments for me you are taking a very good line."

The Duke blushed at the reproof, excusing himself by the singularity of the occurrence, and expressing the wish that it had happened to anybody but herself. Then entering into her Closet he wrote to Emilie in these terms:

The feeling I entertain for you is not unduly Confident, I write to you by a Lady whom you will suspect, but she has given me her word to serve us,—which she should do after the cruel turn she has endeavoured to play us. You will learn from her what has passed: I am inconsolable over it, and if you increase my sorrow by some new unkindness you will be the cruellest person in the world.

He implored Miledy . . . to hasten to Saint James's; she consented and they separated very good friends.

Miledy . . . was very anxious to pass by My Lord Arran's house as she wished to see Lord Saint Albans and as it so happened the first thing she observed when she got to that street was his Carriage & his People. She sent to tell him that she desired to speak with him a moment & that he would find her in the Mall. It was a long time since their last interview, & he could not think what she wanted, for there was no indication that she already knew the adventure of the Letter. The King & the Duke of Monmouth were the only ones who could have informed her. As for the King, he was not—my lord thought—sufficiently interested in the affair, while, as for his son, well, he hated her too much to convey the news.

Sending out word to say that he would not fail to be in the Mall he turned to Lord Arran remarking, "Do you not realise that this move is intended solely to arouse your jealousy?"

"She is not sufficiently concerned about me to take so much trouble," said he soberly. "My reading of it is that she has some other scheme afoot."

"Of a truth," returned his friend, "she is nothing to me, and if she were anxious to discard you, she must have cast her eyes on some one of such attractions as to throw yours quite in the shade. A poor old man such as I, is good for nothing, not even to scare the crows."[1]

"I'll warrant," interrupted the other, "that at this moment she is troubling about neither of us—it is that letter that occupies her. Doubtless the Duke of Monmouth in the despondency he is probably in, has been gossiping and has recounted the entire history to some one who in turn has told her all about it."

"If Emilie were not concerned," replied Lord Saint Albans, "I could believe what you say, but he will have wished to protect her."

"Ah how little you know him," exclaimed my Lord Arran. "He will have given no thought to anything save his fury,[2] and you will see that he has done all the harm that he can do."

"Well, I shall soon be able to let you know for I am now going to look for Miledy . . . in the Park."

At that moment Miledy . . . was at her Highness's, she had not seen the Duchess, contenting herself with enquiring as to the state of her health; after which she passed into the reception room where the Maids received their friends. The first person that

[1] According to Strickland's *Lives*, see p. 81, he was over ninety!

[2] A confirmation of the proverb "As waxy as a Welshman!"

she saw there was the *sous-gouvernante*, who made her a profound reverence. She did not even look at her. Proceeding a little further she beheld Emilie in converse with the *gouvernante*. The latter, concluding that Miledy . . . wished to speak to her, left Emilie & came with a decently embarrassed air to receive her. Miledy . . . did not deign to give her a glance, but approaching Emilie, & taking her by the hand said she wished to speak to her privately. The *gouvernante* who was not wanting in pride, & who had already sacrificed a great deal in making a civil advance to Miledy . . . was much offended at this treatment; and as it was not for Miledy . . . that the blows of her goloshes had been intended but for Emilie, whom she had believed to be engaged in a nocturnal assignation, it appeared to her that Miledy . . . was wrong to be so displeased. In consequence she was delighted to see that her responsibility gave her an opportunity of immediately returning this rudeness. Taking Emilie's other hand she addressed Miledy . . . as follows:

"*Tête-à-têtes* are not our custom here, Madam," said she. "You will have no conversation with Emilie at which I am not present."

"Not speak to her? I *shall* speak to her!" replied Miledy . . . arrogantly. "And you will certainly not make a third."

"And I," replied the *gouvernante*, "declare you will not say one word to her unless I am by," & so saying she pulled Emilie with all her strength.

Miledy . . . fearing Emilie might leave her, tugged on her part with the greatest vehemence.

"You are so meanly bred," said she to the *gouvernante*, "that I am astonished at your insolence, & if you were not beneath my anger I——"

The Duenna interrupted her with an equally

haughty response, and each of them dragged Emilie with so much force that it seemed that they were resolved to break her arms.

The noise that they made caused Filadelphe (who was in the adjoining Closet), to come in and endeavour to settle the brawl, but she was not a person of sufficient consequence for those who were quarrelling to pay the slightest heed to her entreaties.

My Lady Ossory,[1] who had called to see the Duchess, passing near the Maids' Parlour thought some one was being choked. Entering, what was her astonishment to find Miledy . . . and the Mistress of the Maids engaged in battle.

" Ha, Madam ! " cried Emilie, " come & make peace between these ladies & rescue me from their hands, or I do not know what will happen ! "

[1] The Lady Amelia de Nassau, eldest daughter of Henry de Nassau, Lord of Auverquerque (natural son of Prince Maurice of Nassau, third son of William the Silent), married Thomas, the gallant Earl of Ossory (July 8, 1634–July 30, 1680), son of the first Duke of Ormonde, on November 17, 1659. Lord Ossory was, of course, the elder brother of " Monsieur le Comte d'Aran "; he and his Countess are buried in the Abbey. Lady Ossory's younger sister, Isabella von Beerwaet, was the wife of Henry Benet, Earl of Arlington, and the sole issue of this union m. 1672 the King's son, Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton. *See* Note p. 22.

CHAPTER XII

THE combatants' fury received a check when My Lady Ossory entered the room. But it was a long time before she was able to fathom the cause of their rage because they both would talk at the same time. However she had sufficient patience to let them work off the first uncontrollable paroxysm of rage, & then listened to them separately.

Being ignorant of the engagement of the previous night, & it being a Secret Article from her that a Treaty of Peace would not be considered by either of the militant ladies she first reproached Miledy . . . for not having shown any courtesy to the *gouvernante.* She next blamed the *gouvernante* for carrying her circumspection to the point of preventing a person of the quality of Miledy . . . from having a confidential interview with one of her Highness's Maids, and concluded by saying that Miledy . . . must be permitted to speak with Emilie alone.

Upon this Emilie & Miledy . . . entered the closet from which Filadelphe had come. She had been so alarmed at the noise which had proceeded from the Room that she had run in there without taking the precaution to hide the Note that she had just commenced to the Duke of Monmouth.

Emilie being the first to perceive it read these words :

Cure yourself of the passion that you have for Emilie, she

is amiable but untrustworthy & it is not right that such as you should be betrayed.

If you renounce her fetters and desire to embrace fresh ones, a young person, whose attractions yield nothing to hers, offers herself to you, & love will know how to make the chain easy.

But——

"Could there ever be conduct more frightful than Filadelphe's ?" cried Emilie. "See Madam! See the pretty *déclaration* she makes!"

Miledy read the Billet with equal astonishment.

"On whom falls her choice ?" she asked.

"I am ignorant," replied Emilie, "but it has always seemed to me that she was not what one would call indifferent to My Lord Arran."

"And for my part," said the other, "I think that she has especial consideration for the Duke of Monmouth."

Without replying, Emilie took the Note, intending to put it in her pocket.

Miledy . . . snatched it from her. "I cannot possibly permit," she said, "that you remain the mistress of a note so prejudicial to Filadelphe. Being her rival, vengeance will prompt you to take steps such as you yourself would be the first to disapprove of at any other time."

"It is not a question of equity," said Emilie. "You have taken the note from me to keep yourself, because you probably have reasons as strong as I have to hate her. Still, Madam, I owe you too much respect to contend with you——"

"*Mon Dieu!* how we trifle," cried Miledy . . . interrupting her, "I am here to speak alone with you about affairs that are of far greater concern to me. To win your confidence I have here a billet by which you will see that you can look upon me as your friend." In saying the words she felt in her pocket where she

expected to find it, but it was not there! She looked all about her, but her search was fruitless.

"What will the Duke of Monmouth think?" she cried in affliction, "After all that has passed, he will conclude I have betrayed him!" She continued to lament and Emilie lamented with her.

"At least, Madam," said she, "instruct me of what remains for me to know."

"No," replied Miledy . . . "without the Duke's note, I have not the strength to speak, I am so upset." At this moment Filadelphe entered, her manner betraying that she had remembered her letter. At first, she did not dare to ask for it for fear of being drawn into some embarrassing explanation. She looked at one, she looked at the other; it seemed as if she would read in their eyes what was passing in their hearts, but they observed this and she could not get anything from them.

Nevertheless it was impossible to separate without an explanation.

"Let us understand each other," said Filadelphe, at last. "You have my letter and I—have just found yours. I am anxious to return it, on the condition you restore mine."

"The thing is not equal," said Emilie shortly. "You are not spoken of in the billet you hold, I am spoken of in the one we have, spoken of most disobligingly. I should very much like to know your reason for it, and whether you call it the act of a Comrade and a Friend."

"I do," replied Filadelphe, "for when one loves or desires love everything is permitted. Do not let us quarrel over this. You have two Lovers & two is one too many. If I have committed a theft I cannot see that I am compelled to restoration."

Miledy . . . ravished at once more beholding the

note of the Duke, not wishing to cause any further dispute between these lovely girls, returned Filadelphe her letter.

"What Madam," cried Emilie, "I shall not know to whom she wrote."

"No, you will not know," responded Filadelphe, "but if you are ignorant of the name of the man, you at least have some information as to who your Rival is." Saying which she went out.

Emilie heaved a profound sigh. "Which ever way I turn," said she, "I only find rivals. You, Madam, are the most dangerous of them all."

"Do not reproach me," said Miledy . . . giving her the Duke's note, "it is you who tender me a thousand wrongs, robbing me of a heart without which I cannot live. Surely you realise how cruel you are?" But Emilie was too impatient to see what the Duke had written to pause to reply to these reproaches.

Having read the note, she begged to be informed of what had passed and Miledy . . . with great embarrassment explained that she had written to My Lord Arran, which displeased Emilie to such a degree, and that the King & the Earl of Saint Albans should know everything seemed to her so cruel, that even her undaunted spirit was unable to face the situation with equanimity. She wept bitterly, and although Miledy . . . bestowed a thousand caresses upon her, asking the while a thousand pardons, nothing would pacify her.

"I cannot comprehend," she said, "what motive could have influenced the Duke that he should desire I should learn from your lips all the evil you have done me any more than I know how he proposes to remedy it."

"He was most anxious to persuade me to come and speak to you in good faith," said Miledy . . .

"Nothing would induce him to dispense me from the service, because he said having done you all the harm in my power the least I could do was to avow it."

"I think," said Emilie, "that it is this avowal alone that gives you pain;—the thing itself rather pleases you!"

Miledy . . . was piqued at these words, & it certainly seemed to her that after all the trouble she had taken, and the additional annoyance of the encounter with the *gouvernante*, she deserved more gratitude than Emilie displayed. Although this was not sufficient reason for her to fly into a rage, her *penchant* influenced her to such a degree that Emilie's remark sufficed to bring to her lips the harshest home truths.

"Little *ingrate!*" she cried, "you poorly merit the trouble I have taken to advise you upon your bad behaviour, which will be your ruin, & my desire to oppose the torrent,—my desire to save you! But I know your destiny, and now I will assist it by publishing your midnight meetings to the world, and I will portray them in such lively colours that nothing will be omitted from the picture."

"And I, Madam," replied Emilie, red with anger and passion, "treat you according to your deserts. If you can recount my weaknesses I can recount yours of an earlier date and the history will be brought to its conclusion!"

The menace, & the way it was expressed, appeared equally offensive to Miledy . . . She threw a furious glance at Emilie, recalling the while all that the latter had made her suffer since Lord Arran had first declared his devotion. Near her hand was the inkhorn Filadelphe had used when writing to the Duke of Monmouth. She seized it, threw it at Emilie's head, &

[1] *See* Note p. 89.

then hurried out,—avoiding by this precipitation, a combat from which she could not have escaped without giving and receiving many hard knocks.

Emilie, at first confounded, wept,—though more in rage than grief—at being thus besmirched. She dared not proceed into the next room fearing the ridicule of the other Maids.

Then her thoughts changed abruptly to things of greater import. Racking her brains how to find a means to satisfy Lord Arran about her stolen interview with the Duke she became so absorbed in the problem as to forget all about the ink on her face.

. . . .

As soon as My Lord Saint Albans had departed My Lord Arran occupied himself with a thousand projects, all aiming at revenge on a faithless Mistress & a fortunate rival & when he went out to his Carriage & drove to the Park he was still undetermined what he should do.

Arrived there, the first person he beheld was My Lord Saint Albans, he called to him but the latter explained he was still awaiting Miledy . . . and it would not be advantageous that they should be together. My Lord Arran turned away.

Some friends accosted him, but he answered with so much distraction that they passed on. To avoid people he concealed himself in a little alley, from which he could see the window of the Closet of the reception room allotted to the Maids where he had often spoken with Emilie. The sight renewed alike his love & his anger, & this last feeling being still uppermost, he decided nothing would induce him to have any further dealings with a girl who always sacrificed him to the Duke of Monmouth. What irritated him beyond endurance was the fact that the slight was known to the King.

Entering St. James's, he went straight to the apartment of the Maids, where he only found Waiting-Women. He asked where every one had gone to, & was informed that Emilie was writing in the closet.

He entered swiftly.

Imagine his feelings on beholding her blacker than any Mooress, & with tears filling her eyes !

He gazed at her in amazement, nor said one word.

She at once divined the cause of his silence, & being possessed of much presence of mind & a venturesome spirit,—the circumstances appeared to her very favourable.

" Who are the busybodies that have told you I am about to die ? " she cried, " And have you come to turn me from so wise an intention ? No, no, my lord, I cannot survive the bad opinion my enemies have given you of my behaviour. As you see I have begun to disfigure this unhappy beauty which is the cause of your distrust, & I am resolved to complete what remains to be done ! "

CHAPTER XIII

HAD a woman made such a threat in any other Country save England it would have been taken as representing a vexation that would soon pass, but it must be remembered that there is no place in the world where violent resolutions are so freely adopted and carried out. The English are courageous, and have a certain brutality for themselves which is almost barbaric & which somewhat resembles the determination of the early Romans.

My Lord Arran, persuaded, for this reason, that Emilie was speaking the truth, was much concerned.

"Emilie," he sighed, gazing at her the while with eyes in which appeared more of love than of hate. "It is hardly likely after your conduct that your death will justify your affection to me; for if it were not true that the Duke of Monmouth obtained an interview (and through me) I should not be so wretched as I now am, nor would your virtue be so cried down!"

"The only thing with which I have to reproach myself," she said, "is that I allowed myself to care for a Lover so ungrateful & suspicious, one who was always thinking such wicked things of one as innocent as I am. It is true I was in the Salon with the Duke of Monmouth, but it is also true that I expected *you* to be there! He had found your Tablets, and had copied your writing. But this imposture has only served to

let him know the better my faithfulness,—constancy to—*you!* He left me like one in despair. I was sure you would ever be true to me when I told you this. Alas! far from being the recipient of your gratitude I *lose* you altogether! And with you goes all my glory—all my peace!"

Her tears, and her sighs, here became so acute that she could no longer speak, but she had already said sufficient to convince my lord of her devotion. Throwing himself at her feet, he took her hands, bathing them with his own tears; he implored her pardon for having been deceived by appearances, & finally he besought her to tell him what she had done to render herself so black!

She told him she had broken a bottle of ink in her face and this made him tremble,—a man less preoccupied would have been surprised not to remark any cuts, but a lover's eyes are blind.

He left Emilie with a great increase of love.

In the Park My Lord Saint Albans & Miledy . . . were walking together & he found no difficulty in hailing them. Having approached he drew my lord aside.

"Share my joy, my lord," he said. "Emilie is true to me. I am convinced she still loves me; I have just had an explanation from her whereby both her enemies & mine are confounded. Of all the young ladies of fashion she is the most virtuous, the most tender. I adore her! I am utterly devoted,—I will never again believe anything to her disadvantage," and saying these words he left them without awaiting any comment from my lord, or bestowing one glance on Miledy . . . She had been close enough to hear all that he said, for he had spoken fairly loudly, and, even had his voice been lower, she was too vitally concerned in what was passing not to give it all her attention. She

was so stricken that My Lord Saint Albans immediately perceived by her pallor and the expression in her eyes, all that was passing in her heart.

" What is your trouble, Madam ? " he asked with a sigh. " That you love a man who loves you no more ? "

" Yes, that is the cause of my despair," she answered sadly, " one only speaks of my weakness & the unworthy part I play."

" If you had cared to have an understanding with me," he said, " such cruel troubles would never have fallen to your lot."

" My heart is wilful," she replied, " & will only consult its own inclination. It would have been impossible for me to pursue any other conduct. Pity me only . . . do not overwhelm me with useless reproaches. . . ."

She was not in a state to say anything more.

She went home and ordered her people to admit no one save the Duke of Monmouth, for she wished to recount to him all that had passed. That My Lord Saint Albans had returned her letter was some slight solace to her pain.

The Duke of Monmouth came with the greatest eagerness. She informed him of the different scenes that had taken place. When she spoke of the horn full of ink with which she had disfigured Emilie he was greatly concerned ;—" Such behaviour," he said " appeared to him outrageous in respect of a Girl of rank, whom she herself had greatly insulted in her letter to My Lord Arran, & for whom he, the son of the King, had the greatest tenderness." But when she told him of the news My Lord Arran had brought in the Park to My Lord Saint Albans his anger changed its object, and he began to hate Emilie almost as much as he loved her. He went through, over & over again, all that Miledy . . . had told him & was delighted when

he could detect a slight discrepancy such as to make him doubt, now and again, the truth of the story. He was hoping she had invented it all, but she seemed very consistent in her tale; and, at last he made up his mind to go and find My Lord Saint Albans to get more enlightenment on what had passed between My Lord Arran & himself.

Upon leaving Miledy . . . he observed one of My Lord Saint Albans' lackeys and asked him where his master was.

"I left him, my lord," said he, "at Prince Rupert's."

The Duke told his Coachman to go there at once, and the latter, whipping up his horses at a moment when the street was congested with traffic, collided with a milestone. The carriage was turned over, and it was only by cleverly catching hold of the arm that the Duke escaped serious injury—as it was, the Coachman received several contusions.

Many gentlemen, who were passing at the moment, sprang to the ground and hastened to weary him with tedious compliments, such as were rather intended to propitiate his Father than from any real concern for him. He was detained some time by these attentions before he could proceed to Prince Rupert's.

Arrived at last [1] he sent to pray My Lord Saint Albans come out to him; but a Gentleman of the Prince came in his stead to entreat that he would himself descend from his coach and the Duke had no alternative but to comply; much against the hair, for his mind was so full of what Miledy . . . had just related to him that a conversation on any other subject did not appeal to him at all.

They conducted him to the little apartment where

[1] Prince Rupert lived in Spring Gardens between St. James's Park and Charing Cross from 1674 onward. (Cuningham's *Handbook of London* 1849, vol. ii, p. 768.)

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the Prince [1] never retired save with his most intimate friends or to enjoy an agreeable repast.

At this time he was suffering from the effects of a fall. My Lord Saint Albans was keeping him company and a Sailor from Provençe was addressing them.

The Duke of Monmouth, having saluted the Prince, asked if there was any service he could render him.

"I wish," replied he, "that you would join your name to mine in a recommendation to Captain David [2] to receive this sailor on his yacht." The Sailor added his entreaties, but the Duke having great difficulty in following his jargon did not stop to enquire why Prince Rupert made such a request, (being,—as he was,—in a position to ask such a favour of the Captain himself, with an entire certainty of being obliged), but sat down & commenced a letter.

While he was writing the Sailor gave him a buffet on the shoulder, & told him not to forget to mention that he was a Provençal. A moment after, and he gave him another buffet, stronger than the first, declaring that he "knew his work!"

The Duke was wondering at this extraordinary insolence, when he was smitten for a third time with a force that equalled the other occasions put together, while his assailant requested him to add some other thing in his Letter.

[1] Rupert, Prince of Bavaria, third son of Frederick V., Elector Palatine (a grandson of William the Silent), and Elizabeth, daughter of King James I. of England, b. at Prague December 18, 1619, d. at Windsor November 29, 1682. *Encyclopædia Britannica.*

[2] There was no officer in the British Navy at that period of this name. David is probably a mistake for William Davis, who commanded no less than three Royal yachts between 1674 and 1688. He also saw much active service and rose to the rank of Vice-Admiral of the Red, but neither the date of his birth or his death is known. Charnock *Bibliographia Navalis.*

At last, really angry, he sprang to his feet, staring haughtily at the Sailor.

"If it were not for the respect that I owe to the Prince," he cried, "I would teach thee who I am!" As he said these words the Provençal laughed heartily in his very face and Prince Rupert did no less.

The Duke came to the conclusion that there must be some mystery under all this that hitherto he had not guessed. He stared intently at the Sailor, and then he recognised—*the Duke of Buckingham!*

They embraced tenderly, and, all occupied though the Duke of Monmouth was with his own amorous entanglements he could not help giving his entire attention to this new metamorphosis, praying to be informed what it might mean.

"I will tell you in three words," replied the Duke of Buckingham. "My Lord Russell is acting in concert with me and we arranged that the first who received news of Lady Norwich should inform the other. I had put my asses [1] all around her house that they might if possible discover where she was. I remained a little further off enveloped in my roquelaure, & concealed at the bottom of a Hackney coach;—My Lord Russell was not with me. The wife of his Valet de Chambre is nursing Lady Norwich's son; it was by the agency of this nurse that she wrote to him the first time asking him to aid her when they were taking her into Pembrokeshire. It being impossible for them to proceed to Holland—whither her husband is endeavouring to take her—without some of her clothes, he sent Esther to fetch all that she would require, two of his People accompanying her with orders not to leave her. She was then to proceed with the things to some rambling house where he hath taken his wife. When Esther arrived to pack her Mistress's

[1] Grisons.

wardrobe she easily found the means to summon the Nurse, in order, as she explained, to help her to finish more quickly, and profiting by a moment when they were alone she said to her: 'Go immediately and inform My Lord Russell that this is not a time to be angry with her ladyship, & that he must put everything in train to prevent her going to Holland,—where it is my lord's intention to take her it being his resolve to embark on the yacht which the King is sending to the Hague to bring over the Prince of Neuburg.'

"Esther then returned to her Mistress, and the Nurse, like a clever woman, did her commission. My lord came & found me & we passed part of the night in consultation as to what we had best do. When we reflected on the rank of the husband & the reputation of the lady we knew that we must take the utmost precaution—far greater than those we had previously adopted;—this prevented us deciding on anything violent. I have come this morning to relate my suffering to Prince Rupert. He knows that I have an exceptional gift for disguising myself, & he has advised me——"

"It is true," said the Prince, interrupting him, "that you have a peculiar talent for these kinds of masquerades, I cannot resist telling our young friend what happened to you during the troubles with Ireton's wife, because it is in my opinion intensely amusing, but as I am not just the thing Lord Saint Albans must recount it. He knows the adventure even better than I do, & this makes me the readier to cede the task of narrating it to him."

My Lord Saint Albans then took up the discourse.

CHAPTER XIV

"IN the days when everything was in frightful disorder and the servants of the King [1] were persecuted on all sides, the Duke of Buckingham took arms & My Lord Holland [2] & My Lord Peterborough [3] having joined him they put themselves at the head of 500 Horse,—their courage seconding their zeal,—and they hoped to strike an advantageous blow for the King. Near Kingston, Major Gibblons (*sic*) gave them battle & the Duke's elder (*sic*) [4] brother lost his life. He was in the flower of his age, & Nature had to all appearance endeavoured to make him perfect both in mind and body.[5]

[1] Charles I.

[2] Henry Rich, Earl of Holland, b. 1590, d.v.p. March 9, 1649, creation of Earldom September 15, 1624.

[3] Henry Mordant, second Earl of Peterborough, b. 1624, d. June 19, 1697.

[4] Lord Francis Villiers, posthumous son of the first Duke of Buckingham, b. April 2, 1629, d.v.p. July 7 (O.S.), 1648, and is buried in the Abbey.

[5] Enamoured as the Duke of Buckingham might be of the pleasures of Paris—he abandoned them with alacrity at the first opportunity which enabled him to prove his devotion to the Royal cause in England. This was in the year 1648, when the fortunes of the Cavaliers might well appear desperate. Nevertheless, this was the moment chosen by the Duke and Lord Francis to join the forlorn attempt of Lord Holland at Reigate. Misfortune attended them from the very outset. Goring, who should have seconded the rising, was blockaded at Colchester, and one troop of horse under Colonel Gibbons proved sufficient, as the Parliament had anticipated, to disperse the conspirators. At Nonesuch the Roundheads overtook their ill-matched antagonists. The skirmish

GEORGE, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, AS A YOUNG MAN

From a print after Van Dyck

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" Either because his death disheartened his party or because they considered his loss prejudicial;—they made an orderly retreat to Kingston. This they evacuated the next day, and got as far as Saint Nez (St. Neots) when the enemy joined them for the second time. The combat was fierce & sanguinary and the Duke of Buckingham surpassed himself, displaying, despite his extreme youth, the conduct & the valour of the bravest & most experienced of captains. Fortune had, for some time, declared herself against the justice of our cause; it was sufficient to be on the right side to be oppressed by those on the wrong. Thus the Duke of Buckingham, being at the end of his resources retired to Lincoln with only sixty Horse; My Lord Peterborough fled to the Low countries, & My Lord Holland was taken prisoner with a great number of officers & persons of quality. Many yet remained in the field & it was resolved to treat them with kindness so as to persuade them to abandon their allegiance, or, at least, to refrain from bearing arms

took place in the old royal burgh of Kingston and the outskirts of Surbiton Common. It was short and sharp. "My Lord Francis, at the head of his troop, having his horse slain under him, got to an oak tree in the highway about two miles from Kingston, where he stood with his back against it scorning to ask for quarter, & they barbarously refusing to give it; till, with nine wounds in his beautiful face and body he was slain. The oak tree is his monument, and has the first two letters of his name F.V. cut on it to this very day." (Brian Fairfax, published 1758.) Thus, in his twentieth year, died Lord Francis Villiers, making a willing offering of his life for the King. . . . That the gallant boy had not plunged into danger imperfectly realised is proved by the fact that he had scrupulously set his affairs in order before embarking on the ill-fated expedition. . . . Young as he was he had conceived a violent passion for the beautiful Mrs. Kirke; and after his death a lock of her hair sewed in a ribbon was found next to his heart. (*Ludlow Memoirs*, I.) The Lady Burghclere's *Life of Buckingham*, pp. 23–24.

The Mrs. Kirke referred to above was Diana maid of honour to Henrietta Maria and elder half-sister of "Emilie." She married de Vere, twentieth and last Earl of Oxford. *See* Appendix C.

against those that called themselves the State. My Lord Holland, after having been taken to Warwick Castle, was subsequently conducted to his own house; & the High Chamber proposed to the Commons that they should pardon the Duke of Buckingham on account of his youth, if, within fifteen days he surrendered & acknowledged his fault.

"This condition was not acceptable to a man who had nothing but hatred & aversion for those who professed to be his friends, so he refused the grace that was offered him,[1] for his one desire was to serve the King.[2]

"Realising that if he attempted to fight the country he would without doubt meet with a power stronger than his own, & perhaps be taken prisoner, taking danger for danger, he decided on the course whereby he might best advance the interests of the King. And to trick the creatures and at the same time mark his

[1] After the disastrous fight at Kingston, the Duke, with Lord Holland and the shattered remnant of the Cavalier force made their escape to St. Neots. "Colonel Scroope, with seven troops followed them, and entered the town on Monday morning about four of the clock, and took Holland in his chamber and about eighty prisoners." (*Historical MSS. Lord Montague of Beaulieu.*)

Fortunately for Buckingham, though he had been equally remiss in placing scouts, his lodging was more capable of defence. The gates of the house and the courtyard were closed and this gave him time to muster his servants and get to horse. The barriers were then flung aside and the intrepid little band led by their young master charged straight at the troopers. They had a desperate fight, the Duke killing the Roundhead commander with his own hand; but they cut their way through. That Buckingham had reason to congratulate himself on his escape, was shown by the tragic fate of his fellow conspirator Lord Holland. Yet George Villiers must have commanded considerable influence at Westminster; for in spite of the provocation he had given to the Parliament, they once more offered, on his submission within forty days, liberal terms of compensation. The Lady Burghclere's *Life of Buckingham*, pp. 25–26 (condensed).

[2] His patron and second father, King Charles I.

own intrepidity he shut himself up in London in the very midst of all those who sought him.

" It was not his wish (as it might have been another's) to stay hidden in a garret or some secret chamber. He lived in the open adopting a variety of disguises in which his keenest enemies failed to detect him. Thus he donned the costume of a Merry Andrew with a little hat trimmed with a fox's brush and many cocks' feathers. Sometimes his face was covered by a mask; at others with flour, or blackened,—whichever he deemed the most suitable. He established a theatre in the square at Cherincras (Charing Cross), & himself took the leadership of a company of musicians and buffoons. Every day he composed songs on such of the events of the moment as he could remember; he sang before an audience of three thousand persons; he sold antidotes for poisons & plaisters & in this great City surrounded by enemies he lived in complete security, whilst the rest of us had to fly & hide ourselves in holes.

" It happened that his sister the Duchess of Richmond [1] was carefully guarded at Whitehall whilst her

[1] Mary, eldest surviving child of George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham (1592–1628), and his wife Lady Catherine Manners, baptized March 30, 1622, was married three times. On Christmas Day, 1634, she was solemnly espoused to Lord Herbert heir of the fourth Earl of Pembroke, but the bridegroom died soon after. In 1636 the maiden widow was married to James fourth Duke of Lenox and Richmond (1612–55), cousin to the King; of this marriage but one child, a daughter, survived to maturity. She married the Earl of Arran who is such a prominent figure in these pages and died without issue 1668. The Duke of Richmond was succeeded by his young son who, dying in 1660 at the age of eleven years, was succeeded in turn by his cousin, afterwards the husband of La Belle Stewart. The widow of the fourth duke chose for her third husband—it was supposed to be her first marriage of inclination—" Northern Tom Howard," b. ?, d. 1678, brother of the Earl of Carlisle. The marriage took place in 1664, the pair making " the fondest couple that could be." She died in 1685.

husband was a prisoner at Windsor, and she had made so many applications to be confined with him that Cromwell had consented. The Duke of Buckingham learned the day she was to be moved, and as it was necessary that he should communicate with her for the service of their common interest, he pitched his little stage on the road she would have to take ; and as she passed he cried out to the populace that he must have a little fun at the expense of the Duchess of Richmond & her Family. They must therefore stop her Carriage,—so that he could sing her a song he had composed about her and about that knave the Duke of Buckingham. The Duchess was stopped,—for since it was only a question of adding to her pain and humiliation, her guards permitted it, & the mob compelled this lady, then the most beautiful person in England, to come to the door and listen to this wicked jester who sang her a thousand impudences.[1]

" When his buffooneries were finished he said it was only just he should give to the Duchess those songs of which she was the subject, and promptly descended, weighed down with broadsheets and caricatures. In approaching her he lifted the piece of black silk which covered one of his eyes, & his sister recognised him.

" She had sufficient command not to betray anything, she even reprimanded him ; but she took care to retain the songs he had thrown at her, amongst which he had slipped in a large packet of letters which he had reserved for such an opportunity. After this she continued on her way, the Duke-Juggler at the head of the people who accompanied her with great hooting for some distance.

[1] This adventure is quoted at length in the chapter on Buckingham in the *Wits and Beaux of Society*, by Grace and Philip Wharton, 1861. The plate illustrating the stopping of the coach (facing p. 15) is full of life and probability, the portrait of the Duchess apparently being taken from the print here reproduced.

ILLVSTRISS.^ D.^ DOMI.^ ELISABETHA VILLIERS DVCESSA DE LENOX ET RICH-
MOND, etc. FILIA GEORGIJ VILLIERS DVCIS ET COMITIS BVCKINGHAMIÆ

MARY, DUCHESS OF RICHMOND AND LENOX

From an engraving by Hollar after Van Dyck

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"Notwithstanding his disguise he had such a beautiful figure & he danced with such good grace that Cromwell's daughter, the Wife of Ireton,[1] one of the King's most irreconcilable enemies, seeing from her windows the Theatre in which he exhibited himself, was smitten in his favour & sent to him to come to her. He hesitated at first whether to deliver himself into the hands of his enemies, for he realised what he would risk, & how difficult it was to guarantee that he should not be recognised. However, his courage but ill accommodated itself to timid reflections, & when he bethought him that he could make this woman love him, & that then she would tell him all her husband's secrets—who shared all those of Cromwell, he reproached himself for a prudence he deemed unworthy.

"He went to see her that evening, he left his Trevelin costume behind him and wore a magnificent dress which he concealed with his mantle & it was with great reluctance he left the piece of plaster over his eye.

"Had he exhibited two beautiful eyes he could not have been better received. She showed him so much tenderness, that he came to the conclusion he could tell her his name itself without any risk; nevertheless his repugnance for her on account of her Father was so great that he could hardly endure her, & received her caresses with a coldness and disdain such as to reduce her to despair.

"At last, one day, after being much pressed to explain the reason, he told her confidingly that he was a Jew, and that his Faith forbade him to love a Christian. She was much surprised that a man who made a profession of deceiving all the world in his

[1] Bridget Cromwell, third daughter of the Usurper, baptized August 4, 1624, m. Henry Ireton (1611–51), June 15, 1646, d. 1662. The cream of the jest lies in the reputation for prudery this lady enjoyed.

Theatre, should still be inwardly so exact. Not finding herself sufficiently experienced to destroy by plausible arguments the objections he advanced she sent for a famous Rabbi, and gave him a considerable sum of money. The Duke having come the next evening to her house, was much surprised when this man entered, & gravely offered to free him from all his scruples!

"The Duke did not know his Talmud well enough to embark in a dispute with the Rabbi, he therefore begged two days' grace, &, as he feared to be discovered in the end, he left London after having done everything he could for the King's interest and proceeded to rejoin him (*sic*) at the Dunes.[1]

"But before he left, wishing Ireton's wife to know what Tribe this Jew she so dearly loved belonged to, he wrote in the chaste and pleasing style which you know he would, and told her all,—I may leave you to guess if she was surprised, & if she did not accuse her heart more than once for having betrayed the interests of her family."

My Lord Saint Albans was silent at this point, & when Prince Rupert had recalled some particulars that he had omitted the Duke of Monmouth thanked them both for the entertainment they had afforded him.

"Although my lord has much adorned the tale," said My Lord of Buckingham, "& given a happy turn to an event that was originally but a *bagatelle*,

[1] He rejoined the Prince of Wales—from whom he had parted in Paris about ten weeks before—in the Downs. The Prince of Wales left Hellevoetsluis in the middle of July 1648 in command of a fleet that had revolted from the Roundheads. He cruised about causing considerable annoyance, and even entered the mouth of the Thames; but, being taken ill, the little squadron, contrary to his desires, returned to the Low Countries at the end of Spetember. He was succeeded by Prince Rupert. Presumably the Duke of Buckingham met with the Prince of Wales in the early part of August.

although too he has unduly praised me, and his praises always cause me much pride and pleasure,—I avow to you that I have never in my life listened to anything with so much impatience. When I think how it hath delayed my departure I am nearly frantic. I am resolved," he continued, turning to the Duke of Monmouth, "to go, attired as you see me, on board the yacht which is sailing for Holland. I shall embark as a sailor and shall hope to make myself known to Lady Norwich when she and I will come to an understanding as to the best means whereby she can be rescued from the hands of her husband. He will not suspect me and perhaps I shall find some favourable occasion ere our arrival at Brille,—&, if I do not have the pleasure of even seeing her during the voyage I shall prefer it to the sadness of being here without her."

"I have never seen a man more in love than you," said My Lord Saint Albans, "& you are very ungrateful not to mention that it is I who furnished you with this fine sailor suit in which you have performed so many exploits of gallantry."

"It is true," said the Duke, "& were I in less of a hurry I should have much pleasure in acknowledging all that I owe you, but unless I now proceed on my way I shall die before your eyes!"

Prince Rupert commenced to laugh. "Were you eighteen," said he, "we might excuse you, but at our age it is as well to have a little moderation."

"You may say what you like your Highness," replied the Duke. "For my part, my maxim is, it is easier to prevent oneself from loving than to lay down rules when one has succumbed. For Love, always a child, hates those sage reflections upon which you would maliciously embark me."

CHAPTER XV

THE Duke of Monmouth, who had not joined in this last conversation, adroitly drew My Lord Saint Albans aside into the apartment known,—both on account of the various paintings that ornamented it, and the delightful fêtes the Prince would give there in honour of his Mistresses [1] —as the Salon of the Pleasures.

To-day the Duke of Monmouth was entirely absorbed by his troubles, whilst My Lord Saint Albans with much candour and little tact, recounted all that Lord Arran had confided to him in regard to Emilie.

The Duke could no longer flatter himself with the thought that her heart was wholly his. "Ah," he said, "the last is the favourite with her, and a man who promises himself constancy is easily fooled."

He ran down the sex in general, and Emilie in particular, invoking a thousand imprecations on her head. Whilst he was speaking in this manner, My Lord Saint Albans entertained himself with the whistling of á canary.

The Duke stared at him for a while in silence. "Yes," he cried suddenly, "I should like to kill you! To kill you, to kill that canary, to kill the whole world at once,—when it is possible that a man as polite as you, even if you were not my friend (which it is difficult to imagine),—when it is possible," he reiterated,

[1] The favourite being Mrs. Hughes the well-known actress.

" that such as you have not sufficient civility to join in my unhappiness and resentment ! "

" I have no tears in reserve," replied the other smiling, " having shed too many over my own misfortunes. Love has cost me so much that all your pains together cannot in the least approach what I have suffered."

" Ha ! " cried the Duke, " how ungrateful you are to complain, considering how your evils have been softened by the good that one cannot buy. I know sufficient of the History of the last Court to be aware of your antecedents, nor do I deny that you well merited your good fortune, that you are kind to me because——" [1]

At these words, Lord Saint Albans laughed so loudly that Prince Rupert and the Duke of Buckingham hearing it, called to them to come back. The Duke of Monmouth prayed My Lord Saint Albans to make his excuses to the Prince, should he return without saying anything, because in the state in which he then was he felt incapable of anything except going to strangle Emilie.

" It is to be hoped," returned his companion, " that you will not become the annihilator of the human race. Only a moment ago it was the canary you wished to kill ; he had difficulty in saving himself from your fury——"

" Adieu," said the Duke, " you speak at your ease now, but take care that I do not have my turn "— saying which he went out. As he hurried down the stairs he met the King coming up them, and was obliged to attend his Majesty to the top.

Learning that the King had come, the Duke of

[1] Here is a striking illustration of the change of the standards of " good form " during the last 250 years. Monmouth's oblique allusion is to the supposed liaison of his own grandmother with St. Albans !

Buckingham's one idea was to avoid him, Prince Rupert, however, being anxious that the King should see him metamorphosed into a sailor, maliciously suggested that he should pass through his Closet and go down by the secret staircase, knowing all the while that none such existed.

Barely had his victim disappeared when the King entered, laughingly dismissing all those surrounding him, save the Duke of Monmouth.

"I have come," he said to Prince Rupert, "to relate something very funny to you. You know that since the last conspiracy, of which I was warned, I had the Cinque Ports closed and gave orders that no one should embark without a signed permission from my hand? And you also know that a yacht is ready to fetch the Prince of Neuburg? Well, My Lord of Norwich in company with his wife, who appeared much afflicted, arrived on board her, and he proposed to the Captain to take them over. The latter demurring, my lord promised him a large sum of money, which offer increased the Captain's suspicions to such a degree, that not being satisfied with refusing them passage, he caused them both to be arrested! Of this I have had notice, and I leave you to imagine how that poor *jaloux* is passing his time!"

The Prince asked the King what he had decided to do.

"I have decided," replied he, "to let them go wherever Lord Norwich wishes. His wife is, in my eyes, beautiful, but in my understanding, ungrateful. I do not see why I should mix myself up in her affairs."

The Duke of Buckingham heard all this and, utterly unable to master his passion he burst out of the Closet, and flung himself at the King's feet. His Majesty stared without recognition, "What do you want, my friend?" he demanded.

The Duke who was accustomed to speak to the King on equal terms, forgot all about his disguise.

"What do I want? Surely you can imagine it, knowing as you do my passion for this lady! I want you to give her back to me——"

"To thee!" said the King, laughing, "to *thee* my friend?"

"To me," urged the Duke, "I will resign all my Honours and all your benefices, if you will but accord me this one thing——"

"This man is out of his mind!" exclaimed the King. "He will restore me his Offices and my favours!"

Prince Rupert, the Duke of Monmouth, and My Lord Saint Albans laughed with all their hearts, nor could the Duke of Buckingham refrain from joining them, when he suddenly recollected his Sailor's dress remembering at the same time that the King did not recognise him.

Then the Prince explained the enigma to his Majesty, who was much diverted.

"Here," he said, "is a trick that could hardly be pardoned in an adolescent; for you it is almost impossible. Still, I will send for Lord Norwich saying I wish to confer with him, and I will speak briefly on the subject of his wife, with a view to persuading him to treat her better, because, she is no worse than the other Ladies of the Court."

"But, Sir," said the Duke of Buckingham, "will you continue to be my rival? Because I would rather my lord went to Holland than have you in the field."

"Up till now I do not see that there is any reason for you to have much anxiety on that score," said the King. "Do I not know something of the ill luck I myself must lay at your door? However, let our first

endeavour be to get the Lady back; we can arrange our rights to her after."

He commanded My Lord Saint Albans to write immediately on his behalf to My Lord Norwich.

That very evening the latter arrived at Whitehall.

The King spoke to him very kindly & gave him such useful counsel both for his own repose and wife's reputation, that anyone save himself would have unhesitatingly acquiesced.

The Duke of Monmouth was too full of his anger and his jealousy to continue any longer at Prince Rupert's, and he returned to Miledy . . . She guessed immediately from his manner that My Lord Saint Albans had confirmed what the Duke's one desire was to doubt.

"Another time," said she, "you will perhaps believe me, my lord, nor conclude that I expressly manufacture tales concerning Emilie to cure you of your affection for her! You must be *infatuated* to bear her coquetries with so much patience."

"Good God, Madam," he cried, "do not insult me in my trouble. Knowing all I have to bear it seems you are still endeavouring to cause me fresh annoyance."

"You entirely misjudge me," she said, "but you are less to be pitied than you think;—a very charming person loves you in a manner that should entirely console you for the loss of Emilie."

The Duke had the fault of the majority of his contemporaries,—he could not neglect the smallest occasion of gallantry; he had ever a passion reigning in his heart, and he regarded each new opportunity as a windfall not to be refused. On this occasion he concluded that Miledy . . . was making a personal insinuation; that, piqued with My Lord Arran she wished to allay her resentment through himself. He

thought that it was but proper that she should thus seek consolation for the troubles that her Lover had brought upon her.

The idea aroused all his vivacity.

"*I* am loved, Madam!" he exclaimed, "and the one who loves me is to be desired! Although it is fortunate for me, I do not think she is very wise in choosing such a dangerous Confidante as yourself."

"It was Chance and not preference which made me guess the inclination," said Miledy . . . "and as your imagination has so little to go on in its endeavour to identify her, I will tell you, that it is Emilie's Companion, Filadelphe, whom you are always rallying about her languor."

The Duke was much surprised to hear this name, though the information had nothing but what was agreeable. Filadelphe, who was young and beautiful, and whose manners were not nearly so flighty as Emilie's, pleased him infinitely; and as she had always shown the greatest indifference to every one his vanity was much flattered.

He listened eagerly to all Miledy . . . could tell him, —particularly the adventure of the billet. Perhaps if it had not been for the anger he felt against Emilie he would not have been so delighted at being loved by Filadelphe, though he never was one to pause and weigh his sentiments where a new passion was concerned, and welcomed all eagerly. This was particularly the case at the moment, when the wish to remove a very disagreeable memory was uppermost in his thoughts. He thanked Miledy . . . with effusion for what she had told him, and, that very evening, he proceeded to St. James's.

He found that the Duchess was better. As he was about to enter the ante-room Emilie happened to pass by. She stopped dead as a person does who expects to

be spoken to, but the Duke distantly raised his hat and passed on, hardly vouchsafing her a glance. Within this apartment he found Filadelphe, whom he at once addressed with that delightful courtesy of his. Outside Emilie remained staring, for the Duke's manner seemed to her a very meagre return for all that she was called upon to endure through Miledy . . . destroying her reputation, and also from the other effect of her rage,—the throwing the horn of ink.

Emilie did not reproach herself with anything she had said to My Lord Arran, for she had an understanding with the Duke that his rival was at any cost to be bamboozled. Her reflections made the Duke appear so blameworthy that she reproached herself a thousand times for her weakness with regard to him, and not being able to nerve herself to return to a place where she would but receive fresh chagrin (for she feared her annoyance would be visible in her face), she chose rather to retire to her chamber, there to give free course to her tears.

In the meanwhile Filadelphe, much ashamed of what had passed with regard to Miledy . . . and Emilie finding her Note, now dreaded (and the next minute hoped) that Miledy . . . had guessed for whom it was intended, and had told him. She was uncertain and dreamy, her timidity brought an attractive flush to her face. She cast down her eyes, and replied in such a confused manner, to the most ordinary things that he became embarrassed in turn. He guessed what was passing in her heart, and, judging the moment favourable was about to profit by it, and tell her of the advantage that she had obtained in his mind over Emilie, when some Ladies came in. She hastened to join them in order to recover the composure that the Duke's attentions had so shaken. However, though she re-entered her Highness's chamber the Duke

followed. He looked at her tenderly, nor could she prevent herself from returning his glances, even though she feared all the world would discover a secret she had long hidden with so much care. In a sudden access of dread that this last would happen she resolved to retire altogether. The Duke, who had been watching her narrowly, readily divined the flutter she was in, & resolved to seek an early opportunity of taking full advantage of it.

CHAPTER XVI

SO after continuing a little time in her Highness's apartments, he went straight to the private parlour of the Maids, for though men rarely had the entrée, his distinction was such, that he was not subjected to the ordinary Rules. On entering he was much surprised to find, not Filadelphe, but Emilie. Her eyes were red with much weeping. Upon perceiving him she rose up, and without deigning to speak entered the adjacent Closet, of which she would have shut the door had he not prevented it. He considered himself insulted by such airs, and at her regarding as a slight, a behaviour that was merely the expression of his courtesy.

"Do you think, Emilie," said he, "that I have not already enough to complain of in your conduct? Do you wish to increase my annoyance by fostering some foolish idea that you——"

"There was a time," she cried, "when your reproaches would have filled me with amazement but that time is past, for I am now fully aware of your callous ingratitude. I only wish that you *had* reasonable cause for complaint against me; but all along I have only been too single-purposed in regard to you. I have sacrificed My Lord of Arran; I have suffered without a murmur your indiscretion in sharing my secret with Miledy . . . who has insulted me, as though my birth were inferior to hers (and what made her take such a liberty was the advantage your imprudence gave her

over me). Smarting under such an affront, I had at least flattered myself you would offer me all the consolation in your power. It was my desire to tell you of what I have endured ; to make you realise it, and then I saw you look at me with an air of haughty arrrogance ! Now you have followed me here to mock my weakness for you and my just displeasure."

The Duke could not but see through such reproaches and such tears how genuinely moved she was ; he really loved her, for Filadelphe had not been long enough mistress of his heart to drive out a Rival.

" Please Heaven, Emilie," he said,—his manner having suddenly become gentler and tenderer,— " Please Heaven, that you have not given your favours save to me alone. But Arran shows more assurance than I care for. I fear you love us in turn. I was happy last night, he was so this morning, and—— "

" Do not finish a discourse so offensive, *ingrate*," she said, " unless you would throw me into the utmost anger. What ! have you already forgotten that it was through your counsel that I hoodwinked my lord, and that I have even offered to break with him but that the stir this rupture would make so alarmed you on account of the Duchess of Monmouth that you implored me to do everything to keep from her your feelings for me. Such being the case you ought to show me every consideration. But do not let us dispute any more," she continued wearily, letting herself drop into the chair from which at his entrance she had hastily risen, " do not let us talk of our life, I am quite content you should assume I have betrayed you, I hate you so much that I *want* you to believe all that can irritate you against me, I prefer unhappiness, & your aversion, to your tenderness—I *prefer* unhappiness to pleasing you ! "

The vehemence with which she uttered these com-

plaints and reproaches, her eyes sparkling with anger, her face aflame with brilliant colour, all these things together with her youth and her beauty all pleaded for her to the Duke. In a sudden access of love he flung himself at her feet. What did he not say in his endeavour to calm her ? She refused to listen to him, and this refusal so spurred his passion that he would, he said, die before her eyes if he could not obtain her forgiveness.

Just at this moment Filadelphe, returning from the apartment of the Princess Mary, entered. She was secretly hugging to herself the tender glances the Duke had bestowed on her, thinking she must have won the heart she so earnestly desired to possess. She was also reproaching herself with having so quickly left him in the Duchess's apartment.

Alas ! What were her feelings when she saw him at her Rival's knees ? Love, jealousy, or pride has never given such pain. In one instant she passed from the Meridian of joy to the uttermost depths of despair. She stood there, pale and amazed. In her silence and immobility she might have been taken for a statue if her eyes, (which preserved their natural use) had not revealed by their movement, now rapid, now languorous, the different passions agitating her soul. At last, overwhelmed, her heart failed, her eyelids dropped,—she would have fallen on the floor, had not the Duke sprang forward to catch her in his arms.

And oh how sweet that burden was to him ! He beheld this amiable girl, so young and so beautiful, almost expiring of a secret jealousy of which *he* was the sole cause ;—at such a proof how could he doubt that he was dearly loved ? Gratitude joined his previous inclination and these two sentiments impelled him to place Filadelphe before Emilie ; and yet how

he wished that he could divide his heart between them both, without causing offence to either,—but it is only when a Mistress has but little delicacy that she will permit such a division. While he was all occupied in his endeavour to revive this fair charmer, Emilie looked them up and down, nor deigned to approach her comrade. Her aversion, regarding her as she did as a dangerous rival, could not possibly have been greater.

The Duke for a while did not dare to ask her assistance, fearing to give her further subject for complaint at a time when she had still to be appeased about what had gone before ; but at last pity prevailed over policy. " Is it possible," he exclaimed, " that you see Filadelphe in this state without producing some remedy wherewith to restore her ? "

" What do you wish me to do, my lord ? I am sure you are a far cleverer Doctor than I am."

" But at least you can throw some water over her face."

" There is none here," she replied, with cold indifference.

" You could go and ask for some," cried the Duke. " There is a certain duty that we owe to one another."

" I don't owe her anything," said she. Then she added with marked emphasis, " And you will find it a difficult matter to get rid of me."

The Duke was angered at her manner. " Very well," said he ," as you decline to help her I am going to adopt the remedies that Doctors like myself ordinarily apply," and saying these words he approached his mouth to that of Filadelphe and gave her,—a kiss !

" What, before my eyes ! " cried Emilie, and snatched her from his arms.

" Yes, cruel one, before your eyes," he cried. " Why

should I concern myself about the feelings of a person who gives no thoughts to me ? "

These mutual reproaches would have continued, perhaps with increasing bitterness, if Filadelphe, who had received a blow on the head when Emilie had taken her away from him had not opened her eyes. The first object upon which they fell was the Duke, who was engaged in the task of rubbing her hands with Queen-of-Hungary-water.[1]

" Ah my lord of your mercy leave me," she whispered, pushing him from her, " all that comes from you seems to be only poison for me." As she spoke she turned her head aside that she might not see him. Although the Duke quite realised that she was angry at having found him at the feet of Emilie he was surprised that she should assume that she had already made so great a conquest over his heart that she had a right to control him.

He found himself between these young people beloved of them, and yet on the point of losing them both, solely on account of their mutual jealousy. He dared not show too great an interest in Filadelphe, nor could he reconcile himself to treat her with indifference, his inclination was bewilderingly divided. The access of his good fortune spelled the climax of his unhappiness.

Whilst he was wondering as to how he might best please both his mistresses they threw furious glances at one another, and their sullen silence was more eloquent than if they had said the most outrageous things. The Duke regarded his plight as terrible. What could he say to calm the one which would not

[1] The universal toilette water up to the end of the eighteenth century. It was made of spirits of wine with the essential parts of rosemary and flowers, and was first distilled for the use of a queen of Hungary. It is now, owing to the popularity of eau de Cologne, entirely obsolete.

annoy the other ? He would have wished to manage them so as not to lose either, but they had too much insight and too much cleverness not to guess and unravel his thoughts; — their delicacy and their vanity were equally offended. Emilie, who had been loved the first suffered the most impatiently at the regard the Duke professed for her Rival and she was just about to launch out as people do on such occasions, when they heard the *gouvernante* returning !

The thought of her severity alarmed them, they immediately took common measures to guard themselves from the storm that would inevitably overwhelm them did she discover the Duke.

" We are lost my lord ! " they cried. " Oh have some regard for us."

" What can I do ? " he said.

" You must hide yourself in yonder Closet," cried Emilie ; " we shall have to get you out of it secretly."

He agreed and as soon as he was in they took out the key.[1]

When the *gouvernante* came, she said she felt thoroughly tired, & that she would at once undress herself and sup in her room, which adjoined & which formed the only exit from, the one in which the Maids were !

This she proceeded to do and Emilie, & Filadelphe who felt equal alarm at the mischance, were still further perturbed when she came to air herself in their chamber. They were ready to die of fear lest the Duke should make some noise, & the moments past like centuries.

As for the Duke, alone, & in the dark, at the time when he should have been supping with My Lord Grey, he was enjoying but sorry entertainment !

[1] See note to p. 51.

Upon this varied scene there arrived Madam Betty Felton,[1] the only daughter of my Lord Suffolk, first Gentleman of the Chamber to the King. Her mother, a woman of great integrity, was first Lady in Waiting of the Queen. Madam Betty had a beauty and youth that were almost dazzling, and won her the love of all who saw her, and being of a very gay disposition she seldom frightened her lovers away by her looks. She espoused a gentleman whose birth did not nearly equal her own, his being very mediocre ;[2] but the liberty that girls have in England to marry at fifteen against the approval of

[1] Lady Elizabeth Howard (1656–81), only daughter of James, third Earl of Suffolk (d. 1688), and Barbara (1622–81), daughter of Sir Edward Villiers (d. 1621), a half-brother of George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham. (By his first wife, daughter of Rich, Earl of Holland, Lord Suffolk had also an only daughter.)

Lady Elizabeth's paternal aunt, Frances (d. November 1677), married the former's maternal uncle, Sir Edward Villiers (1620–89), and was the governess of the Princesses Anne and Mary ; probably this in the first instance caused Lady Elizabeth to be a frequent visitor at St. James's.

[2] Sir Thomas Felton (1649–1708), M.P. for Oxford and subsequently for Bury St. Edmunds, Comptroller of the Household to Queen Anne succeeded his brother as fourth baronet, February 1696. Although Lady Elizabeth married a younger son Madame d'Aulnoy is in error in her estimate of the Felton family, which was one of antiquity and standing. The *Dictionary of National Biography*, vol. xviii, p. 307, calls it great. I am much indebted to the Rev. Sydenham Hervey for the loan of an interesting article by his late father, entitled "*Playford and the Feltons*," *a paper read at a meeting of the Suffolk Institute of Archæology on October* 24, 1860, by the Hon. and Ven. Lord Arthur Hervey, President of the Institute. The family of Felton, a branch of which settled at Playford in 1513, traces its descent to Roger Beltram, Baron of Mitford and Lord of Felton, Northumberland, who died 26th Henry III. The Felton who assassinated Buckingham though a member of the family has not so far been authoritatively identified by modern genealogists.

Elizabeth's mother was the half-niece of Buckingham (*see* tree, p. 151 and as Buckingham was, in the eyes of the Villiers, as dazzling as Napoleon was in those of the Buonapartes, the antipathy of the family to the match is probably explained.

Sir Thomas and Lady Elizabeth left an only daughter who married

their relations was the reason that her inclination had been her only guide. After the marriage My Lord Suffolk declined to see his daughter, and he forbade her his house, though at the same time he granted her a large allowance to live on the scale to which she had been accustomed since her infancy. This charming woman was often at Court, and the Duke of Monmouth had become enamoured of her ; she listened to him willingly, for she found him amiable and his favours and his rank agreeably flattered her vanity ; in the hope of seriously engaging him she found herself pledged to love him more than was good for her peace of mind. This intrigue had been broken several times only to be renewed—but perhaps I had better not say any more.

Not to interrupt what I have commenced to recount it will suffice me to tell you, that she and the Mistress of the Maids of Honour of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of York, were intimate friends, and it was their delight to sit up so late together that they had to spend the next day in bed !

To-night on entering the *gouvernante's* room, Madam Betty exclaimed that the *gouvernante* must not wonder at feeling low spirited because they had not had a talk for such a long time. But at last she had come and she was resolved not to stir from that room until six o'clock the next morning !

in 1695 the first Earl of Bristol and so the Felton property became merged into that of the Herveys. The Norfolk branch of the Felton family is now believed to be extinct.

CHAPTER XVII

THE *gouvernante* accepted this decision with delight. She said it was too charitable of her to offer to lose her repose in contributing to the re-establishing of her own health, that she had felt that there was something wanting to restore her, but that she had not had the sense to divine it. She knew it now ; it was the pleasure of a long confabulation. She added, that she had a thousand things to tell her, and they immediately commenced to chat together, whilst Emilie and Filadelphe were in despair at this new obstacle.

The Duke of Monmouth had also heard this conversation, he had been flattering himself that as soon as the *gouvernante* had gone to bed, he would be able to escape. Having no light, he could neither read nor write, and the moon being late, the obscurity of the night increased his ill humour.

The three younger ladies supped, and after this Madam Betty Felton passed into the room of the *gouvernante*, Emilie and Filadelphe remaining alone, each in an arm chair with their eyes cast down and not saying one word, they made it a special point of honour not to be the first to go to the Duke.

Their suffering was about equally balanced and never was the lot of rivals less to be envied.

The Duke not hearing anything and deciding that they were making game of him by leaving him shut up, softly opened the door and quietly surveyed them ;

neither deigned to speak to him. They had ordered their women not to come in, saying they would summon them when required; and they sat now in so profound an oblivion that had he not made a slight noise they might have continued so the whole night.

"Are you teasing me?" he asked in a tone sufficiently guarded to be heard but by them. "Is it your intention to keep me confined much longer? If, because of my love for you, I must continue in here, pray come and keep me company;—or if you refuse that, find me the means of escape. I accommodate myself but ill to this solitude." He spoke in so curt and cold a strain that they feared he was seriously annoyed.

They both eagerly desired to speak privately with him, but it was not his intention to be so foolish as to make a distinction; for she who remained alone would not fail, at the risk of whatever might happen, to inform the *gouvernante*. Neither replying, he grew angry.

"Very well," he said, "if neither of you has an expedient, I have one. Of this I am going to make use;" saying which he advanced as if about to walk out.

In truth this was not his intention. Madam Betty Felton's presence with the *gouvernante* being amply sufficient reason to make him take the utmost precaution to avoid being discovered. But the fair charmers were much alarmed at the resolution he thus expressed.

"Ha, my lord!" they cried, "do you wish to sacrifice all our peace of mind?"

Emilie pushed him back into the closet, but—too late. The door which gave from the chamber of the Maids into that of the *gouvernante*, was open, the rising moon threw the Duke's shadow, and, Madam Betty Felton having turned so as to see it, was not so

absorbed in the conversation, as to be incapable of distraction at such a surprising sight; but she had sufficient control not to reveal anything as looking towards the inner apartment she recognised her unfaithful Lover.

She had a hundred impulses to betray him, a thousand thoughts, a thousand resolutions, equally confused and tumultuous forced themselves on her mind. She rejected one, she approved another, she feared if she exposed the Duke in his amorous intrigue he would never forgive her; and the next moment it appeared to her that he was unworthy of the regard she felt for him;—her jealousy combated her prudence, her prudence forced her to combat her jealousy;—so she continued, unable to make up her mind.

Meanwhile Emilie and Filadelphe saw that they must find a means of releasing the Duke from the prison in which they had immured him, & they decided that the only way was to lower him from the window in a large basket. They had ropes, they could attach to it and they would let this basket slide little by little down the wall. The window overlooked the park and the spot was so retired that they were sure, that, at such an hour, no one would be witness of their proceedings.

This they proposed to the Duke, who after some parley finally acquiesced much less through a desire to keep his appointment with My Lord Grey, than from the embarrassment in which he found himself through being in such close proximity to a woman to whom every day he swore inviolable fidelity, and betwixt two others who might well have wanted to choke each other before his eyes had they given way to their mutual rage.

Without hesitation he placed himself in the basket,

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JAMES, DUKE OF MONMOUTH AND BUCCLEUCH

From a mezzotint painting by Wissing at Dalkeith

this little machine was just descending without hitch when two things happened to disconcert them all. One was Lady Betty, who, unable any longer to control her restless jealousy, had pretended to the Duenna that she had left her fan in the inner room. Entering swiftly and not seeing anyone she approached the Closet, the door of which they had most imprudently left open. She arrived to see her Lover's descent, being unperceived by Emilie and Filadelphe, whose backs were towards her. The Duke's case was different, his eyes were fixed on the window, and when this Lady appeared he wished himself under the earth ! His only hope was to descend as quickly as ever he could, and then avoid her for a while, and with these sentiments, what were his feelings when he found that instead of letting him continue to slip down the wall, Emilie and Filadelphe were straining every effort to draw him back, and as their hands were too feeble and delicate for them to succeed in doing so, there he stayed, suspended in the air ! The situation appeared to him as disagreeable as it was dangerous, and at last he rose up to see what was passing below.

This curiosity could not have been more ill-timed, because My Lord Arran, who was at the foot of the window, had time to recognise him. It was on his account that Emilie and Filadelphe had endeavoured to draw the Duke back. They had hoped he would not stop ; but what Lover would indifferently pass the window of a mistress in whom he had every reason to pride himself, without seizing upon the opportunity to linger awhile in sentimental reverie. And what man, however absent-minded, would not have felt the liveliest curiosity upon beholding the basket ? The Duke was less surprised to see my lord, than my lord was to see him. Had this happened anywhere else

save than at Whitehall, Arran would have immediately sought to revenge himself.[1]

It was a most unlucky chance that had brought him to this spot. Satisfied with his fortune, and considering himself so faithfully loved he had stayed for hours in the darkest and most retired spot in the garden, given over to these agreeable reflections; and when he at last wished to leave, he was surprised to find the gates shut. There was one that was generally open later than the rest, and he was glad to proceed thither for it gave him a chance in passing of a glance at Emilie's window. How dear this devotion cost him, when he saw his Rival issuing forth therefrom. A Rival so dangerous, so accustomed to please and win love! It is easy to judge of what passed in his heart, whilst the Duke, what with the presence of my lord, whom it was his desire to hoodwink, and Madam Betty Felton who would not fail to betray the intrigue he wished to hide, was hardly less agitated. Let us also remember Emilie. What were her feelings when she saw My Lord Arran below, and Madam Betty Felton behind? She at once foresaw in imagination all the trouble which would overwhelm her; shame on the one part, reproaches on the other; the ingratitude of the Duke for whom she had suffered so much; & the joy of Filadelphe. At last she so utterly lost control of herself that she let go of the rope which held the Duke in the air, and if Filadelphe had not asked the help of their common Rival he would have fallen, and My Lord Arran would have had the pleasure of seeing him at his feet with a broken neck. But Madam Betty Felton used all her strength to save her Lover; he descended unscathed. And what is so singular in a scene of this nature is that he became aware that all the actors were dumb. Perhaps because of the thought

[1] *See* Appendix B.

that one can guess, or else astonishment, anger, and jealousy had lost them the use of their voices. Be that as it may, no one spoke. Lord Arran got away from the Duke, not being able to look at him without the greatest fury. The Duke avoided my lord from shame of his witnessing his descent in a basket. Above, Madam Betty Felton quitted the Closet without deigning to look at or quarrel with the two girls she had so much reason to hate, and they saw her go without any desire to speak to her.

Shortly after, a prey to despair, she returned to her home.

No sooner was Lord Arran clear of Whitehall than he sought his lodging; but he was too violently upset to stay there quietly for long, & getting into his carriage he proceeded to My Lord Saint Albans,[1] although he expected, it being two hours after midnight, to find him fast asleep. But so far from sleeping he was disputing with the Duke of Buckingham. Arran who heard them speaking, told the Valet de Chambre, who was conducting him, not to enter. Lingering in the doorway he recognised his Uncle's voice.[2]

"No my lord, no, as long as I live I will not forgive her for the ingratitude with which she has repaid my attachment. If you had witnessed the manner in which she received me, who had just rendered her an essential service in praying the King to recall her to London; who, I say, had risked everything to speak to her a moment,—you would admit she is a most odious woman."

[1] Lord St. Albans lived in St. James's Square, the site of the present Norfolk House.

[2] His 'uncle-*in-law*.' Buckingham was the uncle of his late wife. Legal and Blood affinities were regarded as identical until within the last fifty or eighty years, and this point of view still largely influences the illiterate.

"Have you not read," interrupted My Lord Saint Albans, "of the Amours of Henri IV. with the beautiful Gabrielle Destrées ?" [1]

"Yes," said the Duke shortly, "but I cannot understand how what happened a century ago has anything to do with affairs of to-day——"

"I was going to tell you," continued Saint Albans. "This great King had disguised himself as a peasant to traverse a dangerous pass, occupied by the army of the enemy; he presented himself before his Mistress dressed in a mean habit, a sack of straw on his head, sabots on his feet;—it was solely to see her that he took this step and ran so many dangers. Never was gallantry so badly received, she looked him up, she looked him down; she would hardly speak to him. And this adventure makes me conclude that Ladies yield more to what is splendid, to what makes a sensation, than to the true merit, of a Lover's sincere passion." [2]

"I am aware of that," replied the Duke. "My sailor's dress, by means of which I stole into her room, wounded her refinement. What you tell me, reminds me that one day, when we were disputing on some important subject—when I confess that I was wrong,—she forgave me without any difficulty, because she

[1] Henri IV., Roi de France et Navarre (1554–1610). Gabrielle, fifth daughter of Antoine d'Estrées, b. 1574 ?, d. on Holy Saturday, April 10, 1599.

[2] There are a good many versions of this story going about but none of them repose on any very reliable authority. The author of the *Amours du Grand Alcandre* gives a more particular reason for Gabrielle's coldness. He states that shortly after their first meeting Henri paid a second visit to his inamorata at the Château de Cœuvres, in order to do so having to traverse the enemy's lines disguised as a woodcutter, but that the lady's head being at the time full of another man, she received the king with a very bad grace, and after a few sharp words, retired leaving her sister to entertain him.

saw me at Whitehall in my habit of Knight of the Order." [1]

"Having had that experience," said My Lord Saint Albans, "were you not very imprudent to go and see her dressed as a Sailor?"

The Duke then sang these words:

"'*Altry tempy altre curé.*'"

"My appearance was certainly not such," he continued, "that this woman should act as she did and most distinctly will I have my revenge."

"You will do nothing in regard to her of which you will not repent," said my lord. "I have proved that at times one wins in wantonness what one vainly endeavours to restore."

"I do not know what your experiences may be," said the Duke, "but all I can say in reply, is that I will post up her Letters, and have them printed,—that will please her!"

My Lord Arran decided by the trend of this conversation that it would last till daylight, he was delighted to hear the Duke speak against his Mistress, even though ignorant of all facts, it was enough for him that a woman was the object of his enmity.

"Yes, let us post up this *ingrate's* lying protestations, there is nothing I should not like to do to harm her," he cried, entering.

The Duke was surprised to see his nephew so late.

"Do you know her, my lord?" he asked.

"No, I do not know her," was the reply, "I only espouse your quarrel."

"As I espouse all yours," said the Duke embracing him, "but it is right you should know in whom you

[1] Of the Garter?

are concerned, it is My Lady Norwich, your good cousin [1] and your faithful friend."

My Lord Arran who had always understood her to be a woman whose heart could not be touched, expressed extreme surprise. "You wish to put me off the scent," said he; "it is a poor return for my frankness and good intentions."

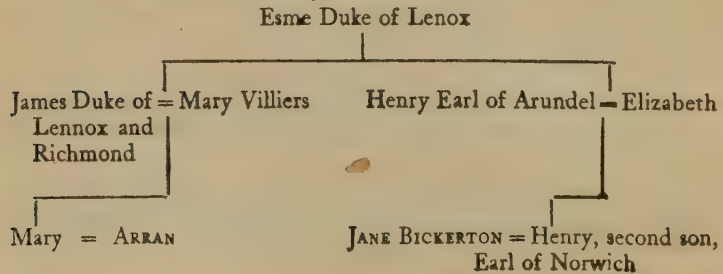
"You are going to be convinced that I have spoken the truth," said the Duke. "You know her character. Here are her Letters, which I fetched expressly after parting with her to read to My Lord Saint Albans. If you have enough patience to listen, you will judge for yourself the position I hold in her estimation."

"In case there are some of yours," interrupted My Lord Saint Albans, "I promise to give the audience you desire."

"I was in such a temper when I took them out of my *cassere*," said the Duke, "that I have not examined them to see if there are any of mine. You will soon see if there are any not addressed to me, for I loved her so much that I invariably begged the letters she wrote to others."

"You need not read those if you do not desire," said My Lord Arran, "as long as you let us hear those that serve to her particular condemnation, or prove in general that women are all unfaithful, and that if we

[1] First cousin-*in-law*, and by marriage!



would have peace and quiet it is necessary to banish them for ever from civilised society——"

My Lord Saint Albans looked at him. "Ah ha, my lord," he said "you speak very differently from what you did yesterday morning in the Park." My Lord Arran laughed recklessly & began to sing the same Italian words his uncle had done :

"'*Altry tempy altre curé.*'"

CHAPTER XVIII

FIRST LETTER

IF your other pleasures, that appear to so fully occupy you, will allow you any time to devote to me, I shall be well pleased to entertain you, whatever aversion I have for new acquaintances. Your friends and mine have rendered you such good offices, that you should take them kindly, and, although, I have made advances to you sufficiently extraordinary for a woman who piques herself on convention, I am, my lord, persuaded that I shall not have cause to repent it——

"Here, we have," said the Duke interrupting My Lord Saint Albans, "the first letter that My Lady Norwich ever wrote to me, I confess when I received it I was charmed with the permission thus accorded to pay my duties to her. Up till then I had never spoken to her on anything in particular, but she already pleased me infinitely and if there had been anything to prevent me embarking with her, it would be that I naturally hate affairs that drag out a long time, &, I understood, from what the world said, that she was as cold as she was beautiful. I will leave you to picture with what pleasure I went to see her,—I did not wear sailor's clothes that day (it was perhaps a good thing). I remember that Gaurer [1] had sent me a material with a gold border and that— But I am ashamed to have interrupted you, to speak of so small

[1] So far unidentified. 'His Majesty's tailors' appear to have been John Allan and William Watts. Cf. Sheppard's *The Old Royal Palace of Whitehall*, 1902, pp. 371–373.

a matter. *Allez!* continue your reading, I will not interrupt again."

SECOND LETTER

You were so very tired when you left me last evening that I fretted the night through. It must be, I thought, because I was not so amiable or else no one could sleep so much in my company; I remembered also, that I had said some very nice things to you, which you did not even hear! Surely in giving way to such drowsiness you do not deserve to have heard them. My sister desires that you take Tea or Coffee when next you come to see her,—she says that it is better than either Opium or Laudanum. If you had not taken them, my lord, you would not have slept on a Couch during your first hours with your Mistress.

"What! the Duke of Buckingham went to sleep in the presence of two beautiful Ladies!" cried My Lord Arran. "*O tems! O mœurs!*"

"There would be something to clamour about," replied the Duke, "if I had been alone charged with the care of entertaining them; but I was in the middle of twenty women, who all talked at once, and talked the sort of empty tittle-tattle in which no man of good sense can engage. What would you advise in a similar case? My Mistress was there, and I did not wish to go away, yet the Company wearied me, and I would not amuse it, so I pretended to sleep——"

"It would have been better," interrupted My Lord Saint Albans, "to have placed yourself near her, and in a low tone addressed no one but her——"

"The advice is easy to give," interrupted the Duke, "but when one has any feeling for a woman, and all the others are critically watching her, do you think it would be easy to separate her from the rest of the group without it being remarked?"

"You have sufficiently justified yourself," broke in My Lord Arran; "let us hear another letter."

THIRD LETTER

My Cat—the terror of the mice—my poor Cat is dead! He needs an Epitaph, that posterity may know all the most remarkable things he has done during his life. I address myself to you, My Lord Duke, because no one in the world is more capable of touching the heart, there is ample testimony of this in the Verses you gave me yesterday,—they brought tears to the most beautiful eyes in the world.

Why are you permitted to know so well all the art of loving when you only make a wanton use of it?

"She made me this reproach," said the Duke, "because I went to the Chase one day when I might have seen her."

"How do you make a fault of that?" demanded My Lord Saint Albans.

"You know," replied the Duke, "that my duties oblige me to accompany the King; and, although I excuse myself oftener than I ought, it seemed that day that his Majesty remarked it, and I thought it was not wise to invite his coldness or suspicion. Perhaps this was the first time in my life that prudence overruled my wishes."

"We will not scold you too much for that," said My Lord Arran, provided you show us those exquisite Verses which brought 'tears to the most beautiful eyes in the world.'"

"The subject was lovely enough," said the Duke "it dealt with the regrets of Venus over the death of Adonis. It is a long time since I wrote them. My Lady Shrewsbury[1] gave me the idea. She knows Italian and I find that language has many sweet and

[1] The best known of Buckingham's many mistresses: Anna Maria Brudenell (b. ?), daughter of the second Earl of Cardigan, m. January 10, 1658, the eleventh Earl of Shrewsbury. He was killed by Buckingham in the famous duel, 1668. She married in 1677, a Mr. Bridges, and died April 20, 1702.

tender terms most suitable for expressing the *grande passion*, or the sentiments of an afflicted soul. At the time I laboured under such heavy afflictions that I composed the piece without taking any very great pains with it."

"As I can never define a violent attachment," said My Lord Saint Albans, "I will not speak of yours for My Lady Shrewsbury."

The reminiscence caused the Duke to sigh, he fixed his eyes on the ground for some while in silence. Presently he reverted with a start to where he was. "If you wish," he said, "to see me in the profoundest melancholy, you have but to recall to me that happy time when I was so tenderly loved by one of the most beautiful people in the Universe."

"Let us continue our reading," said My Lord Arran, "rather than linger over thoughts which only give pain."

FOURTH LETTER

Although my name is sufficiently unusual for it to be difficult to find, my Fête,[1] the old Duke found it in a back almanack & he hath regaled me with music *à l'antique* or rather with rough modern music so singular, as to be unique. Where were you, my lord, at the time the dangerous Rival endeavoured to destroy you, by his nocturnal serenade? Do you so trust my heart to be faithful to you, & do you not know that there are moments of caprice when merit is not the desideratum——

"Who could this old Duke be?" queried My

[1] This was one of the most important clues for the identification of "la Comtesse de ——," and also one that led us most astray, for the corollary of the sentence was that the lady's name was both rare and unusual, whereas it was only uncommon in that, at this period, it figured but once in the Roman calendar, St. Jane of Flanders who was canonised 145; four other St. Janes have been canonised since; St. Jane of the Cross, St. Jane of Portugal, St. Jane of Valois and St. Jane Frances, Mme. de Chantal. Roman Catholics keep their Fête day, the day sacred to the patron saint (whose name they bear), as a festivity of equal importance to a birthday.

Lord Arran. "Could it be the Duke of Norfolk?[1] I know of no one more gallant——"

"No," said My Lord Buckingham, smiling, "it was not he, and as you are so anxious to know, it was the Duke of Ormonde."[2]

"What, my Father!"

"None other. He had arrived from his Vice Royalty in Ireland, where he had passed three years without visiting the Court. He went to pay his duty to the Queen. She was in her Closet, & he had time to examine all the ladies in her room, My Lady Norwich who was amongst them charmed him——"

"There is no need to trouble to recall any more," said My Lord Arran, "what you have already said reminds me that my Mother-in-law, the Duchess of Richmond, gave a supper, & he arrived just at the same moment as did the portrait of her ladyship of Norwich which had been sent to the Duchess as a New Year's gift. He calmly appropriated it and returned home without speaking to a soul, the result being that we continued to wait for him, and did not get any supper until midnight!"

"I have never been so angry in all my life as I was at that theft," interrupted the Duke of Buckingham, "because I must tell you that portrait was only sent to my sister that she might give it to me. I had an excellent picture drawer over from Holland for the simple purpose of executing it, Lord Norwich was aware that his wife wished to give my sister her portrait & he had consented to her sitting. But when at length I hastened to my sister to make myself master of the treasure that Love gave me a more legitimate right to

[1] Her bachelor brother-in-law, Thomas Howard, fifth Duke of Norfolk (1627–77).

[2] James, first Duke of Ormonde, K.G., b. October 19, 1610, d. July 21, 1688, and is buried in Westminster Abbey.

possess than it gave the Duke of Ormonde, I learned, with an overwhelming indignation, the turn he had served me : it meant that I had taken the trouble to have the limner expressly over from Amsterdam to paint a beautiful picture for your Father ! Things like that do not suit me. I admit I blamed my sister just as much as if she had been the cause of it all ; we quarrelled, & then I went to the lady herself to relate all my trouble to her. The manner in which she sympathised seemed so tender that I had no reason to question but that it was her intention to give me the portrait in proof of our love. We agreed that she should write to the Duke of Ormonde and ask him to return it, and a copy of her Letter is with these."

After searching for a moment he found it, & read these words aloud :

FIFTH LETTER

I will not ask, my lord, your reason for taking my portrait away from the Duchess of Richmond ; if you merely desired it to decorate your Closet, there are others more beautiful & more complete ; & if you desire it as an acquisition in the possession of which you find pleasure, it is not very nice of you to ogle one that you did not receive from my hands, & which will not remain in yours except under the ban of my displeasure.

"I was in my Father's Chamber," said My Lord Arran, when he received this note. "He was so confused, and his need of some one to confide in was so great, that he did not hesitate to tell me his position. He asked if I counselled him to send the painting back, he was afraid he should irritate her ladyship by keeping it, but I advised him not to do so. I said it seemed to me to be merely her modesty that had caused her to seek its return, but that really she was not in the least annoyed at its being in a place where it would receive

a far greater meed of admiration than at the Duchess of Richmond's. In the end I so fortified him against My Lady Norwich's menaces that he resolved not to obey her."

"I see the obligation under which you placed me, my dear nephew," ironically interrupted My Lord Duke. "You were very short-sighted to give such advice to the Duke of Ormonde."

"I did not know that you were interested in the matter, my lord," replied My Lord Arran, "for I swear to you I should have willingly sacrificed my Father to you."

CHAPTER XIX

WHILST this conversation was going on my Lord Saint Albans continued his search amongst the letters for the Verses the Duke had made on Venus and Adonis. The Duke suddenly realised this, and explained that My Lady Shrewsbury had kept them and that he wished to complete the reading of the letters.

SIXTH LETTER

I know that the great value of the scarf I sent you yesterday lies in the fact that it is the work of my hands. My heart, which is also concerned, prompted me to think of twining our ciphers together, & surrounding them with every tender device sported by the God of Lovers. I reflected on the joy he had brought me when he wounded us with the same dart; I wished to reveal my bliss to you by festoons of roses fastened by double lovers' knots,—but—shall I tell you? I remembered that one never sees roses without thorns, & that supposing someday you were to change, it would hurt me so cruelly that the thorns would penetrate my heart & cause my death.

"This letter is stronger than any we have read so far," observed My Lord Arran; "it shall be one of the first we post up, if you adhere to that design."

"I assure you," said My Lord Saint Albans, "I shall lock them up in my closet and not let you have one."

"What! protect this faithless one," exclaimed My Lord Duke.

"That is more than you know," was the retort.

"She hath only given you a cold reception and perhaps she thinks she hath ample reason for it; but supposing she had given you a real cause for complaint would it become you to ruin the reputation of a Lady that you had previously loved?"

The Duke sighed and without any comment prayed him to continue.

SEVENTH LETTER

How malicious she is, that Duchess with the blue eyes & the black hair! She looked at me in so eloquent a manner as to make me fear her, my lord. Unless you hate her, you have no longer any love for me. I overheard sighs not intended for my ears; you were offering your incense on an altar from which I received but the smoke. You must not accustom yourself to such behaviour, for I shall never grow complaisant, ever being both mutinous & sagacious,—though I will never be the kill-joy of your pleasure.

"Here is the first stirring of jealousy," commented My Lord St. Albans, "proving you were loved."

"Say rather," replied the Duke, "that it reveals an endeavour to pick a quarrel over mere vivacity of spirit, for the lady of whom she speaks was the Duchess of Cleveland [1] and all the world knows that there never have been eyes that had so little effect on me;—if I sigh when I am in her presence it is because I cannot strangle her. Nevertheless, see the pretty pretext my lady adopted to reproach me."

"Perhaps she knew," said My Lord Arran, "that you once sighed for her, and it is natural to believe that what has pleased will please again."

"It needs more than that to take me in," cried the Duke, "for I have pitted myself against this Favourite with so much vigour that I should be out of my mind to become once more her lover. But however well

[1] The Duchess of Cleveland (1641–1709) married April 14, 1659,

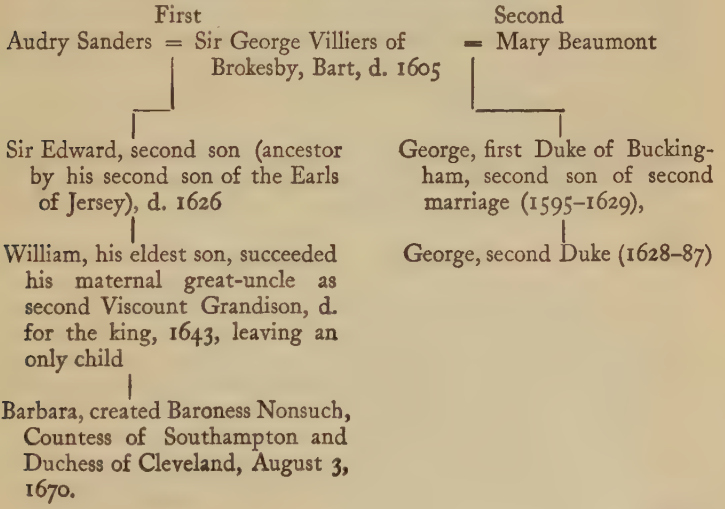
My Lady Norwich was informed on all this, you would never believe the way she persecuted me nor the sufferings she made me undergo, because of this unhappy delusion of hers. She seemed so thoroughly convinced of the truth of her notion that it appeared that nothing would give it the lie. I will read you one of the letters I wrote to her on this subject," he continued, taking up a paper.

"Yes, let us hear it," hastily acquiesced My Lord Saint Albans, "it is the first we have had from you."

EIGHTH LETTER

Never did I expect as long as I lived that you would change. Alas! hath the great tenderness, of which your heart was surety, come to an end simply through jealousy? Am I the victim of a caprice which has seized you and will you not give me any quarter? I have never opposed myself to you Madam. If it is your desire to call me guilty I consent to be condemned, but if you are acting in cold blood, at least give me justice.

Roger Palmer (1634–1705), Earl of Castlemain. She was first cousin once removed to the second Duke of Buckingham.


First
Audry Sanders = Sir George Villiers of Brokesby, Bart, d. 1605
Second
= Mary Beaumont
Sir Edward, second son (ancestor by his second son of the Earls of Jersey), d. 1626
William, his eldest son, succeeded his maternal great-uncle as second Viscount Grandison, d. for the king, 1643, leaving an only child
Barbara, created Baroness Nonsuch, Countess of Southampton and Duchess of Cleveland, August 3, 1670.
George, first Duke of Buckingham, second son of second marriage (1595–1629),
George, second Duke (1628–87)

The condition in which I am would cause you pity—if you are still capable of that emotion. My gloom approaches despair ?

Ah, why, Madam, do you inflict such misery on me ? You to whom I owe so much happiness.

" I am persuaded," said My Lord Arran, " that she tenderly accorded what you asked of her."

" By no means," replied the Duke. " She had sworn to try my patience to the utmost limit. In addition I had secret enemies about her who every day were gossiping on various things to my detriment, —in particular about Madam A . . .,[1] that beautiful young Scotch lady, who had come to Court over the criminal affair of her brother."

" I remember her charms too well," said My Lord Saint Albans, " to have forgotten the disgust which was excited when you became attached to her, for all the other Hectors were persuaded it was quite useless to attempt to follow you."

" It is true," admitted the Duke, " that she received the signs of my passion with great goodness, but it is still true that this *affaire* did not resemble in the remotest degree the one I shared with My Lady Norwich. If they try to make it a crime for a man to love more than once in his life surely there are none who live innocent !

" Notwithstanding these reasons she continued to try me to the utmost limit. Judge of it by this Letter."

NINTH LETTER

A thousand secret presentiments informed me but too surely of your inconstancy ; or rather, that intuition which is always inseparable from true attachments, has caused me to perceive that your attitude toward me has not been all it should be. I have tried to deceive myself, & the trouble that you took to trick me has aided the delusion. Alas ! I have loved you to a fault ! What would happen to me if I

[1] We have been unsuccessful in our efforts to identify this lady.

had continued to do so, or, to put it better, if you had wished as much as I wish that our love should never die ? O *Dieu*, to think that though you have deserted me and that to my shame, I still love one so thankless.

" On this single letter I conclude that you were wrong," said My Lord Saint Albans.

" On this single letter I conclude she was a fool," retorted the Duke. " Complaining with no reason whatever, she manufactures her chimera expressly to support it, and for my torment. She knew that I loved no one save herself. . . . You hold the answer that I made her."

TENTH LETTER

The unjust reproaches with which you overwhelm me, have so upset me, that I am convinced if you continue much longer in this strain it will endanger my life. All night long have I fought my impulse to write to you, but this morning I can no longer restrain myself. At the expense of all my pride, I reveal my weakness, imploring of you to give me back your heart ; for, without it, I swear to you happiness & I are strangers. Triumph over my foolishness, make what use you please of your victory, the condition in which I am prevents me from defending myself.

" If she was not touched by this letter I shall hate her more than I have done," observed My Lord Arran. " For it contains such convincing evidence of tenderness as must have vanquished all her delusions."

" Here," replied the Duke, " is her response."

ELEVENTH LETTER

You detail your sentiments so engagingly that it would be difficult to withstand you, did one not feel sure that you address others in precisely similar terms. I find it impossible to accommodate myself to a divided heart. For me : *ou tout,— ou rien !*

" I am very impatient," observed My Lord Saint Albans, " to meet a letter heralding peace."

"It was obtained by a means I but little relished," continued the Duke. "Naturally I did not care to cause trouble to one I loved, but when I realised that however humbly I submitted she only flouted me, I pretended to attach myself to a woman whose advanced age & extreme ugliness made her unattractive to the last degree. Still her intellectual qualities so atoned for her dearth of charms, that she could not but be a dangerous rival and Lady Norwich, much annoyed, wrote me these lines."

TWELFTH LETTER

It appears that all the World is of one mind to inform me of the manner in which you offend against me. Alas I already know it too well and the disclosures that I continually receive are not necessary to convince me, not only that you have never loved me but that you are ever ready to sacrifice me. And to what a Divinity, good heavens! You are like the Indians and the Savages who worship frightfulness. I am ashamed of you. I am ashamed of my sex!

"I pretended to misunderstand this note," said the Duke, "& did not answer it. Then I met her at the Queen's, and, although she gave me opportunities to speak to her, I did not profit by them but remained constantly attached to my Oldster. I followed her everywhere; & I swear to you that this diversion, ridiculous though it was, did not fail to prove a great alleviation of my distress, for if my eyes were but ill rewarded when I looked at her, my intellect was fully engaged. When we conversed, it seemed that all the Graces and all the Loves found utterance through her lips ——"

"Ha!" exclaimed My Lord Saint Albans, "Now I know why you have not named her; to a certain extent you were my rival."

"No," said the Duke, "I only pretended to be so,

If you will read this letter you will realise that nothing arouses one's Mistress more than occasionally to let her think that one is capable of changing."

THIRTEENTH LETTER

You have so little troubled to merit my heart, & you take such an effective course to lose it, that apparently I must love you in spite of whatever you do. I am not blind to your faults. I see them all much more than any other would,—because I am so much concerned. Still, my lord, be it destiny, caprice, the two together, or something greater than either, my feelings can never change with regard to you,—I shall always remain the same. Alas was ever destiny so sad as mine! If you only pitied me, and nothing more, my lot would not be so sad as it now is. But what do I say? "If you only pitied me?" How foolish I am. No, my lord, no, I will not complain again. You must give me the very essence of your soul, or dismiss my existence from your mind.

A compromise?

It is beneath me!

"My resolutions died, when I read this letter," My Lord Duke continued. "It was beyond my power to wreck my peace of mind in holding out any longer against a woman whom I loved. I went to see her; I threw myself at her feet; I asked a thousand pardons; and—once more a perfect understanding reigned between us. No one ever tasted a happiness greater than I knew then; it seemed that all I had endured gave new life to our transports. Affairs of State were troublesome at the time and the rôle allotted to me by the King comprised many important duties, but notwithstanding I never neglected my Mistress,—I even wrote to her every day. Here is one of my Notes—oh, you have it there," (said he addressing My Lord Saint Albans——)

"It being in your caligraphy," replied the latter, "I had selected it for us to read next."

FOURTEENTH LETTER

Since I first began to love you, although it hath ever seemed that my passion could not be stronger, yet have I always known that it continued to grow (and still grows) in a way that causes me amazement. Is it possible, that even while I write, it is increasing ? Ah tender notion, how grateful it is to my heart ! And I know also the thing that could make my love double—treble. What is it ? It is, my beloved lady, that you should adore me, as I adore you.

" I swear," said My Lord Arran, " that I should never have believed you capable of this *grande passion.*"

" What should prevent it ? " demanded the Duke with a smile.

"Your attachment for My Lady Shrewsbury," replied the other. " It seems to me that when one hath loved so intensely, & for such a prolonged period, it would be impossible to feel the same in more mundane affairs."

" That is far from being an accepted rule," replied the Duke, " there are persons who cannot exist without an *affaire* in train."

" Ah ! " said My Lord Saint Albans, " but that is a habit that can only be called a recreation."

" Habit may have a share," replied the Duke, " & for a certain type of person such an affair is *not* serious. When such people try to justify themselves, they say that it is impossible to have many real affections & that the earliest are usually both the strongest & the most poignant. I wish indeed I could endorse this, but for my part, I find my devotion never grows less. I change but the object of my affections. Sometimes a blonde, next a brune will captivate me ; by one after another am I enslaved ; that is the only variation I can observe in my feelings."

The two gentlemen could not help laughing heartily at what the Duke said, & then not wishing to waste time in making reflections My Lord Saint Albans read the following :

CHAPTER XX

FIFTEENTH LETTER

NO, I cannot think of anything more objectionable than the visits of ceremony one is compelled to receive. I passed all to-day in a constraint I cannot describe. It is true you were beside me, but it is also true that to see you, & neither dare to speak to you or even look at you without the most guarded precaution, rendered your presence simply a punishment. Be sure you write and say that you felt the pain equally with me, & rail, even as I do, against the annoyance. I flatter myself that our situation was sufficient to occupy you, for you did not appear even to perceive the charms of that lean beauty who was near you. At least so it seemed to me & in any case leave me in ignorance for I love you too well not to be jealous.

"And who was the dangerous 'lean beauty'?" demanded Saint Albans.

"It was Miledy . . ." replied the Duke with a malicious glance at My Lord Arran.

The latter reddened at these words. After a moment's hesitation he said, "I avow you disconcert me! I never expected to meet you at such a juncture."

"Ah a meeting sometimes occurs without a *Rendez-vous*," replied the Duke. "Nevertheless I may assure you that whatever may have been said of that Lady she certainly was not *my* Beauty."

"She certainly was not *ours*," said Saint Albans laughing, "though I was the ill-used one, the Lady sacrificing me without scruple to My Lord Arran,

whilst he sacrificed her in precisely the same way to young Emilie——"

"Oh my God!" groaned the young man, "must you recall all my fury which hath been momentarily silenced through My Lord Duke's recital? How could I endure abandoning myself again to the memory of the cruellest treachery that anyone has ever known."

"I assure you," said My Lord Saint Albans, "that had I known it I would have done nothing to upset you like this; but I am not a sorcerer——"

"Then what did you think I had come here for?" demanded My Lord Arran, "is it customary to pay a conventional visit in the middle of the night!"

"No," replied the other, "it is not. But it is still more strange that you should occupy yourself for two hours and more, conversing on indifferent topics without making any allusion to the errand that brought you."

"Alas!" replied my lord with a profound sigh, "if I wished for peace it was not to be found in detailing my own affairs. I welcomed a distraction from what I had come to tell you——"

"That being so," said My Lord Saint Albans briskly, "let us get on with the letters."

SIXTEENTH LETTER

I am expiring with vexation & dread. Esther hath lost the Billet you wrote yesterday, & it is quite possible it may fall into my husband's hands! If that is so, my lord, I am lost. Still in such a case, risk nothing; your safety is dearer than my own. Take every precaution & do not come to me till we know our position the better. This wariness must cost me dear indeed if I do not see you for a long time. And what can I foretell? Oh my God, I may never see you again.

I am in utter despair.

"This letter alarms me almost as much as she

herself was alarmed when she penned it," cried My Lord Saint Albans, " for had the husband found this amorous epistle he certainly would have passed a bad half hour."

" I thought the same at the time," replied the Duke, " & my anxiety nearly killed me. It drove me so far as to send to tell her that should Norwich discover our *liaison* I would fight him to protect her,—either by the death of her husband or of myself,—from all that she had occasion to fear."

" Was not this remedy—after your affair with My Lord Shrewsbury—rather desperate ? " asked My Lord Arran. " Could she not have sworn to a certainty that a Duel with her husband would have spelled the reverse of *widowhood* for her ? "

" Do not joke," said the Duke. " Had we fought, the destiny of which you speak, might have befallen *me*. Much alarmed she wrote me this other Note :"

SEVENTEENTH LETTER

What my lord would you avert a possible evil by an assured one that would lose us to each other forever ? The very thought frightens me to death. I trust that the Note, the cause of all the trouble, may not cause me any evil; but should it do so I cannot consent to any violence ; and although I love you only, & have a supreme aversion for the disturber of our peace, I should be capable of defending him, were you capable of attacking him.

" I found," said the Duke, " that her sentiments were very beautiful, & my esteem for her was augmented. The loss of the Note most fortunately had no bad results for Esther found it, so there was no necessity for me to do anything extravagant."

" In truth you give it a very suitable name," said My Lord Arran, " for can there be anything more extravagant than to fight a man because he has good reason to be angry with his Wife ? "

"Would you have had me abandon her to the trouble I had brought upon her ?" cried the Duke. "Would you do that ?"

"Aye," said the other, "I would do it, &, better still, I will do it. Why aid women to be faithless coquettes ? Is it not better to leave them to hang themselves or let their Husbands avenge you ?"

"Ha ! you argue very badly on the spur of the moment, my lord," cried My Lord Saint Albans. "It is impossible to listen to you with patience. I should never have thought to hear you say such senseless things."

"For my part," said the Duke, "so far from being impatient I swear I am much amused, though I do not know how he hopes to establish that a man greatly captivated by a Lady, on whose account he hath every reason to congratulate himself, ought, by the rules of honour, to permit her husband to ill-use her."

"You are two against me," said My Lord Arran, "& as you are capable of attacking me so cleverly I must not be surprised at the obstinacy with which you uphold a bad cause. I do not attempt by my remonstrances to direct you to my better way, I content myself with not following yours."

Without replying, My Lord Saint Albans took another letter.

EIGHTEENTH LETTER

If the occasions upon which favours have been granted me unasked have, instead of bringing contentment, cost me sore dear I can only say that those for which I am compelled to sue are a thousand times more disagreeable. Assist my pride if you can,—and you are generous & grateful. Here is a Memorandum of what I want you to do : if you will not grant my request soften the refusal ; but if you do accord it, remember, my lord, you must act promptly.

"It related," said the Duke, "to My Lord Clifford[1] who had lost the King's good graces over some advice he had given him, the result of which had not been altogether happy. We had become very distant since a heated dispute we had when in Council. I had no reason to be pleased with him, & without vanity I may say that I had greatly contributed to his success in obtaining the position of Chancellor of the Exchequer. Finding he needed my support to maintain him in this office, & being uneasy at my coldness he had so shrewdly studied me as to discover that I was enamoured of My Lady Norwich. He won her to his interest as all ladies who love gaming & the spending of money are to be won. Subsequently he pretended some matter of which he gave me a Memoir, so as to have an excuse to approach me. Though I saw through this design I was anxious to fulfil her wishes & I did not make any difficulty about according him my countenance.

"My Mistress appeared very pleased, & our good understanding continued until the King ordered me to proceed to the Hague as Ambassador Extraordinary to arrange the terms of peace with the Dutch.

"We arrived on the 4th of July 1672 and had a long conference with the Deputies of the States. Afterwards we visited the Prince of Orange's army,—they accompanying us—and then we all proceeded to the Army of the King of France which we found near Utrecht. We followed it as far as Bental; but as this concerns rather Affairs of State that have not any particular bearing on the subject I will content myself with telling you that My Lady Norwich some

[1] Thomas Clifford, b. August 1, 1630; raised to the peerage, April 22, 1672, as Lord Clifford of Chudleigh; d. October 17, 1673. He was the C of the famous Cabal administration, of which Buckingham was the head.

days before my departure from London wrote me a very tender Letter."

My Lord Saint Albans taking it from his hands read these words :

NINETEENTH LETTER

As you have asked me for my Portrait as an alleviation of your woes, I am anxious for you to have it, there being nothing I would not do to assuage your sorrow. Do not think but that I envy its happy fate,—for will you not be inseparables ? You will look at it often, you will make love to it, while I am weeping at your absence, and knowing no other joy than receiving news of you.

Ah, my lord, I avow I cannot realise that you are so near your departure. Perhaps the flattering hope that it may not be true is imparted to my soul to prevent my succumbing to my grief.

TWENTIETH LETTER

What would I not give to prevent this journey ! Alas ! How happy were the lovers of the first centuries. Faithful to their affection, exempt from ambition, they lived with their loves under rustic roofs nor ever abandoned the objects of their adoration or wandered from their sides. Princes' interests never came to disturb these innocent pleasures ;—a Negociation, or perhaps a Treaty of bad faith, never snatched the Shepherd from his Shepherdess ! Blessed time, what hath become of you ? Why is it our capricious destiny to be born in this century ?

It is now my sad fate to witness your departure. You will renounce all this for an imaginary glory ; which will fill your head in place of the sweetnesses of love.

CHAPTER XXI

"TWO such engaging letters," said the Duke, "sensibly affected me. I managed to see her ladyship at a certain hour. What did she not say to me? I found her all in tears. I might have been going from one Pole to the other! I think this little traitress cries whenever it suits her, but upon this occasion I was completely duped by these tears &, in the excess of my devotion, I wrote her this letter:"

TWENTY-FIRST LETTER

Can I ever express the passion, the gratitude that fills me? Words seem powerless to paint what I feel and there is nothing that I would not do for you. As you are the sweetest woman in the world I swear that I am the tenderest of men. Let me know at what hour I can *tell* you so,—& let that happy moment be soon I fear if you retard it ever so little I shall die of impatience.

"Can you speak evil," asked My Lord Saint Albans, "of a person who inspired you with so strong a passion? and are you not aware that the more a woman makes herself loved, the more we are obliged to love her? For the lighter engagements which languish & are ever ready to expire, merely amuse the heart, without giving it the real happiness; the soul is not touched & a man sees his Lady without experiencing much of either joy or feeling. But where one loves with all one's heart, one's emotions are at once lively and refined; there is a tender melancholy, a stronger fear, a happiness all understanding."

"What you say is true," interrupted My Lord Arran, "one ought to repay a mistress for any care she may take to please one and for the trouble she puts herself to in forging fetters for us which are acceptable and pleasant. But when the *ingrate* hath troubled to charm only to desert one, is there a limit to the wrath she inspires?"

"Let us finish reading my letters," said the Duke, "then we will try to find out if it is possible to hate when one has really loved."

"There is a letter in your hand," remarked My Lord Saint Albans.

"Aye, I sent it to my mistress when I was on the point of departure for the Low Countries. My mind was still full of the one in which she wrote the panegyric on the beautiful love of past times & of it I wrote as you will see."

TWENTY-SECOND LETTER

The bare thought of leaving you causes me to suffer so terribly that I really think death would be easier than to be absent from you. I am so changed that my friends do not recognise either my person or my mind. And what use is it to love you as I do? The proprieties keep you in London whilst duty takes me to the Hague. Why are you not a Shepherdess,—Why am I not a Shepherd? What sweetness we should experience; how great would be my pleasure to have you to myself. But alas! how do I know you would for me—as I would for you—forgo all the world?

"I left.

"My Lord Russell desired to travel with me. I was very happy & did not know at the time that I had with me a very dangerous spy. You will understand that, when I explain that he loved My Lady Norwich himself, though he had still to declare his passion. After he discovered my feelings for her, & also that she was not indifferent to me, he took no outward

steps to ruin me in her eyes, for he decided that a secret enemy hath a free-er hand than a declared one, &, that by maintaining this position, he would be better able to deal me buffets, & I, not knowing from whence they came would be able to defend myself only with difficulty. These conclusions brought him to Holland. Before he left he arranged with his friend Mme. Hyde casually to show my Mistress, when she mentioned me, letters he would write home for that purpose.

" As soon as I arrived at the Hague she wrote with the utmost tenderness sending a copy of some replies she had made to the Duke of Ormonde in my absence. I think you will find them sufficiently amusing.

TWENTY-THIRD LETTER

If you are prepared to establish a genuine & agreeable friendship with me my lord, such as is accompanied with recreation, but which has no other motive, I consent. But my lord if you intend anything further you must withdraw your troops and lay siege to a heart easier to conquer than mine.

TWENTY-FOURTH LETTER

Three or four things equally annoyed me to-day. I have been playing & have lost; my Spaniel is dead; the gloves you sent are too strongly perfumed; the fans seem dull,—and your Note is too tender. I send back to you, my lord, both the gifts & the declaration;—keep them both for some one more disposed than I am to bestow such gratitude as you desire.

TWENTY-FIFTH LETTER

As I do not dislike you when you stay at home, and as I am quite happy here, why let us both remain where we are! I estimate what you now tell me, by what you told me formerly. Judge yourself of what my reply is by my previous replies. Your importunity wearies me. It is not time that conquers my heart; it must be surprised; & if the first attempt falls short the situation can never be retrieved.

" I perceived something delicate and single-minded

in the care she took to let me know the attitude the Duke of Ormonde was adopting in regard to her. The matters with which I was charged did not occupy me so fully that I could not devote my best hours either in writing to her or in dwelling on her portrait. One day when I had fixed my gaze upon it with so much delight that nothing could have distracted my attention, My Lord Russell entered my chamber so quietly that I did not hear him. He saw the portrait; it renewed most vividly to him the fact of my good fortune.

"He was about to leave when I noticed him. His presence caused me extreme uneasiness and ominous forebodings. I wanted to explain, & yet I did not dare to make any comment, fearing to inform him of a thing of which he perhaps knew nothing. We looked at each other in mutual embarrassment. His was so great that it is surprising that I did not divine immediately what was passing in his mind. In respect to my feelings he was much more enlightened—it was very easy for him to read my concern in my eyes. We still maintained a profound silence when My Lord Arlington[1] & Monsieur d'Opdam[2] entered & their presence effectually prevented my entering into any explanation with My Lord Russell.

[1] Henry Benet, b. 1618, d. July 28, 1685, created Baron Arlington March 14, 1665, Viscount Thetford and Earl of Arlington April 22, 1672.

[2] Jacob van Wassenaer, Earl of Wassenaer and Lord of Opdam, b. 1635, d. 1714. Son of Jacob, Baron van Wassenaer (1610–65), the famous Admiral Opdam. Mynheer Opdam was a Knight of the Danish Royal Order of the Elephant, Master of the Horse to the States General, and Second Veneur to the States of Holland and West Friesland. He was also Governor of s'Hertogenbosch, which would account for his being included in the Anglo-Dutch party, s'Hertogenbosch being the frontier town whence the envoys passed into the Spanish Netherlands (Belgium). *Biographisch Nordenboch der Naderlanden*, vol. xx, and the *Biographie Universelle*.

CHAPTER XXII

AFTER visiting the army of the King of France, as I have already told you, we proceeded to Brussels. On the evening of our arrival the Comte de Monterey[1] Governor of the (Spanish) Low Countries gave in the house of Charles V. which is in the middle of the park a grand ladies' fête to which we were invited. The night being very hot they attached lanthorns to several of the great trees and danced in the alleys. The most beautiful persons of this little Court came masked & it is certain that there were many there who would be advantageously distinguished in the greatest Cities of Europe. Without including the Princesse de Vaudemont,[2] whose exalted rank kept

[1] Don Jean Dominique de Haro and Guzman, Grand Commander of Castile, of the Fleece, and of San Iago, Gentleman of the Chamber to Charles II. (of Spain), Councillor of State for War, sometime Vice Roy of Catalonia, Governor of the Low Countries and President of the Council in Flanders, was the second son of Don Louis Mendez de Haro, Satomayer and Guzman de la Paz, Marquis del Carpio, nephew, and heir in his hereditary titles, of Gaspar, Conte-Duc de Olivarez, the famous Prime Minister to Philip IV. Don Jean Dominique married Dona Agnes Françoise de Zuniga and Fonseca, heiress of the fifteenth Comte of Monterey, and became by right of his wife sixteenth Comte of Monterey d'Avala and de Funentes, Marquis of Taraçona, Baron de Maldeghen. After her death he embraced the religious life.

[2] Anne, b. 1639, d. February 19, 1720, only daughter of Charles III. Duke of Lorraine and Barr and his bigamously married wife, Beatrix of Cussance, widow of Eugene Leopold Prince of Cantacrovia. She married October 7, 1660, the Prince de l'Islebonne (b. 1624 ?, d. 1694). About 1657 there was talk of a match between her and James Duke of York.

her apart from the rest of her sex, I remarked with pleasure Mesdames de Bournonville,[1] de Lignes,[2] de Raches[3], d'Hauray,[4] d'Espinola,[5] de Horne,[6] de Stinus,[7] d'Ursel[8] and de Grimbergue.[9] This last had a budding beauty so delicate, so flowerlike, she had such a lovely colour, & such a joyous manner, that I was ravished.

"The Princesse de Vaudemont was dressed as Diana & those who accompanied her as the latter's nymphs. The Comtesse de Grimbergue was one of them, her beautiful blond hair fell in curls over her shoulders—save one or two which were caught up negligently with knots of diamonds & emeralds; she wore a bow at her waist & had some arrows in a Quiver, her legs being covered only by a buskin were half nude, and although she was not tall she was so well proportioned, and danced with such exquisite grace, that, to confess the truth I remained confused, dreamy, & upset all the evening! I approached her with such a fear as

[1] Ernestine d'Arenberg, daughter of the Duke of Areshot, b. 1630, m. 1656 Hyppolite Alexandre (b. 1610, d. ?), created Duc de Bournonville by Charles II. King of Spain.

[2] We have not been able to identify this lady.

[3] Probably the wife of Eugène de Berghes who was created Prince de Rache shortly afterwards.

[4] and [5] We have not been able to identify these ladies.

[6] There were no less than six Mesdames de Horne at the Vice Regal Court at Brussels at this period!

[7] We have not been able to identify this lady.

[8] Honorine-Marie Dorothée de Horne de Baucignes, b. ?, d. December 5, 1694, m. François Schelz, Comte d'Ursel and du St. Empire, subsequently Duc d'Ursel, Grand Veneur and Head Forester to the Vice Regal Court (b. ?, d. August 10, 1696).

[9] Marie Jacqueline, *née* de Lang, b. 1656, d. ?, m. 1674 Phillippe François de Glyme (1650–1704), fifth son of Eugene de Glymes, known as de Berges, Comte de Grimberghe. The marriage is not supposed to have taken place until 1674, but no doubt according to the custom of the seventeenth century the couple were either betrothed in 1672 or the marriage had taken place but was not consummated.

rarely falls to my lot. 'Have you yet found, beautiful Nymph, a heart worthy of your aim?' I asked.

"'Tis sufficient to have found yours,' she replied with a smile, 'I shall not look for a further exercise of my power.'

"This answer aroused all my interest & I make so bold as to say that our conversation was not only brilliant but intellectual. From time to time she was interrupted by those who came to lead her forth to dance, but, faithful to the place she had chosen beside me, she always returned.

"The Ball came to an end and, with it, my hopes, because on enquiring about the Comtesse I learned she was espoused to a near relation, that he was of all men of the world the most finely made; that they loved each other passionately; & that the *badinage* with which she occasionally amused herself never went any further. I was not able to stay long enough in Brussels to attempt to turn into something serious a game in which she was such an expert. I thought it more prudent to avoid her than to try to please her with so small a prospect of success. Nevertheless My Lord Russell devoted himself to using this passing fancy to my prejudice. He wrote to Madam Hyde that I had become enamoured of the Comtesse de Grimbergue & that I had given her the portrait of My Lady Norwich after boasting that it was a personal gift. And as there was nothing improbable in all this, Madam Hyde charitably retailed it to her ladyship. Believing it true, she resented it with all the anger a woman is capable of who thinks herself abandoned & betrayed.

"She wrote me this letter:"

TWENTY-SIXTH LETTER

You are so ungrateful, you are so worthless, that your treachery does not cost me a sigh. It is no longer a question of your sentiments or of mine. They are so very far apart that they can never meet. Would to Heaven I had known you always as I have done since your change. Such knowledge would have spared me much weariness. Without dwelling any further on a matter that only causes me pain, and, in recalling to your mind your disloyalty, should make you blush, I will content myself with asking you for my portrait & for my letters, it is the only & the last request I shall ever make & I promise in return to forget your very name ! !

"There is no sign," observed My Lord Arran, "that you obeyed her."

"No," replied the Duke, "I do not even know of a man who would be so disinterested as to show such favours to a pretty woman."

"Notwithstanding it would be a good trait," interrupted My Lord Saint Albans, "& as they give us such tender marks of their confidence it is not right to abuse them, but to make a restitution of that which might easily prove their ruin."

"They would do much better," ungratefully replied the Duke, "not to run the risk of writing anything a piqued Lover might draw an advantage from."

"It is very easy to give that advice," said My Lord Saint Albans, "but it is difficult to put it into practice in the course of an intrigue where the heart finds comfort in writing a thousand pretty things. When one thinks what it would mean to be always *en garde* with a man one loves ![1] If he has known how to find the secret of making himself master of his Mistress's heart, should he not also command her confidence ? "

"Ladies must take their chance," added My Lord

[1] This is evidently an interpolation of Madame d'Aulnoy's own sentiments.

Arran, "& not complain but of themselves & their imprudence."

"There remains a good deal still to be said on my subject," said the Duke, "& I avow to you that when I received this letter I was struck as if by a thunderbolt, and without taking the time to achieve the negotiations with which I was charged, & which up till then I had very favourably conducted, I cut short the whole business, and not troubling myself as to the sequel, I left for London like a fool."

"Another reflection I have to make on this conduct," said My Lord Saint Albans, "is: should a Minister in love be intrusted with important negotiations?"

"And where will you find one who is not?" demanded the Duke. "Do you imagine that all those grave Plenipotentiaries, all those Ambassadors with their stiff haughty airs, are any wiser than others? They guard their movements more, but that is only what their character compels them to do. I am convinced they have engagements as lively and pressing as the rest. Therefore," he continued, "I did not cease one moment during my voyage to conjecture what my Mistress could have to complain of in me,—I could not think of anything save my attentions to the young Comtesse de Grimbergue. If this were the reason I swore vengeance on the traitor who had betrayed me, but I never then nor indeed until a long while after, divined that the traitor was My Lord Russell."

CHAPTER XXIII

"ON arriving in London, instead of alighting at Whitehall, I went direct to My Lady Norwich, and my despair was completed when I learned that she had gone to Tunbridge Wells. If I had only consulted my heart I should have followed her but when I reflected that she had already caused me to commit many extravagances I restrained myself.

"Upon my appearance before the King,—when he made me render him an account of my negotiations,—I swear to you I was so distracted that his Majesty thought my debaucheries on board the yacht had been so great that the fumes of the wine had deprived me of my memory. He soon dismissed me, & though I quite realised what he thought, I did not trouble myself to undeceive him. Going home I shut myself up in my Closet & passed the entire night in writing,—now Verse now Prose, but always voicing regret, for I was infinitely wounded by the unjust proceedings of my Mistress.

"As nothing that I wrote appeared sufficiently eloquent I decided it would be better to go & find her, & knowing her to be both so reserved & high-spirited, that she would, if she pleased, decline either to see me or listen to me, I decided to disguise myself.

"The rest of the night I passed in meditating the best way to do this.

"Finally, I hit on a plan that appeared to be little

short of marvellous. I had noticed during our intercourse how very superstitious she was, and try how she might nothing could cure her of this; she could not forbear from confessing that she carefully sought out all those who had any reputation with regard to astrology;—I afterwards conducted Gadbury[1] the astrologer to her a hundred times.

"My first move was to appear before the King in a most sorry state, &, to indicate I was ill, I repeatedly laid my hand on my brow or clapped it swiftly to my breast. When he saw this he asked, with his usual kindness, what was the matter with me; whereupon I explained that I had excruciating pains in my head, in addition to repeated attacks of palpitation of the heart; also, that I was suffering from a continual fever. Unfortunately my face more honest than my voice belied my words, for when the King looked sympathisingly at me I could not control myself, & became red and confused at the lie. After this first failure I engaged with Dr. Fraizer[2] to be in the audience chamber upon the next occasion upon which the King inquired after my health. This he did, &, coming forward as we had arranged, suggested that only the waters of Tunbridge could avert a grave and dangerous illness.

[1] John Gadbury, b. at Wheatley, Oxon, December 31, 1627, buried March 20, 1704, in the vault of St. Margaret's, Westminster.

[2] Sir Alexander Fraizer, b. in Scotland about 1610, graduated as M.D. at Montpelier, October 1, 1635, and incorporated at Cambridge November 1641. He accompanied the King abroad, his name continually appears in the records of that unhappy decade. After the Restoration he was the fashionable physician, attending the Royal family, and most of the nobility. He died May 3, 1681. *Dictionary of National Biography.*

His daughter was Maid of Honour to the Queen, and, according to *The Court of Charles II.* by H. Forneron, 1897, intrigued, unsuccessfully, for the honour of becoming mistress of the King. Pepys brings very unsavoury charges against Sir Alexander.

"'Go there at once,' the King said. 'However necessary you may be to me I will not put my interests before your health.' I avow I was so touched by the manner in which he spoke, that an hundred impulses moved me to tell him that it was all no more than a pretence, but I could not reconcile myself to spoil all my chances by such an avowal.

"I left the King with great contentment at his consent to my journey. I chose my friend My Lord Argyle[1] as a confidant. He had been deputed by the Scottish Parliament to make a humble remonstrance to the King on certain important matters.[2] My countenance was not without its value, &, as he had made great overtures of friendship towards me, I was quite certain he would welcome with joy any opportunity of pleasing me. I confided my secret to him, & he expressed himself as delighted to be given a means to oblige me. It was arranged that he should proceed to Tunbridge first, & that on his arrival he should wait on My Lady Norwich & speak of a certain Astrologer—really myself—in such a manner as to inspire her with a desire to see me.

"My Lord Argyle is, as you know, a versatile man, hiding under his cold & serious air, a character inclined to pleasantry, which makes him very agreeable;—

[1] Archibald Campbell, ninth Earl of Argyle; b. 1629, restored to the family estates forfeited by his father 1663, beheaded June 30, 1685.

[2] We have received the following from the Rev. John Wilcock, D.D., of Lerwick, whose opinion as biographer of the ninth Earl of Argyle is valuable. He writes that he does not think Lord Argyle went to London with the deputation, and that Mme. d'Aulnoy "evidently reasoned from their close political connection in their later days, that they had been friends and associates at an earlier period. This is a mistake . . ." In view of Mme. d'Aulnoy's amazing accuracy in fact if not in date, we are strongly of opinion that she had evidence as to this assertion though we must confess to being unsuccessful in finding corroboration.

altogether I could not have placed this affair in better hands.

"He found her ladyship melancholy & dreamy, the presence of her husband which compelled her to be very circumspect was the greatest inconvenience, & when she reflected that I had preferred the Comtesse de Grimbergue to her it wounded her to such a degree that she brooded continually on vengeance, & nourished against me a secret anger that unceasingly tormented her.

"This was her state of mind when My Lord Argyle arrived and asked her if she had heard of the famous Laponida.

"She replied that she did not know what he was talking about, & would be obliged if he would explain if it were a man, an animal, or a plant.

"His lordship laughingly ridiculed her ignorance, and then explained that Laponida was a Laplander (*Lapon*) infinitely skilled in astrology & with some knowledge of sorcery. He added that he had just received news that this illustrious Necromancer, whom he had expressly engaged to come to Tunbridge & cast his Horoscope—for he had as complete a knowledge of the future as he had of the past & the present—had already left London.

"My Lady Norwich was delighted. She asked a thousand questions. Did the Laplander speak English? Could she see him easily? What was he like? Did his discretion equal his wisdom?

"My lord, in reply, said that he was acquainted with the English Language, but his moods were very capricious, he spoke little, he avoided all women, & he was two hundred years old.

"At this My Mistress cried out aloud. 'Two hundred years old! But it is not possible!'

"'Pardon me,' said my lord coldly, 'he is at least

two hundred years old, but his learning is a great aid in prolonging his life; he is able to divine the virtue of all simples, with these he rejuvenates himself. He is so old,' he continued, 'that he predicted to Queen Elizabeth all the misfortunes with regard to the Earl of Essex, to whom, as you will remember, she was so very partial.'

"'Ha!' said she, '& could he not at the same time have shown how these troubles might be avoided?'

"'That would not do,' was the reply, 'destiny must be accomplished.'

"'What then,' she demanded, 'is the use of knowing of these mischances if you cannot remedy them?'

"'Knowledge and guidance is valuable at any time,' he replied.

"She made no comment but fell into a profound melancholy & so he left her.

"Two days later in the attire of a genuine Sorcerer I arrived. I did not dare quit my room for fear the little children would run after me and I was not at all prepared at this stage to make the Comedy public.

"My Lord Argyle paid another visit to Lady Norwich. He made no allusion to me, but it was not long before she herself asked him if he had received news of Laponida.

"My lord said, in reply, that the Sorcerer had arrived and was in excellent health; he had arranged they should lodge together; & he seemed even more than ordinarily marvellous.

"'I may confess to you in confidence,' she said, 'I have a great desire to interview him!'

"'Oh Madam, such a thing is impossible!' cried he. 'Why he told me it is more than an hundred and forty years since he has spoken with a woman,—for he hates them as he hates death.'

ARCHIBALD, 9TH EARL OF ARGYLE

From a miniature by Thomas Flatman (1637-1688), at Windsor Castle reproduced in "A Scots Earl in Covenanting Times," by kind permission of Dr. Willcock

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" ' You must try and reconcile him to my sex,' she said.

" ' I think it would be easier to *confound* him,' said my lord, ' than to persuade him to do what you wish ! Still as I have so great a desire to please you that there is nothing I would not do for your satisfaction, I will make an effort and report to you tomorrow.'

" All the moments that I postponed seeing my Mistress seemed to me as years. Lord Argyle and I arranged that he should bring her to my room, when we would have everything closed up for fear that she should recognise me, for which reason also I decided to put something in my mouth to alter the tone of my voice.

" I passed an agitated night between the hope of seeing her, the fear of making her angry, and the doubt as to the success of my project. And sure enough another obstacle arrived : her Husband refused to allow her to visit the lodging of My Lord Argyle. He worked himself up into a terrible state about his rank ; he said that all the Laplanders together with Laponida at their head did not merit that the Wife of a Howard should so condescend. There was nothing for it but to find a modification of our plan, & it was eventually arranged that the interview should take place in a little Wood to which My Lord Argyle would conduct me ; whilst on his side, My Lord Norwich would escort his wife ; for with a man two hundred years old he was exempt from jealousy.

" All being arranged I awaited the night with impatience hardly to be endured, & as soon as it was sufficiently dark to conceal me,—for I did not omit to have a long white beard, a turban, & everything I thought necessary for my masquerade,—we set out. By chance we found a tree with a hollow trunk, & to

sustain my character I crept into this, for, as I have already said, I studied everything. Scarcely was I settled when we heard the carriage approach. My Lord Argyle went forward but he found Lady Norwich's Husband had already assisted her to alight, after which he gave her his hand, & they advanced silently.

" ' I should not have thought,' said My Lord Argyle, ' even if one were about to consult an Astrologer, it was necessary to ignore one's friends.'

" The Lady making no reply advanced immediately towards me whilst the two men withdrew. She sat down on the moss at the foot of my tree & I found myself so overcome that I had a difficulty in sufficiently commanding myself to ask her upon what affair she wished to consult me.

" ' Do you not know without my telling you, oh man all divine ? ' she demanded. ' Should you—who are already instructed about my thoughts—ask me questions ? '

" ' Very well Madam,' I replied. ' I will expound them. Your heart was engaged in an agreeable passion, & you have conceived a most undeserved anger for one who adores you ; you have written very cruelly to him ; you fly his approach, and you would never have come to this town but to avoid him. Is not that true ? "

" ' Aye,' she said, ' I agree so far. Now draw me a portrait of my Cavalier.'

" ' He is tall & of good appearance,' said I, ' his air is noble, & his manner engaging, he stands high in the favour of his Master ; I assure you Madam, that all my wisdom is false if you do not possess his entire heart——'

" I had got so far when the Lady burst into loud laughter. ' Oh impostor ! ' she cried, ' thou art

most strangely the dupe of an adventure that thou canst not have brought about without considerable trouble. Learn that it is not My Lady Norwich with whom you speak, but the Duchess of Richmond, that she is going this very moment to make thee known for what thou art!'"

CHAPTER XXIV

"IT is easy to imagine my amazement, but this *contretemps* did not seem so cruel as if it had been caused by anyone else.

"'My dear sister,' I said, stopping her despite herself, & at the same time abandoning the disguise of my voice, 'I conjure you to be careful not to betray my secret, but rather to help me in this affair. You can judge by the steps I have taken how much my heart is engaged!'

"The Duchess of Richmond tenderly embraced me. 'You are a true Proteus,' she said, 'and are very wise to reveal yourself; or I should have spoilt everything.'

"She then told me in a few words, that wearied by the importunities of different people to try the waters, she had suddenly made up her mind to do so, & had arrived at the House of My Mistress [1] but an hour before the time at which the latter was setting out to meet me; that what they told her of this Laplander roused her keen suspicions that some knavery was afoot, hidden under the unlikely age and supernatural skill; & that she offered to prove this by passing herself off as My Lady Norwich. Finally, she added my wisdom must be entirely counterfeit to be so easily exposed.

[1] Lord Norwich was her nephew by marriage, and as at the time these legal relationships were esteemed at a value that to-day exists only among the illiterate the Duchess looked on Lady Norwich exactly as though she were her niece.

"I quite agreed that I was a novice in the art of sorcery. I then prayed her to return to the others & say she had seen many marvels. This she did not fail to do. No one knew better how to exert herself than she, & she so played on My Lady Norwich's imagination that far from this adventure prejudicing me, it did me a lot of good. Indeed, without it all would have been ruined, for My Lord Argyle found My Mistress in the Carriage at the very moment she should have been with me; & never doubting but what I should say something very *mal apropos* was about to hurry back & warn me when she told him that the Lady with me was the Duchess of Richmond. Though he concluded I should recognise her, he continued very uneasy & impatient until she returned, crying aloud, 'Oh the gifted man! Oh the marvellous mortal! What hath he not told me? How clever he is! I cannot keep silent about it!' She would have continued these exclamations if My Lady Norwich, impatient to see me, had not left her. She came hurriedly till she reached my tree. I was still troubled, & feared some further trick, I wished to assure myself to whom I spoke before expounding my science.

Hardly, however, had she placed herself before me than she addressed me and I recognised her.

"'Divine Laponida,' she said, 'if you can penetrate by your Wisdom what is passing in my heart, & teach me the means whereby it may be consoled there is nothing I will not in my gratitude promise you.'

"'I am not at all interested Madam,' I said, taking her hand, '& it is foolish, when engaging me to aid in your affairs, to promise me rewards for which I have no desire,—all I want of you is your confidence——'

"'Ha, how can I refuse you,' she interrupted,
You who can divine everything, & who know too well,

and despite my wishes, all that upon which I would be silent.'

" ' Here is a very fair reason,' I observed, ' you have so much intellect that I am no longer surprised at the favour the stars throw toward you. Venus in conjunction with the Sun gives you at once prudence & beauty, Jupiter following with Mars——' [1]

" ' Speak to me in intelligible language,' said she, ' that I may know why a man in whom I am interested has ceased to love me.'

" ' You most cruelly misdoubt him,' I cried, ' he loves you always, & hath never loved another; even now he languishes & expires of despair when brooding on the aversion you have for him.'

" ' If you are so clever in thus penetrating *his* sentiments,' she said, ' I am surprised that you read for mine those so much opposed to the true state of affairs. It is certain that in a voyage he recently made, the traitor sacrificed my portrait to a woman by whom he knew he was not nearly so much loved as he was by me ! '

" I assure you," said the Duke in an aside, " that I experienced during this conversation that exquisite delight of which one is only capable in a tender & genuine passion; for, as My Mistress believed me to be a real Laplander, a man who had not the least interest in the affair, & one to whom it was all the same whether she loved or hated this lover, I was enabled to read her very heart,—to read in it that I was still dear to her,—a hope which up till then I had hardly dared to flatter myself with. Having a great desire to know who was the charitable person who had rendered me so many good offices with her I told her she must trust me further, and I prayed her to tell me by what means she had learned that her lover had been unfaithful to her.

[1] How was Laponida supposed to know the date of her birth ?

" ' I knew it through one of my friends,' she replied, ' who learned it from the letter of a man of quality.'

" ' That I may draw a fair deduction you must describe him,' I told her. By the description she gave me, and the suspicion that I had already entertained, I had no difficulty in identifying Madam Hyde & My Lord Russell, I said to her :

" ' My Art aids me to know that these persons of whom you speak are not to be trusted, & it is their desire to cause you pain.'

" ' Alas,' she said sweetly, ' if it has been their aim to pain me they have but too well succeeded. I assure you I have hardly slept since the unhappy day when the lady tendered me the ill news.'

" ' Your displeasure is more the outcome of wounded vanity than of tenderness,' I observed. ' You are angry at the preference your Cavalier displayed for another.'

" ' I hope,' she replied, ' that I am animated by better motives than that ; were such the case I perhaps have ample opportunities for consoling myself for my mistake. Alas the more I examine my heart the more fully do I realise the true state of my feelings for one alone.'

" I could no longer," the Duke explained to his friends, " hold out against a belief which assured me so much happiness. Rushing forth from my hollow tree I flung myself at her feet & embraced her knees. ' Recognise Madam,' I cried, ' a man who of all the world is the most faithful and the most tender, & who would expire of shame at this very moment had he ceased for a single instant to love you more than life. Behold your portrait which should enlighten you as to the knavery which has been practised against you. In the name of our love, in the name of the most fervent devotion that ever was, let him return to your good

graces, without which all life is worthless.' I would have added a thousand further and tender affectionate endearments, for I was so charged with joy & love & thankfulness but,—can you without being Laplanders yourselves, believe what this capricious woman replied to my moving phrases ?

" ' So My Lord Duke it is you, who in a premeditated disguise, design to discover my secrets,' she cried. ' It is you who when I desire to consult the Divine, think yourself well justified in swearing they have told me falsehoods ? You are mistaken, my lord, in attempting to justify a conduct so utterly opposed to your duty towards me. I have been compelled to suffer without a murmur and without complaint. You should have waited until, of my goodness, I recalled you from banishment, but instead you have had the imprudence to take a confidant ! However honest a man My Lord Argyle may be, I am more than angry he should be cognisant of my private affairs. Again, you must have revealed yourself to the Duchess of Richmond, in fact have exposed me all round to the greatest perils, for it is certain should my Husband learn of what has happened he would confound my innocence with your malice, though I alone should be sacrificed to his resentment. All these things make you appear to my eyes completely unworthy of my troubling about you. You deceive me, you put me in the wrong, you are so utterly callous, as to endanger my life ! '

" Whilst she made this beautiful discourse, so logical & so nicely balanced, I was confounded, but only for a moment.

" ' Is it possible ? ' I asked her, " is it possible that the same mouth can utter sentiments so opposed in so short a space of time ? Is this the same Woman who sighed with Laponida at having lost the Duke of Buckingham, & who nevertheless treats that same

JANE, COUNTESS OF NORWICH

From a mezzotint by Collin after Lely

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Duke of Buckingham like a criminal the moment she beholds him at her feet.'

" I confess that at the moment such a bitter anger usurped my love & such a tumult was raging in my heart that I could not say another word. On her side she refused to make answer and I suddenly arrived at the conclusion which she did not look for. I no longer attempted to soften her with new submission ; ' I have done with you,' I said. ' Done with you for ever, you fickle and ridiculous creature, you will hear neither good nor bad of me in the future. All I regret is the trouble I have taken to see you. I am going ! My speed will be the greater because it puts a distance between us,' saying which I strode away.

" I think she followed me, I fancied I heard a faint ' Laponida, Laponida ! ' & then no more ; but my rage was too intense to permit me to respond."

CHAPTER XXV

"LADY NORWICH had hardly returned to where the Duchess of Richmond, My Lord Arygle, My Lord her husband awaited her, when My Lord Argyle came to my tree in search of me. It was empty, & as the night was dark he feared I was lost in the Wood. Meanwhile for nearly two hours I lay at the bottom of our Carriage fuming because he kept me so long, & when at last he found me he tried to remonstrate because I had caused him so much anxiety; but I was in no humour to permit it, & as I took a tone three times as peremptory as his,—he preferred to be silent even though he might consider me in the wrong.

"Our passage of words at an end I asked him what was his opinion about my long interview with my inamorata.

"'Everything that could be desired,' he replied. 'To be all alone, in a Wood, in company with a Lady one loves, & by whom one is loved,—during the blissful moments that succeed a reconciliation, both of you amorous & with a perfect understanding between you, to know, in addition, that the jealous husband is, the while, in sweet ignorance, acting as sentinel himself. . . that is how it appears to me.'

"'Appearances are deceitful,' I said with a sigh. 'You concluded, because it should have been so, that I was making my peace, but in reality I had to do with a *capricieuse* who received me so badly that I have broken with her for ever!'

" At first My Lord Argyle would hardly believe me, but I seriously repeated it, pointing out that the situation was not so pleasant that I should invent it.

" ' I avow I am greatly astonished,' he exclaimed, ' your worth should surely have protected you from such treatment.'

" ' I will be fair and admit I have faults that are perhaps ingrained, but I do not know of any that are an excuse in regard to this business.'

" ' Do you know a certain means to avenge yourself ? ' interrupted he.

" ' Ay,' I replied. ' To forget her.'

" ' That is just what I was going to counsel,' continued he, ' but you are keen enough to guess it.'

" ' At least,' I said bitterly, ' if the Astrologer's disguise hath not served me to renew my intrigue, it hath helped to break it ! '

" ' On the other hand,' he continued, ' if you still mean to go forward I should advise you to see the Duchess of Richmond, she lodges with My Lady Norwich ; you can obtain an interview through the former, matters can be explained—perhaps mended—'

" ' Heaven preserve me from it ! ' I cried. ' I am going to leave here the first thing in the morning.'

" He acquiesced at once. ' You are the Master,' he agreed ; and then : ' But what will the King say at such a hasty return ? '

" ' I must find a plausible reason,' I said. ' At the worst he will attribute it to gallantry.'

" ' It appears to me,' remarked my lord, ' it would be better for you to go to one of your Country Houses & remain there a fortnight without letting anyone at Court know of it.'

" ' Very good,' I said, ' provided always that you will come with me & share my bad temper & my solitude, we will go to Clievedon.'

"He agreed most obligingly & this gave me some contentment. To tear from my heart the too vivid memory of the lady possessing it I required a good conversationalist, otherwise my situation, the victim of passion and of great troubles, with no one in whom to confide, would be insupportable.

"As soon as we were back in Tunbridge I threw myself upon my bed completely broken down with grief.

"I remained there but a short time when I heard cries of: 'Fire! Fire!' Anxiously wondering whether this was at the lodging of My Lady Norwich, for the house at which she lay was not far distant from mine, I got up & went to the window. Calling to some men who were hurrying by, I asked where the fire was.

"The day had sufficiently dawned for me to be able to distinguish objects clearly, and hardly had these men caught sight of me than they burst into roars of laughter again & again, nor would they make me any reply. This appeared to me very strange, for I completely forgot the ridiculous habit that I still wore, & I was working myself up into a great fury when My Lord Argyle rushed into the Room.

"'You are strangely tranquil,' said he, 'for a man with a fire raging but just beyond his door.'

"'What! Is the fire in this house?' I cried.

"'So much so,' answered he, 'that we must descend from this window or get burned going down the stairs.'

"At this point they brought a ladder, & my lord more diligent than I, descending first, ran off to give the orders that our Horses should be taken out of the Stable, where they were choking. I thought on my part it was only a question of using the ladder as he had done, but the Servants of the hostel, having given

out that I was a famous sorcerer, the ladder was seized & taken away so as to oblige me to make some manifestation of my powers in saving myself, such as flying in the air like a bird. When some of those below would have returned the ladder others prevented them, saying, with mistaken zeal, that it would be better to let me burn, for no doubt I well merited such a fate. I assure you that you never saw a man more hampered than I. The smoke in my Room grew so thick as to interfere with my breathing to such a degree that I could not cry aloud. I was at my wit's end, when suddenly the thought came into my mind that it was the white beard and the rest of my masquerade which convinced these saucy varlets that I was a Magician. I tore it all off, I ordered them to bring a ladder for the Duke of Buckingham, & recognising me then they obeyed, & I descended. My cough was so suffocating that I had hardly begun to breathe the pure air than I was seized with a great oppression, & through sheer feebleness fell to the ground. They ran & told My Lord Argyle who immediately came & supported me to the edge of a brook, there I threw myself on the grass leaning up against a tree.

" ' How sorry I am still to be here,' I said. ' Pray you give the necessary orders for us to leave immediately.'

" ' Are you not afraid the motion of the carriage will make you feel bad ? ' he asked.

" ' I fear much more,' I replied, ' that some mischance will bring me face to face with that woman, & after all that I have to complain of I will never never pardon her——'

" He began to laugh. ' That means,' he said, ' that to see her & to pardon her would be the same thing.'

" ' That means,' I replied, ' that I feel in regard to her such a weakness that I prefer to avoid her, to

fighting the influence of her presence.' Is it not true, my lords," he continued, interrupting himself, " that you both expect to hear that Lady Norwich arrived under those trees, & that attracted by the freshness of the dawn, & the murmur of the waters, & followed only by her confidante she came to heave a few sighs & whisper a few words punctuated with sobs, & at last to complain of my hastiness, of my harshness ; whilst I remained well hidden from her sight until the moment I started forward to fall at her feet, to embrace her knees, to make my peace ? Were I telling you a fable instead of the simple truth it is certain that nothing would be wanting to present this pretty tableau, but as real events do not so orderly arrange themselves, I avow to you that she did not appear, & I avow, by the same good faith, I should have been ravished if soul-sympathy with my love, had brought her to me.

" As it was I left for Clievedon [1] with My Lord Argyle. I received from him, in my trouble, every assistance it was possible for him to render ; He listened with *complaisance* to all my murmurs, replying with a thousand goodnesses—But *a propos de complaisance*," said the Duke breaking off, " I perceive, somewhat late, that I am abusing yours. It is broad day ! I cannot understand what possessed me to talk so long ! "

" A charming—' possession,' " said My Lord Saint Albans—" I pray you My Lord Duke, do not repent of having entertained us all these hours, nor leave us without our knowing the result of your adventures."

" It would perhaps be better that he should take a little repose, & that we should do the same, in order to be in a better state to give him our full attention," suggested My Lord Arran.

[1] Clievedon. Mr. W. W. Astor now has the house.

My Lord Saint Albans whose house was one of the finest in London fell in with this proposition & a grand breakfast was shortly served, then the Duke of Buckingham & his nephew were each conducted to a magnificent apartment, from which they did not emerge to rejoin My Lord Saint Albans until the evening. A noble banquet awaited them, but when one is in anger or amorous of one's Mistress, one does not eat much, & thus it was that Messieurs Buckingham & Arran soon finished their repast.[1]

Presently the Duke perceiving that his two friends were silent & expectant, resumed his discourse.

[1] This passage might have been lifted bodily from the *Arabian Nights*.

CHAPTER XXVI

"MY Lord Argyle," continued the Duke of Buckingham, "discoursed on my interests much better than I could have done myself. I was too full of my passion and of my disgust to be much concerned about the duties of a Courtier, and I remembered Whitehall as little as if I had never been there.

"My indifference surprised him. 'Is it possible, Duke of Buckingham,' said he to me, 'that you have no intention of giving the King an account of your stay at Clievedon?'

"'Surely it is the same to him, if I be here or at Tunbridge?'

"'Not when one is loved as much as you are,' he objected. 'The King has interested himself in your health and you ought to let him know that the air of your home is of more benefit than the waters.'

"'But,' said I, 'why explain that now? The King thinks I am at Tunbridge. It will be time enough when I arrive at the Court to explain that I come from Clievedon.'

"'Surely you forget,' he exclaimed, 'that the Court will ask news of you of all who come from the waters? What astonishment will be created by the reply that none have seen you.'

"'It will be presumed that I have preferred to remain in retirement.'

"'But,' he urged, 'all meet at the fountains; they may not speak, but they see each other.'

"'Have I not already been seen?' I demanded. 'At the time when I thought to be cooked in that cursed chamber where you left me.'

"'But those who saw you there were of so humble a condition that few would believe any news they gave of you.'

"'Nor *by* me either,' cried I quite angrily. 'I entreat quarter of you, my lord.'

"Far from being displeased at my violence he found it so amusing that he burst out laughing. 'I hope you will not take ill of it,' he said, 'but I have written to the Duke of Monmouth asking him if it is known where *I* am.'

"'I should not take anything that you might do ill,' I said, adopting a lighter manner. 'But I ask one favour, and that is you will not tell me a single word of what he may say.'

"'You will lose more by that than I shall,' was the smiling reply. 'Supposing he writes to me of interesting things that you would like to know, and that might withdraw you from these capricious humours in which you are pleased to envelop yourself?'

"'Never mind that,' said I, 'my misanthropic manners please me well. It would grieve me to adopt others. It is my desire—with the exception of yourself—to hate all the world!'

"'Ha! my lord,' said he, 'such an exception is too great an honour! I am most sensible of it! But it is impossible that you should hold a resolution that will draw you from that intercourse with all honest men that love you.'

"'Such a resolution will separate me from but a few people,' said I. 'We live in a time when it is sufficient to be a good actor; people do not stop to

consider the tendency of the heart, and he who puts love and good faith into his dealings invariably finds himself duped.'

"My lord, whose opinions were quite the opposite to mine, contradicted me with much wit; and this initial conversation was the cause of our having many lively disputes upon the subject."

"My grief did not diminish. I cursed myself for having by my hastiness seconded the waywardness of My Mistress. I had merited, I told myself, all that she said to me that night in the wood before she had mastered her rage. I had only gone to Tunbridge to pacify her, and my frivolity of heart had rendered the journey useless.

"I often wrote to her; but my letters were by no means uniformly tender and submissive; for sometimes I felt that I was far more wronged than she was; and as it came about that I was never content with what I wrote all my letters remained in my Closet.

"At last I concluded that to cure my passion it was necessary to find an amusement that would prove some sort of distraction for my mind; for, as I said to My Lord Argyle—I had no other means to deliver me from those fatal chains.

"'Ever since I have borne them I have not enjoyed one single tranquil day; she is much too eager to order all my actions;—besides it is sufficient for me to tell her that I love her for her to acquire a perfect conceit in her own mind. Without reason she doubts; without listening she condemns me! No, I will not love her any more.

"'And,' I continued, pulling myself together, 'as I should be in precisely the same danger with any other, in that her power over my heart would give her the desire to tyrannise, it will be better for me to love nothing,—to live and die in happy indifference.'

"'Ah my lord,' cried he, 'that is a thing which after the sweetnesses you tasted in your attachment to My Lady Shrewsbury ought to be more impossible for you than for any other! You cannot help loving.'

"'It is true,' said I, and I sighed over the tender thoughts that one name ever awakens in my mind. 'It is true that I have been the happiest of all lovers; and it is not the less true that after having experienced such happinesses I can only promise myself bitterness in a new passion. Hath not My Lady Norwich punished me sufficiently for having been capable of loving another besides Lady Shrewsbury?'

"'It would afford me great pleasure,' said My Lord Argyle, 'if you would give me all particulars of that affair.'

"'Truly? But it is a wound that I cannot touch without suffering the greatest pain. Nevertheless I do not refuse to tell you about it; but it must be some other time when I am in a more tranquil state.'

"My Lord, whose one aim was to distract me agreeably, made no effort to press me to do anything for which I showed the least repugnance; his desire was, in the most obliging manner in the world, to accommodate himself to all my caprices.

"It happened one day when I was walking by the River, I observed him at a distance sitting on a little eminence reading a letter with great attention. I advanced softly so that he did not hear me, until I was nearly before him. When he became aware of my presence he folded up the letter and put it in his pocket without making any comment to me. Nonplussed I spoke first on indifferent things, and then, all at once, I asked him if he had received any news from London.

"'Yes,' he said, 'The Duke of Monmouth has written to me about what is passing at Court.'

"'Are they serious happenings?'

"'If they were I should have already intimated them to you, but the letter is only about gallantries which do not at all harmonise with your situation.'

"This answer awakened my desire to know what was going on. 'It is true,' I confessed, 'that I have resolved to keep myself free from that deception of the heart and mind which poisons the repose of life. Still, not to hear of them will not help me, and if you will tell me about your letter it will give me much pleasure.'

"'Very good,' said he in handing it to me: 'you will find some news in it.'

"This is what I read:

You are very wrong in remaining at Clievedon, because we have here a budding beauty who demands admiration of all who behold her. The better to arouse your curiosity I will not tell you who she is, it is sufficient for you to know that all the world loves her, that My Lord Saint Albans adores her, that My Lord Ossory sighs for her, and that she has made such a great harvest of hearts there are none left for the other Ladies! If you know what pity is prepare yourself to console them and come. Not that you will be long in a state to pity others for when once you have seen Dona Maria de Mendosa you will want all your pity for yourself. Ah what have I done? I have named her to you! Therefore must I go on to say that the Queen has sent for her from Portugal to come and be one of her Maids of Honour; and that there were many who wished to prevent it.

Adieu my lord, you and the Duke of Buckingham are going to call me a bad joker.

Here My Lord Saint Albans interrupted the Duke of Buckingham. "I quite expected," said he, "that I should have been involved in the affairs of Dona Maria. At present however I am in a state to hear it spoken of."

"It being no longer painful to you," replied the Duke, "I will continue my recital."

CHAPTER XXVII

"WHEN I had read the Duke of Monmouth's letter I said to My Lord Argyle: 'Are you the man to become enamoured of this foreigner?'

"He regarded me smilingly and repeated in his turn: 'Are *you* the man to become enamoured of this foreigner?'

"'I wish I were!' I said, 'because it would be a means of curing me of the passion I have for My Lady Norwich!'"

"'As for me,' he observed, 'I have no malady; therefore I have no need to endeavour to effect a cure by a remedy so dangerous. I should be very sorry to upset myself for any reason; I far prefer the state of happy indifference to all the pleasures of love.'

"'Ha! my lord, I cannot believe you have such bad taste!'

"'And for me,' he said, still smiling, 'I cannot believe but that you would wish to share it. Remember the miseries one suffers even in the happiest of passions through the caprices of our Mistresses, through jealousies, through genuine anger. Remember also how the number of unhappy hours exceed the happy ones. If one only realised the annoyances to which one exposes oneself when one commences to love,—in a word all the evils that are inseparable from serious affairs, one would avoid them with more care than one avoids death!'

"'What,' I cried, 'is it you My Lord of Argyle who speaks thus and alas! is the Duke of Buckingham still weak enough to support the opposite view? Can he, ill-treated by My Lady Norwich, repulsed by a woman so uncertain and capricious, can he still say: "One does well to love"?'

"I mused a time.

"'Yes,' I continued, 'I uphold Love; I am unable to deny him. A man who is indifferent never knows real pleasure. Love makes us brave every evil Fortune; Love inspires us to the most noble and exalted sentiments; Love gives us desire to excel—however difficult our way may be, Love makes it easy——'

"'I am charmed,' interrupted my friend, 'to listen to you. It is obvious that your reconciliation with my lady approaches; I do not doubt that in a few days I shall see you once more at her feet softening, with your tears, all her pride.'

"'You will never see that,' I cried, 'though it is true that if this Mendosa is as amiable as the Duke of Monmouth represents, I avow I should be ravished to join with her in an agreeable intrigue. The Portuguese have naturally much fire and wit; they have a certain vivacity which prevents a lover from falling into indolence; one ever discovers in them a new mood;—it may be joy, it may be anger. Mind, in its expression, has resources that are practically inexhaustible. Frankly, the more I think of it the more am I determined to love the Portuguese.'

"'But,' said my lord, 'Supposing she has already listened to the Duke of Monmouth, or My Lord Saint Albans? Will you undertake to supersede them? Would it not be better to return to your former chains?'

"'My rivals,' I said (with an air somewhat brago),

'have hitherto done me the honour to resign their place to me. All my fear is that they will not be enough enamoured to make sport for me.'

"'Here is a fantastic case,' he said. 'You actually fear the person whom you wish to love has not gained sufficient influence over the hearts of other lovers!'

"'If I knew her personally I should not have this anxiety, because I should be in a position accurately to estimate her worth and her charms;—as it is I cannot now credit her as really meriting the devotion which she commands.'

"'This rule,' replied my lord, 'is far from infallible. One sometimes contracts such extraordinary attachments that they would be unpardonable if one did not recall in order to account for them that "Love is blind."'

"'At all events,' I said impatiently, 'you will agree that a girl who pleases every one does not compare favourably with one who pleases no one.'

"My manner made him laugh. 'Very well,' said he. 'And as you are enamoured of her when will you return to Whitehall and see her?'

"'To-morrow,' I replied, 'providing always we do not hear she lacks the beauties I require. Having been born in Portugal she ought to have wit,—perhaps she hath none? Added to that I want great black eyes, so brilliant that one cannot bear their light without pain; her teeth must be like pearls, her skin clear; she must be plump, and have a tall and erect figure——'

"'You do not realise what you are asking,' said he, 'unless you have her made expressly, I am certain that you will not find in a thousand Portuguese, the like of what you have painted.'

"'What! They have not large eyes?'

"'Yes, you will find that feature. But as for the

teeth of Oriental water, you may look for them a long time. The Portuguese eat so many suckets, and take so much chocolata that they spoil their teeth at a very early date. As for her complexion, it will be white only so long as you permit her to paint; otherwise I guarantee it will be brown. And all that I can suggest is, that you may find it bright and clear.'

"'Good,' said I, 'I should like her far more in this manner than whitened artificially.'

"'You will find her neither tall nor fat,' he continued, 'for all the Portuguese are little and thin.'

"'But,' cried I, 'may not one prove the exception? To hear you talk one would think they were all made in the same mould.'

"He smiled. 'I simply give you my opinion,' he said. 'If you like we will write and ask for enlightenment, then we shall see which of us has divined the more accurately.'

"'Truly,' said I laughing in turn, 'you are very audacious; have you forgotten that I lately acted as a Sorcerer?'

"'I have so little forgotten it,' replied he, 'that I constantly recall it, and never without dying of laughter. Your disguise was so amusing that had your heart been less deeply engaged you would enjoy it equally.'

"I did not omit to write to my Dutch Painter to give him the order to find an opportunity to paint Dona Maria de Mendosa and send to me the Portrait, this letter I showed to My Lord Argyle.

"'It has been a long established habit,' said he jokingly, 'to send to Kings and Sovereigns the Portrait of the Princess they wish to espouse; but your proceeding, in asking for the Portrait of a person whom you have only the desire to love, is indeed audacious.'

"'Laugh at me as much as you like,' I said, 'I will bear it all, so that you write to the Duke of Monmouth, and ask him to tell you if the lady has an agreeable and delicate wit; if she is dignified; and if she writes well. Because I avow I shall embark without delay if the answer he sends you prove satisfactory.'

"'How can you rely on that? Ought not the sentiments you know him to have for her, make you suspicious of what he tells you?'

"'I agree with that,' I replied; 'but I suggest that he should be asked to send us some of her letters; because a person who writes well should not be wanting in intellect.'

"'As there are many who have intellect and who write badly,' said my friend, 'why will you not allow that there are those who write well and who are not intellectual?'

"'No,' said I, 'that is an impossibility. You may tell me that there are people who speak well and who write badly; that there are those who write well and who speak badly; but the one and the other have an intellectual foundation; and if only I see a letter of hers I shall be satisfied.'

"'Do you think if the Duke of Monmouth has received any he is going to confide them to us?'

"'Whatever should prevent him! Are we not his friends? I am persuaded that it will be a pleasure to him to convert us to share his admiration.'

"'Write to him yourself, then,' said my lord. 'Possibly the tediousness of satisfying you may free him from any scruples he may have thereupon.'

"It was late, and we returned to the house. I prayed my lord to have supper before writing, but realising how it would please me if he did otherwise he at once entered my Closet.

"At the end of some moments he brought me his

letters to the Duke of Monmouth, which I at once dispatched with all the haste I should have employed had my life been at stake. The next evening he whom I had sent to London returned.

"My Lord Duke wrote in these terms:

It is only natural that the Duke of Buckingham should wish to see some of the letters of the beautiful Portuguese. She writes as well as she speaks; she speaks better than any one! Unfortunately she only writes about indifferent matters, at least up till now I have not seen anything else, notwithstanding the desire that I have to make her change her style. Her eyes have told me more than once that she could admirably express passion, but so marked is her hesitation to engage herself in this manner that it is evident she is either afraid of love, or that she has experienced some sorrow that hitherto I have not been able to penetrate. I am sending you what she wrote yesterday at My Lady Ossory's, when Mademoiselle de Bevrevvel[1] was exhibiting a letter by her Friend Saint-Evremond. Every one present passed an opinion; the letter was praised by connoisseurs and criticised by the ignorant. These differences of opinion gave rise to a dispute on the art of writing, in which Dona Maria shone brilliantly. All that she said pleased me so much that I found myself compelled to write down a part.[2] This is what I send you: its value you are far more capable of estimating than I am.

[1] Probably Mademoiselle de Beverweert. This lady, Charlotte de Nassau, daughter of Louis de Nassau, Lord of Beverweert, and sister of the Countesses of Arlington and Ossory, is mentioned in Saint Evremond's Works as his friend and correspondent when various letters of his addressed to her are given.

[2] It transpires further on that Dona Maria speaks fluent French which was used in those days by polite society indiscriminately with the vernacular. So true is this that the Ambassador of Louis XIV. to the Court of St. James's found himself little incommoded by knowing no other language that his native tongue. "Every one spoke French." *See A French Ambassador at the Court of Charles II.* J. J. Jusserand. 1892, p. 14.

See also The Love of an Uncrowned Queen. W. H. Wilkins. 1903, p. 124. "French . . . the language then generally used at Courts." "The Chevalier de Grammont . . wanted no interpreter . . . they

The Duke of Buckingham then took up a package of letters. After searching through it for some time, he found the particular paper & said: "Here is what we have received and which only serves to vex me."

all spoke French . . . and they all understood it sufficiently to comprehend what he had to say." *Memoirs.*

CHAPTER XXVIII

COUNSELS FOR GOOD WRITING

I

I HOLD that in all kinds of style, and particularly in those which are called *Epistolary*, one ought first & always to consult good sense. If one writes as one speaks, employing a turn of language that is dignified & easy, whilst neither pompous nor affected, it carries weight & pleases infinitely. One should, as much as one can, avoid repetitions; nevertheless when such are essential to one's meaning they should be employed without scruple.

II

Although the Portuguese, the Spaniards & the Italians employ Metaphors so cleverly that such go to make the chief of ornament of their Letters, for my part—my taste lying in another direction—I am persuaded that one should not disarrange either the Sun or the Stars; even as one should but rarely use an inflated or pedantic style; for one cannot describe the beautiful things of the world in a natural manner without racking one's mind.

III

It is wise to respect the rank that one holds, the rank of the person to whom one writes, & the subjects upon which the recipient will hold discourse. In respect of such a letter one must not stray from its subject proper, more than one is obliged. Reverting to the first it is well to observe that one should know how to phrase all the distinctions necessary,—as much of birth as of merit. One should however always show honesty & integrity that any one may the better estimate by the expressions used the worth of the writer's heart.

IV

When one writes about business matters one should invariably use concise terms choosing such as do not allow of two meanings or that might confuse, or be read in a different manner from that intended.

V

It is easy to avoid long phrases. The period enunciates but the parenthesis cuts all the sense of a Letter with the result that it frequently happens one is obliged to read it over more than once before one can understand it.

VI

Bombast of what ever kind it be,—pompous or common,—should be banished for ever. Such a thing would be easy to those who do not fly too high because it often happens that in one's endeavours to raise oneself one gets lost in the clouds ; a result that is both an annoyance & a disappointment. One should endeavour to estimate the limit of one's capabilities, for by this precaution one does not say more than one intends & it is rare that one says less.

VII

Occasionally one uses such free & delicate expressions that one creates the desire for more than what one has said. It is wise not to exhaust one's subject, and this is an Art that all the world does not easily understand. One thinks of a thousand interesting things one does not wish to leave out, but he to whom one writes will consider one has better taste if one does not make a great bonfire that will go out in a minute. He will find that Letter the more interesting if he is amused and can draw some ideas from it. One should think rather of the satisfaction of the person to whom one writes than of one's own.

VIII

When one writes a Letter of mere Politeness, one should endeavour to make it both short and gracious, giving as original a turn as possible to the Compliments.

IX

Letters of Consolation need not be long though they should be touching and emotional. Enter into the grief, share it without fuss, and without affecting terms too studied. One can add certain Christian reflections, but not such as would be affected by Pedants or Bigots.

X

When the question is that of conferring a favour, one's correspondent should be reassured in a manner both prompt & generous. A kindness only accorded after a long delay loses much of its value so it behoves one to be diligent in writing.

XI

Should one be compelled to refuse something it is as well to soften the denial with all the civility possible; one should also give a kindly hope for the future, as this may help to alleviate the present vexation.

XII

In reproving others, one must never do so with pride or anger, but rather with justice and goodness if one wishes them to alter their ways. He who is at fault is sufficiently punished without the addition of such terms of displeasure in which bitterness and hardness are more the effect of rage than of an equitable reason.

XIII

To write to him whom one loves, the heart alone need be consulted. It knows well enough what it would say—(sometimes it says more than it should !). Cavaliers have no need to take so much care in this direction, but the majority of the Ladies would be wiser, when they become interested, to forget the art of writing !

XIV

Whenever we write to a person of superior rank, or high dignity, terms of respect and submission are never badly placed. While one should make a point of never writing of anything abject, or servile, one must not the less observe to render to each his proper due. Civility is an admirable

quality, and one should cherish it particularly for the Great;—it is often the only currency with them, and with it they can content the world.

XV

It is easy to write a good letter when lending money; it is very difficult not to write a bad one when one borrows! The natural repugnance we feel is far from an assistance in drawing it up, while the recipient almost always reads it with a vexation which makes him discover faults even if there are none.

XVI

One need not torment oneself to end one's letter with a sentence having a favourable cadence, but when one happens to present itself it should not be rejected; nevertheless a simple "I am" is wanting in nothing, and is always good.

XVII

New ideas of a pretty and playful style such as imperceptibly diffuses itself through a Letter gives it a grace that is altogether charming, but for this one needs both gaiety and wisdom. In fine, all should seem natural and yet carry a double weight. A letter written at random *is not worth the trouble of reading.*

XVIII

However great our literary craft, it must not be apparent, and this particularly applies (provided it is not a challenge of intellect) to a letter written to a *savant.*

XIX

One should be as concise as possible without affecting a style so laconic as to retract the half of what one states, for this but renders one obscure & confused, and the great secret is to explain oneself clearly. If one has not the gift to make oneself understood in ten lines it is better to employ twenty.

XX

It is wise to avoid all scandal, vain sophisms, equivocation, proverbs or sayings, for such are often but little more than meaningless rubbish.

XXI

Whilst it is of consequence to neglect nothing in writing, the care taken should be so adroitly hidden that the result should appear to have been of easy achievement. One must diligently efface or correct till one feels that one is satisfied with what one has said.

When one writes often, thought & expression suggest & form themselves, & one is only troubled which to choose. Happy are those who can always do so equally.[1]

"What is there to possibly annoy you in this document?" demanded My Lord Arran of the Duke of Buckingham.

"A thousand things," replied he. "If you will remember that I only looked for wit, and that all I wanted was a lovable character, you will perceive then without difficulty I discovered nothing of the kind in these 'Counsels for Good Writing.' I found an easy style, but it did not appear to me necessary for my heart's satisfaction that a girl I wished to love should know so well how to phrase Letters of Compliment, of Prayer, or of Consolation! All that appeared to me far-fetched! I avow to you I turned to my companion crying, 'Ah my lord, surely the Portuguese mocks us when at her age she wishes to give lessons on things so unessential. Would it not be far better for her to employ herself in writing as did that daughter

[1] Dona Maria's counsels, and the interest they awakened in the Duke of Monmouth, offer yet another illustration of how intimate was Madame d'Aulnoy's knowledge of the people about whom she wrote, and that the numerous "billets" scattered through her volumes are transcriptions from memory of originals that she had been privileged to read,—for people were less reserved in some things then, and privacy in correspondence was not thought of. The Duke of Monmouth was just the man to be captivated by Dona Maria's elegant reflections, taking as he did, such a keen interest in all that appertained to the curricula of deportment and breeding, as witness the quaintest volume of *Etiquette* (a copy is now in the editor's possession) of which the Duke accepted the dedication.

of her Country we know as Mariane. We have both read her letters, and you must agree that nothing can be more affecting. If I had but seen a Letter from Maria that resembled those of Mariane I should adore her, yes, I should become a fool and run the fields.'

"'And who told you,' demanded my friend, 'that she does not write in this manner to the one she loves? Would you desire that she should repeat such sentiments to My Lady Ossory, and other ladies equally severe, or to men she hardly knows? This Mariane whose letters you admire so much pushed her passion to the last extreme for a Frenchman, called, I believe, the Marquis de Chamilly;[1] believing herself abandoned, despair and love together turned her brain; to think as she thought, to speak as she spoke, one would need to be out of one's senses, one must love to infatuation,—it is a species of ecstasy. If I saw a girl capable of a similar expression I—I do not know what I should think.'

"'I presume,' said I, 'that you would think she loved to excess.'

"'No doubt,' continued he, 'and also that she

[1] This refers to *The Love Letters of a Portuguese Nun* first published in Paris, 1669 (English Version by Roger L'Estrange, London, 1678). In 1661, Nöel Bouton de Chamilly, Comte de St. Leger, and subsequently Marquis de Chamilly, took service with Portugal, and while in that country had an intrigue with a Franciscan Nun whose full name was accidentally discovered as late as 1810: Mariane Alcoforado. In 1668 M. de Chamilly returned to France, and in 1677 married an heiress. In 1703 he was made a marshal of France and died full of years and covered with glory. The five epistles that he brought back with him to France, as trophies of his Portuguese amour, created a profound sensation, at the time of their publication. A modern effort has been made to prove that the Comte did not cause them to be printed,—but it is very inconclusive. According to the 1901 edition the incognito was complete until 1690, when the identity of the man and the Christian name of the lady, were revealed. Mme. d'Aulnoy's *Mèmoires de la Cour d'Angleterre* first appeared five years later.

was more swayed by her temperament than her mind. For me, I should choose a Mistress who was sweet, modest, and retiring rather than one who would be so ardent, so vehement, so—so—experienced.'

"'Every one to his taste,' I said. 'But I avow to you that I had made for myself an idea of the character of Mendosa that I cannot at all fit in with these reflections, and I conjure you to write a word to our Friend asking him to send us something more about her that will better satisfy me.'

"'I am charmed, my lord,' said he, 'at the interest you take in Dona Maria; but you are asking the Duke of Monmouth to supply the arms wherewith you will fight him, and conquer him; because, should you love Dona Maria you will be his rival, and if you become that *he* will advance very little in the affair.'

"'What's that you say, my lord?' I cried, 'the Duke is handsome, agreeable and young, and in this last respect he hath indisputably an advantage over me. Although my appearance is fairly good, and my gallantry sufficiently delicate for me still to be fortunate with ladies, it is very difficult to hold out against a handsome young man who does not ignore a single opportunity whereby he may succeed. If anything could give me hope, it would be that he hath loved her first and that ordinarily the latest comer pleases the best.'

"My Lord Argyle smiled at the reason I alleged as an augury of my good fortune, and, as they had served the supper he left my Closet to go into the Salon, whence, later, we retired each one to his own Apartment."

CHAPTER XXIX

"I ROSE up early the next morning, and entered my lord's room, where I found him in bed.

"'What my lord, still asleep!' I exclaimed.

"'Why should I not sleep?' cried he. 'No one, save yourself, would persecute your friends by waking them up before the day.'

"'I have come to ask whether you wrote that letter of which we talked last night.'

"'No,' said he, 'I did not. On thinking it over I decided that it would be best for us to return to London. You will see this girl who already torments you so, & you may find more important concerns to occupy you, than whether she writes well or ill.'

"'True, I experience some uneasiness. Any other than I would have made much better use of the favour of the King during this time. I feel also I am very ungrateful in abandoning the offices with which he has invested me. But what will you? I was born the most reckless of men, & even if it is a question of being the foremost & the luckiest Favourite in the Universe, I would not sacrifice to my fortune the inclination of my heart. Do not blame me in particular for this fault. I inherit it from my Father, perhaps the most gallant man that ever was. You have possibly heard of his adventures in the lists of love?'

"'I have been told of the most exceptional of them,' interrupted My Lord Argyle, 'and those amply proved

what he was capable of when he loved. It was asserted,' he continued, ' that the Lady was of so elevated a rank that he rarely had an opportunity to see her. Added to this was the fact that being attached to the Court of England, it was impossible for him to remain in her Country without the true state of affairs being suspected. Not knowing what to do he eventually fitted out a ship, giving out that he was making a voyage. The Captain & the Pilot were devoted to him, and it was his intention to get them to run aground during the night at a given spot, from whence it would be easy for him, & certain chosen followers, to land. In the disorder, which would ensue he proposed to disappear, & not being seen any more it would be concluded that he was drowned. After this he would proceed to the Court of the Lady, so perfectly disguised that he would be able to obtain employment in her house as one of her domestics & so live out the rest of his life about her, happy to see & serve her.'

" ' The project was so carefully planned,' I added, ' that its execution should have been easy. And it is also true that he would have done it, had not the wretched assassin in stabbing him cut short alike the course of his life & of his love.' " [1]

" There never was a finer man," cried My Lord Saint Albans, interrupting the Duke of Buckingham's narrative. " He made himself loved by all who saw him ; even his enemies did not grudge him praise."

" How I have strayed away from my subject ! " exclaimed My Lord Duke apologetically. " But it is one of the privileges of speaking with friends that one

[1] The editor has not succeeded in corroborating this proposed termination of the *liaison* of Anne of Austria and the first Buckingham. The intrigue started when he went to France to escort Henrietta Maria in her marriage 1625.

is not constrained, and can make all the digressions one wishes without fear of unkind criticisms being levelled at a discourse delivered without preparation.

" My Lord Argyle strove in vain to persuade me that my duty called me about the King. I assured him that I should not leave Clievedon until I had a greater disposition to love Dona Maria. ' If I went as I am,' I said, ' I should, at our first meeting, find myself once more in the net of my Lady Norwich, for I confess it would be useless for me to try to avoid speaking to her, as it is also useless to try to put away from my heart what recalls her to my memory. I sigh against my will, I fear that she is indifferent, I feel in turn anger, jealousy, & uneasiness ;—in fact, I can never forget her unless I find something else to engage my attention.'

" ' If you prefer it then,' said my lord, ' we will write. After all it would be strange if one tender letter from the Portuguese should fix your affection either way——'

" ' Love is capricious,' I told him, ' and however strongly you may express your disapproval of my nonsense, it will be impossible for you to reform me.'

" My lord, who had now risen, sat down to write without making an answer. I read his letter,—which appeared very appropriate,—and having thanked him I wrote a few lines myself, & dispatched both to the Duke of Monmouth.

" Here is his reply, which I will read to you :

" You are two insatiables ! Were the young Portuguese to write day and night I doubt if you would be satisfied and leave me in peace. You would do well to moderate your ardour slightly, for she is very idle, & I cannot to-day send you anything of hers save a little romance that may amuse you. In any case, my lords, you must reconcile yourselves to the situation & supply such ornaments as are missing.

" You hold the pamphlet," concluded the Duke of Buckingham, addressing My Lord Arran, " If you wish to know what it is about, the reading will not take long."

CHAPTER XXX

LOVE DISGUISED

A Novel

"'THE Princesses Bourgueuse and de Sonnino made a point of visiting Venice every year during the Carnival. One year being prevented from doing so as usual, by certain happenings which have no place in the story I wish to recount, they left Rome and went, instead, to Florence; thence they passed to Pisa, & eventually arrived at Lucca. When they went on excursions of this kind they took but a limited Suite. Ofttimes, clothing themselves as Men, they travelled on horseback & the ladies that accompanied them made no difficulties about imitating their example.

"'The favorite of the Princesse Bourgueuse was, one, Dona Panfilia,—she was her relation. The advantages which this lady possessed with regard to height & large regular features enabled her to turn into a very proper man, & for this reason she was always eager to wear male dress. The Princess, who took a great pleasure in seeing her thus attired, had given her domestics the most stringent orders not to reveal to anyone that Panfilia was a woman. They usually addressed her as the Senor Panfilio & under this name she daily experienced new adventures.

"'The Princesses, on arriving at Lucca, alighted at the house of the Senator Nerli; no humbler resi-

dence would have sufficed the goodly company that was with them. The Princesse de Sonnino, one of the most beautiful people in Italy, became here the admiration of all who beheld her, & the young Camille,[1] daughter of the Senator, was the only person who could bear comparison with her.

" ' The Senator received the Princesses with the most cordial hospitality ; he is one of the leading members of the Republic, by reason of his rank & wealth. His daughter, by an unavoidable shaft, was stricken at her first glance at the feigned Panfilio, & took particular care to entertain ' him,' & prevent ' him ' being ennuied ;—she was a very attractive girl with a clever wit, & a beautiful figure.

" ' Realising her favourable disposition Panfilia decided to enjoy this amusement chance had thrown in her way by pushing it to the utmost limit. She paid this charming nymph marked attention, & this had the effect of completely engaging Camille. It happened one day, when she had cleverly separated her—or let us say *him*—from the rest of the company that Camille in her innocence could not forbear saying, as she gazed at him with an air full of tenderness, " How melancholy & absent-minded I find you, Signor Panfilio. I think you must be in love, & if it is with one of our Ladies, & her rigours affect you, choose me to be your Confidante, & rest assured that I shall omit nothing that may serve you."

" ' Panfilio quite understood the motive of these queries. " No," he replied quickly & passionately, " it is impossible that I should take you for my Con-

[1] Colonel Prideaux points out that Camille is in French the name of a man while Senor is Spanish, but remembering that Dona Maria is supposed to relate the story and that Madame d'Aulnoy may have introduced these discrepancies deliberately, we print the novel without revision.

fidante, although you suggest it with so much good grace. Some secrets are dangerous; were mine at your disposal how should I know to what use you might not put them?"

"'"You do then think you love," said Camille with a blush, "and it is your wish to hide your Mistress's name from me?"

"'"That is not my wish, Madam," replied this naughty girl. "I *dare* not name her."

"'"What if I divine it?" said Camille coyly, "would you be sufficiently sincere to acknowledge it?"

"'"Upon the condition you would not be angry," said Panfilio, "I would acknowledge it to you,—& with all my heart."

"'The conversation was here brought to an end through several people interrupting them; but the too credulous Camille, much moved by Panfilio's worth, allowed her eyes full liberty to reveal to him certain of her sentiments.

"'Panfilia was filled with inward amusement at the errors of Camille brought about through her dress & as soon as she had an opportunity to speak in private with the Princesses, she told them she had commenced a love-affair with the Senator's daughter, to which the latter was inclined to lend a most favourable ear. The Princesses congratulated Panfilia at this glorious conquest, and rejoiced maliciously at the fooling of Camille. They encouraged Panfilia to continue the character of a lover &, promising them to push her fortune as far as ever she could, she forthwith wrote these lines to Camille:

Why, Madam, did you ask me if I was in love? Will you allow me to confess that I am, & with—you? I do not know if you have a greater preference for any other, but when I say I am well aware that there is no one else in the world

for me, & that I give you my heart in preference to anyone I have ever seen, I but render you justice. You are in a position to command my entire life ; my destiny will be sweet or cruel according to your wishes ; my own are as powerful in their desire to serve you.

" ' It was very easy for Panfilia to deliver this missive to Camille, who made the following reply :

I am not sufficiently aware of my advantages Senor Panfilio to think that one can love me only & as I have asked for the secrets of your heart I do not in the least pretend to anything more interesting than to be your Confidante. However I may confess that my esteem for you is too great to consider this declaration in a manner adverse to your desires ;—if your representations are sincere I will regard your profession a great honour.

" ' Panfilia ran to carry this Note to the Princesses who diverted themselves with it all day, and Camille, impatient penned a second note.

" ' I should have a difficulty, Senor Panfilio, in telling you all I have gone through to-day. My eyes sought you in vain, for wherever I went there was no sign of you. Is your love so indifferent ?

" ' Panfilia immediately made this response :

You cannot be very angry, Madam, at not having seen me to-day, when, although you think I have behaved badly you oblige me—for your very reproaches do this—to such a degree that whatever loss I have sustained in omitting to pass the day beside you, I shall no longer repent it. I swear that it is a greater happiness to read your letter in private than to see you surrounded by people ;—no doubt by Rivals, & preferred to me. Alas ! were my heart capable of the indifference with which you twit me it would not know such urgent jealous doubts. Do not refuse me an occasion to tell you how I adore you.

" ' Camille replied the next day in these terms :

I am not ashamed to own you please me greatly, & I am anxious to see you & regret the necessity of your absences.

But I should reproach myself very much were I to give you opportunities of seeing me in private. Were my interest in you less you would not appear so dangerous. Content yourself with this, nor ever seek an occasion to entertain me alone.

" ' Panfilia immediately sought Camille. " In truth, Madam," she said to her when they met, " your kindnesses are accompanied by much sorrow. You flatter me that you are not indifferent to me, yet you treat me worse than if you were ! What could be more cruel than this prohibition that you have just made that I must not see you privately."

" ' " I have told you," said Camille, ' that if I gave any heed to the favourable inclination I have for you the time might arrive when I should no longer have the strength to fly you as I should."

" ' " And why should you be obliged to flee from me ? " demanded her companion, " the more you know me the less danger will you find in our intercourse."

" ' " I know too well what my heart tells me," replied the girl with a blush, " & since you desire to know what prompts me to avoid you, I must resolve to inform you of my sad history. Know, Panfilio, that some time since I saw at a *Fête* given by the Duke of Tuscany an Englishman of the House of Norfolk who had just arrived in Lucca. The Duke of Tuscany comes here sometimes & entertains the Ladies. Upon this occasion they danced a Ballet. In this the stranger shone, for all that advantages, presence, youth, & even beauty, may have, seemed united in him. If my eyes served me fairly he was not less impressed by me, & after the dance & when he had received the plaudits of the Assembly he came and seated himself near me.

" ' " Thinking that I could not refuse to join in the praises of the rest, I said, looking at him with much

cordiality, 'you seem to have attracted universal admiration, & I avow that I have never seen anyone dance with so much grace and precision.'

" ' " ' It is true, Madam,' he replied, 'that I have won the approbation of the company, but it affects me little in comparison to your condescension. In short, may I confess that I have sentiments in regard to you which cause me in some degree to merit your kindness ? '

" ' " ' Content yourself with what others accord you,' said I. 'Perhaps when we know each other better I——'

" ' " At this point an old and strict relation with whom I had come to the *Fête* interrupted us, telling me in a low voice that it was not good manners to speak to a stranger, & if I did not cease forthwith from doing so she would inform my father. After such a menace I did not dare to linger with my lord, but my eyes told him so plainly that he could not mistake me that my silence was owing to a reprimand.

" ' " I carried such a vivid memory of what had passed in my heart that I lay awake all night, trying to evolve a plan whereby I might see him the next day.

" ' " I was still cudgelling my brains the following evening, when he entered the company with one of my father's friends. It is easy to you to judge the effect of such an agreeable surprise. He who presented the gentleman to me, explained that he brought me an excellent dancing-master, & one who could teach me, in a very short time, the *contre-danse*[1] of England, which my father was anxious I should learn. My Father entered at that moment, and what had passed was repeated to him. He expressed a desire to see me take my first lesson, & the Englishman gave it, in a manner

[1] The ancestor of the round dance.

so easy & so natural, that all the world might well have been deceived. In dancing, he implored me to listen to the explanation of his metamorphosis & pointed out that it was caused through his heart being so susceptible & tender. He said further that if it were his misfortune that I did not feel any inclination for him it was his entreaty that I would declare it candidly. In such case he would try to cure himself of a passion which, as it was in its initial stage so strong, he had reason to fear, he might not be able to master later on.

" ' " I told him he caused me great embarrassment by so precipitate an assault, & that the presence of my father prevented my being able to give a proper reply; but that if he cared to come the next day I would be pleased to see him.

" ' " My Father expressed himself very content with the capacity of my master, who on his part did not fail to return the following evening, upon which occasion he had greater liberty in speaking to me. ' What will be my fate ? ' he asked when we met, ' will you suffer me to love you Madam, & will you be sufficiently kind as not to hate me——'

" ' " My Father entered at this moment & his presence prevented me from replying as I should have wished all I could do was to say very low ;—

" ' " ' *Love on, & you may please.*'

" ' " My Father did not remain a very long time with us, & as soon as he had departed my lord exclaimed :

" ' " ' Ha ! Madam, how happy I shall be if loving you suffices to please you.'

" ' " ' When one has your worth, it is sufficient to love to please,' I replied blushing.

" ' " But," continued Camille, " I will not stop to detail our conversation ; contenting myself with telling you that I have never passed a time so sweet or so

enjoyable as that when I daily saw this amiable stranger. We earnestly occupied ourselves in trying to find the means to make my Father agree to our Marriage. The Duke of Tuscany promised my lord all his influence, & the day was arranged upon which the demand was to be made, when a Friend of my Father's, a harsh & sour man, discovering that my lord had got into our House under the guise, by passing himself off as a dancing master, considered it an injury only to be repaired at the sacrifice of the Milord's life. This friend went to my Father, and disclosing the amorous secret to him, represented possible issues so powerfully that my father's rage knew no bounds. He persuaded himself that my Lover had already induced me to sacrifice my honour to his passion, & as soon as he had heard the complete story he resolved to immolate him to his hatred. It happened, however, that when my Father & his Friend arranged a means whereby my lord might be stabbed without noise they selected a reckless gentleman who was in my Father's service, & in whom he had extreme confidence. Fortunately, I had apprised this Gentleman of what had passed between my lord & myself, & as he looked with more lenient eyes than my Father did upon our intrigue he hurried to warn me of the peril menacing my Lover: that they had sworn to ruin him, & that if he did not hasten to leave he would not answer for his life.

"'"'But,' said I, 'when my Father is informed of his merit & of his birth surely his resentment will be calmed?'

"'"'No Madam,' he replied, 'you must not flatter yourself, I have already tried this. I endeavoured to make my lord appear desirable to him by the friendship that Grand Duke hath for him. But he took fresh offence. "What," he cried, "It is obvious

that this man of quality & importance has attached himself to me simply to dishonour me. Under a shameful disguise he takes the liberty to see my daughter. The traitor shall die or I will die myself."'

"'"I judged well," continued Camille, "from the discourse of this Gentleman that I must make up my mind to persuade the stranger to absent himself if I did not wish him to run a thousand risks. Please imagine what a cruel task this was for me,—to labour for the departure of the person who of all the world was most dear to me. Nevertheless I could face any trouble more willingly than the possibility of his danger, &, that not a moment might be lost in apprising him, I conjured this same Gentleman who was chartered to destroy him, to assist me to save him. My entreaties were so urgent, that after much difficulty he agreed to take him a Letter from me. Here it is:

Although I know that in losing you I lose all my peace & the only good thing in my life, I am compelled to implore you to go away. My Father is so incensed against you that I cannot face, without dread, the consequences that may result from his anger. He is persuaded, not only that I love you, but that I have given you tokens unworthy of his race, & of my honour. To my shame I tell you on my part that in this country they employ poison; they assassinate;—all apparently is permitted to avenge honour. How can you always guard against secret enemies? You will never be able to avoid them—opposed as they are to the broader understanding of your own land, & even if you were so fortunate as to escape, to what pain should I not be ever subject? What could you do to assuage it? If my Father's fury menaced only *my* life you would see in me a courage that would perhaps surprise you; but, alas! it is you who are more concerned than I, & I confess without a blush, that I have in this connection, all the weakness of my sex—all the weakness of a lover. Go, I beg of you, in the name of all you have so tenderly sworn to me, in the name of my honour, in the name of yourself. Ah!

what am I saying ? How cruelly dear will this command cost me ! But would you wish me to give it without pain ? & would you not be trifling with my heart were you to obstinately desire to remain in this place where you have such dangerous enemies ? Do not add this cruel circumstance to those which already have made me one of the most miserable people in the world. Remember, I love you to such a degree, that to save you from the smallest chance of danger I would happily die. Remember also, that he who persecutes us is my Father, & that you could not go against him in any way without my suffering in the reaction, & that your departure, whilst perhaps killing me, is yet the only grace that I can ask of you. And I do ask it, as a a proof of your obedience, which will preserve to you eternally the possession of my heart.

Oh, God ! I have no more strength ! Grief overwhelms me. Go. Pity me. Love me.

" " " My tears effaced nearly all the characters of the Letter.

" " " I gave it to the Gentleman of whom I have spoken, & he delivered it to my lord, confirming all, as I had desired. The latter remained a long time in the most painful irresolution, but at last he made up his mind, & wrote me these words.

I am going to leave, Madam. It suffices that for the preservation of my life you have ordered it ; but the command will not prolong it ; Absence from you will serve in lieu of the stiletto or poison that your Father's unmerited vengeance prepares for me. I shall undoubtedly die, Madam, but at least remember that it will be through obeying you.

" " " The perusal of this Note overwhelmed me with such dire affliction that I do not know how it was that my mind did not give way.

" " " He departed as I had desired. A thousand times I repented having given the mandate, but when I recalled the dangers he would have run I could not wish things different.

" " " My Father never doubted but that this hurried departure was on account of some warning. He wished

to spare me the degrading results of the reprimands he considered he should in duty bound have administered to me on what had passed, but he resolved to marry me speedily, & deliver himself in the future from the uneasiness which accompany the responsibility of a young person. As yet he has found no one of whom I approve.

" ' " I began, assisted by my good sense, & his absence, to forget the Englishman, though at times I still found myself so weak with regard to him, & so tender that, fighting my inclinations I took care to avoid anything that might give me news of him. Then *you* arrived, & I avow that despite your worth, I should never have had any especial disposition in your favour, were it not for the extreme likeness you bear to my Lover. The first moment I saw you I thought it was he ! The same features, the same tone of voice, my heart alike surprised and fluttered allowed itself to be seduced into a desire to love you. But let us guard against giving too much rein to our tenderness ; spies are all about me ; I am miserable ; & you see how I was formerly obliged to break with one I loved so much. Alas ! What have I not now to fear in regard to you ! "

" ' She ceased speaking, & Panfilia, touched alike by her beauty & sincerity, & feeling could no longer abuse her credulity told her of her own sex asking at the same time a thousand forgivenesses for the deception that she had made.

" ' Camille was secretly much annoyed ; but not wishing to betray this, she thanked her for enlightening her as to an error that in its consequences might have cost her dear, & shortly after the Princesses Bougeuse & Sonnino, having remained all the time they intended in Lucca, returned to Rome accompanied by Panfilia.' "

End of the Novel.

CHAPTER XXXI

"I LOOKED so sad at the conclusion of this recital," continued the Duke of Buckingham, "that my Lord Argyle was surprised."

"'What ails you?' he demanded. 'You say nothing in praise of this Romance; do you not find it to your taste? Or do you require still another effort of the Dona Maria to confirm you in the intention you have of loving her?'

"'It would be difficult,' I said at last, 'not to be content with what I have just read. But do you not see,—as *I* do,—that it is her own History? She has been satisfied to change the names, & lay the scenes in another country——'

"'I do not see it at all,' interrupted he, 'similar events happen every day; one can experience them, or write them oneself.'

"'No, no!' I cried, 'she particularises far too much; these experiences can be none other than her own. 'Tis she who is Camille. *Bon Dieu* what a letter was that which she wrote to the Englishman to oblige him to leave. What delicacy! What passion! Doubtless she loves him still, & this embarrasses her Father to such a degree that he could not find a better method of curing her than to send her away. This is the reason of the journey that has brought her to our Court; she comes with a heart full of tenderness. What a glorious opportunity for me to attempt to destroy a rival so highly esteemed, & to win a maiden whose heart is so enslaved!'

"'I am surprised you are so alarmed,' said my lord. 'You imagine monsters only to combat them, & I so little recognise you upon this occasion that I require my eyes to confirm that it is you who speak.'

"'And I avow to you,' I returned, 'that I begin to feel ashamed of my weaknesses. But what can I say for my justification? I already find myself intensely moved, & you know what one does feel in the first moments. . . . Let us go to London!' I cried. 'Dona Maria, by her wit, & the doubts & uneasinesses which she inspires in me, only places me in a better condition to conquer my passion for My Lady Norwich. Let us go, that I may flout the charms of that *inconstante* by doing homage at the feet of the Portuguese.'

"My lord highly approved of my design; he was beginning to find Clievedon very dull, & was charmed to have an opportunity of returning to Whitehall without being so rude as to leave me alone.

"The whole of the journey I spoke only of the amiable Mendosa; more than once I read her Romance; which reading only served to confirm me in the opinion that she loved some one. It is true, that, notwithstanding my pain, I found some consolation in the reflection that it must be a long time since she had seen her lover. I flattered myself that his memory might be still sufficiently strong to steel her heart against the Duke of Monmouth, but that *my* attentions would cause her to prefer me to the absent one,—even to the young Duke.

"In this confusion of thought I arrived in London. After having saluted the King, who received me with his usual goodness, but who repeatedly rallied me about my sojourn in the country, (of which he was better informed than I knew,) I passed into the

State apartments of the Queen, where she holds her Circle.

"The first object that struck my eyes was My Lady Norwich more beautiful than I had ever seen her, & next I beheld the Portuguese. She was lean & brown, but her features were sufficiently regular; she had beautiful teeth, & eyes capable of disarming the hearts of the wildest. She looked at me with interest as a man she had never seen before, & as I observed that she said something to My Lady Hyde, whose eyes at that moment sought me, I did not doubt but that Dona Maria had asked my name. Her interest delighted me and I approached her without hesitation. 'Do not ask my name, save of myself, Madam,' I said, 'I am returned expressly to tell you it.'

"She blushed. Surprised at so marked a compliment.

"'Who informed you I was speaking of you, Monsieur?' she demanded. 'Your instinct must be wonderful, for I had hardly opened my mouth before you already knew what I was saying.'

"Lady Hyde joined in our conversation, & as I desired to make a good impression I adopted a vivacity of wit, & a gay sprightly air such as did not displease Dona Maria.

"Whilst I thus conversed with her My Lady Norwich was very attentive to what was passing, while the Duke of Monmouth, who had also interests at stake (had he not told me so but a few days before?) fell into a fury equalling that of the former at seeing between Mendosa & myself such freedom established that we might have known each other for years. The respect due to the Queen prevented us from speaking together as long as I could have desired, & it was impossible during the rest of the evening to rejoin

her. As soon as I had retired to my apartment Her Grace My Wife, who had noticed me speaking with the Portuguese, came & asked if I had not been charmed with her wit. Affecting an air of indifference I replied that I did not find anything very marvellous in her; that though she had plenty of fire it was not likely such vivacity would accompany profound judgment, & I thought but little of a head without brains.

"'She has made a great sensation,' cried my wife, '& as the Queen thinks so much of her, there are many ladies of the Court who have given banquets in her honour; I, in turn, have, with the Duchess of Richmond, Lady Hyde, & My Lady Feismouth, made up a party, & she is to be entertained at Sion Hill.'[1]

"'What!' I cried, 'you are only taking women?'

"'Yes,' she replied, 'My Lord of Saint Albans & the Duke of Monmouth were dying to go with us, but the Queen, who realises their passion for Dona Maria, would not perhaps approve, and far from winning her good graces by the expedition I should merely get myself into trouble.'

"I praised her prudence, but I said I was sure the Queen would not be displeased if I made one of the party; that in such a case I would take My Lord Argyle, My Lord Oxford, & George Porter, whose humour had something so cheering that I was certain all the ladies would be delighted to have him.

"'Do you think,' cried she, 'he would be gay in a place where he would see our sister of Richmond, knowing, as you do, the attachment he hath for her, & the tricks she hath served him? Is it not certain that he would be most melancholy?'

"I burst out laughing. 'Truly,' I said, 'he does

[1] We have been unable to find any trace of Buckingham residing at Sion Hill.

not take things so strongly to heart as you imagine; he laughs at everything.'

"'Ah! so you like to make him appear,' cried she. 'You do not know what he told me only two days ago.'

"'What did he say to you?' I asked.

"'All that an honourable man in despair might say.'

"'What, you have fallen into that trap?' continued I.

"'Anybody would have fallen as I did,' said she, '& no doubt he is in the right when he complains of your sister——'"

"Suffer me to interrupt you, my lord," said My Lord Arran, "to ask you what was the subject of the Quarrel between the Duchess & Mr. Porter."

"You are probably the only member of the Court who is ignorant of it," observed My Lord Saint Albans, "but that is not astonishing; for usually one knows less about those near to one than others. While My Lord Duke recovers his breath a little I will recount the story to you."

CHAPTER XXXII

"THE Duchess of Richmond was less than eleven years old when she was married to My Lord Herbert, son of the Earl of Pembroke, but he died so soon that she was still a child when she appeared at Court in her widow's weeds. As her features were not fully formed we were not to know by her appearance then that she was going to be one of the most beautiful women in England.

"It happened one day, that, in order to pick fruit, she had climbed a tree[1] in the King's little garden, where no one had a right to enter. She was attired in a long black dress & a black veil that entirely covered her. From a distance his Majesty[2] perceived her, & could not imagine what sort of a bird it was, for her veil, stretched over the branches of the tree, resembled large wings. Knowing how well he shot the Prince called to George Porter,[3] telling him to go

[1] In the Home Park at Hampton Court an enormous oak is still in a hale and green old age where the tradition of the neighbourhood asserts the young children of Charles I. used to play climbing and sporting among its huge boughs; they had an arbour seat on the crown of the trunk and a ladder to climb up to it. There are still enormous iron staples and nails are clenched in the venerable tree. Strickland's *Queens*, vol. v, pp. 281–82.

[2] Then the Prince of Wales.

[3] George Porter, eldest son by Olivia Botlier of Endymion Porter (1587–1649); a follower of the first Duke of Buckingham, b. 1622. He served under Ormonde, and Prince Rupert; and subsequently under the Duke of Newcastle. In 1645 he ratted to the Roundheads.

& kill the big bird that he saw in the tree. Porter was one of the youngest of the courtiers & stood very high in the King's[1] favour ; he was distinguished alike by his charming joyous humour, his regularity of feature, and his address, which was above all the others, saving the Duke of Buckingham's. George Porter looked some time in the direction in which his Royal Highness pointed, & deciding that the bird was too far off for a ball to reach it, told him that he would fetch a fusil & speedily bring him this flutterer.

"But when he approached the tree & recognised the little Countess of Pembroke,[2] he had a difficulty in hiding his amusement. At first she stared at him, & then with childish laughter commenced to pelt him with fruit. He looked at her with a far closer attention than even before ; her fearlessness, the freshness of her skin, & the sweetness of her eyes alike charmed him, & when he recalled the object for which he had come he could not forgive himself. He looked at her, he looked at the fusil, & his manner joined to his silence made her feel very uncomfortable.

"'What is it, Porter ?' she asked, 'you do not speak, & appear to be confused.'

"'Ha ! Madam,' he replied, 'if you knew what brought me here you would easily comprehend that I have reason to be bewildered. The Prince of Wales has just seen you, but he takes you for a bird, & I have come, Madam,—can you credit what for ?'

"'How,' she cried, 'To kill me ?'

He was : "extremely quarrelsome, although his courage was not always above suspicion." Notwithstanding that the Royalist party in general mistrusted him, he was made gentleman of the Privy Chamber to the Queen. He married Diana, daughter of George Goring, first Earl of Norwich ; he died 1683. Chiefly from the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

[1] King Charles I.

[2] *Sic*. She was Lady Herbert.

"'Aye,' he answered, 'to kill you; & I promised his Royal Highness to take him back some of your feathers.'

"'You must keep your word,' she said, 'and we will play the merriest game on him. That he may be the better deceived I will conceal myself in a basket with a cover; this can be carried to him.' She sent for one immediately; one of her Gentlemen took one side, Mr. Porter the other. During their transit this last said a thousand pretty things to the little lady, who replied nothing but what was full of wit & vivacity, & to Porter the journey appeared all too short.

"When they arrived he presented the Prince with the basket, saying that it had been his good fortune to take the butterfly alive, & that he would sooner have died than have killed it,—it was so beautiful. The Prince, impatient to behold it, promptly raised the lid, & he had the agreeable surprise of the young lady flinging her arms round his neck.

"It was not astonishing that she should embrace the Prince with such familiarity; every one knows that they were brought up together, & that he regarded her as a sister. After that day she was never called anything else but the *Papillon*, and there are Courts in Europe where she is better known under this cognomen than her own name.

"Porter was so struck with her budding charms that he could not live without sight of her, but he dared not, as she was so much above him,—particularly so after her marriage to the Duke of Richmond, which gave her the rank of a Princess of the Blood,—give vent to his passion. Although he was the most agreeable of the young men of the Court he gave up all hope of pleasing her. Thinking that he might, by another amour, efface from his heart the one that

reigned there with such sovereignty, he cast his eyes on an actress named Mistress Long,[1] whom he took with him into the country, hoping that absence, & whatever happiness he might know through his love passages with this girl would effect his cure. The Blessed Martyr not knowing of Porter's sentiments in regard to the Duchess, was at times very angry for his negligence in attending the Court, but Porter bearing in silence anything that was said thereupon did not mend his ways. The troubles which took place about this time in England suspended his passion for a while. The Duchess of Richmond, again a widow, proceeded to France to take up her duties as Lady in Waiting to the Queen Mother.[2] She learned by the example of this great Princess, as well as by her own experiences, that the fortunes of the most exalted & those that appear the most fixed are subject to the greatest changes. The Duchess, who had developed a beauty so perfect, & a dignity so imposing, as to seem but little short of a queen herself, was now so reduced as to be nearly deprived of necessaries. I have heard it said she passed nearly all the Summer without

[1] Mrs. Jane Long was of Killigrew's Company in 1665, but subsequently ceded to the rival entertainment, and we find her lodged, with other players at the Duke's, "for safety," in the house of the latter's manager, Sir William Davenant, who was also the Poet Laureate. Dr. Doran, *Their Majesties' Servants*, vol. i, p. 61.

"Mrs. Long the Mistress of the Duke of Richmond celebrated for the elegance of her appearance in men's clothes." Cunningham's *Story of Nell Gwyn*, p. 16.

It would be interesting to know if the Duke of Richmond referred to was the husband of George Porter's Duchess or the sixth Duke, who married Frances Stewart. The portrait of Mrs. Long, here reproduced (engraved 1669) shows her to have been, in the 'sixties, a woman of early middle age. Her name disappears from the play bills after 1671.

[2] Her Majesty Queen Henrietta Maria, b. November 25, 1609; m. May 11, 1626; d. September 10, 1669; lived, as is well known, in exile, either at the Louvre, or at St. Germain's, during the greater part of 'the trouble' in England.

gloves, not being able to make up her mind to don old ones, nor having the wherewithal to purchase new. But leaving moral reflections, I may say that she was not so haughty in Paris as she had been in London, and anxious for some distraction from the overwhelming miseries of the times she was inclined to listen favourably to the vows of Mr. Howard,[1] who as you know, is an honourable gentleman, handsome, & most gallant. Like many others, he had left England & had become passionately enamoured of the Duchess. At first she suffered this with indifference, but this indifference after a while relaxed, gradually changing into a serious interest. It is true that they were so cautious that no one guessed their sentiments until the return of the Duchess to London,[2] but her jealousy of My Lady Shrewsbury, whom Mr. Howard had loved before his departure from England, & whom he promptly went to see on his return, caused her to break out in such a way as to destroy in one moment all the measures she had carefully taken to guard her secret. Upon observing this indignation, Mr. Howard told her that she had it in her power to assure herself for ever of his heart; & if she would but consent to espouse him he would be true to her till death, and she would find in him all the devotion, tenderness, & gratitude she could possibly desire. Her Grace of Richmond hesitated over such a vital step, but considering that in England a duchess loses neither her name nor her rank upon marrying a person of an inferior station, she decided that, having twice been married by the will of the Court, she would, this

[1] 'Northern Tom Howard,' brother of the Earl of Carlisle, b. ?, d. 1678, buried in Westminster Abbey.

[2] Presumably in 1662, when the Queen Mother returned to settle in England. The latter went to France again at the end of three years where she died in 1668.

JANE LONG

From a mezzotint by Thomson after Lely

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third time, dispose of her hand in favour of the gallant man she loved. Thereupon she solemnly plighted herself to him, provided he would consent for a time to keep the marriage secret. He found too many advantages in this alliance to forego it on account of so small a stipulation; he agreed to everything she required and more, & his one trouble was to find a suitable house where, without noise or display, the Marriage might be celebrated.

"Mr. Porter had in the meanwhile married, & although his wife was beautiful & of distinguished birth, they were separated. He still continued in the Country with his actress, & still strove to forget the beauty of the Duchess of Richmond. Her prolonged absence had brought him a certain resignation; he had persuaded himself of the impossibility of winning the good graces of a lady who apparently cared more for herself than for anyone else;—(it was some consolation to think that none of those who had loved her had experienced a more favourable fate than he had).

"Such was the situation in which he was, when one night, after he had retired, he was told that Mr. Howard asked to see him on an important matter. The friendship which united them did not permit that he should be kept waiting a moment. Mr. Porter ran down, & they embraced as people do who have not met for a couple of years; then Mr. Howard explained that at a most important crisis of his life he had not been able to think of anyone more suitable as a depository of his good fortune. The following day he hoped to espouse the greatest as well as the most delightful woman in England, but it was her desire that the Marriage should be secret, & he was there to beg the loan of his friend's house. Porter received these confidences with the warmest goodwill, he embraced Mr. Howard repeatedly, saying that all

he possessed was his without reserve, that he could dispose of it as he pleased, & that he so fully sympathised with the desire for secrecy, that if Mr. Howard did not wish to reveal the lady's name, he would not even ask it. Howard replied, that if he alone were concerned, he would not wish to keep a single thing from Porter, but that his Mistress had so peremptorily forbidden him to make anything known, that he could not refuse to obey her.

" 'By all means obey her,' said Porter. 'I swear to you that in company with Mistress Long I will keep my apartment,—which is most retired. You will be quite free to enjoy the pleasures of Hymen without importunity.' Thereupon Mr. Howard took a hurried leave of him, &, returning to the Duchess related to her the steps he had taken.

" 'I am delighted that you have chosen Porter,' she said, 'as for a long time he has displayed the greatest esteem for me. I do not think that there is any reason why our marriage should be kept hidden from him; I would sooner he should know than anyone at Court; you may tell him all.'

" The day fixed for the marriage arrived at last, & the Duchess & her lover left London as secretly as possible. They arrived at their friend's, but he did not appear having shut himself up in his chamber, and when Howard asked for him the servants said that he was away, and would they give their orders as if the house were their own. Preparations were being made for the ceremony when one of the rooms caught fire, the flames gaining the one in which the Duchess was. Much alarmed and frightened she hurriedly sought escape by a secondary stair. On reaching the top she saw a door open;—and entered. It was Porter's Closet! He was occupied in going through a casket of papers, & had just found the Miniature

Portrait of the Duchess herself in all her grandeur, dressed as a man,—as you see her in so many places at Whitehall ;—& never was a figure more majestic nor a leg so fine as hers. At this sight Porter broke off his search to admire the picture, he felt an aching in his heart caused by the deep wounds that the Duchess had formerly inflicted. Once more he sighed for her, & then, hearing a noise he turned his head to perceive the Duchess herself alive and in the flesh standing on the threshold only a few feet away.

CHAPTER XXXIII

"NEVER was there a more agreeable surprise than his as he hastened to meet her. Saluting her with profound respect, he asked her by what good fortune he saw her then.

"'By a preference,' she replied, 'that I have given you over all my friends. I have come here with Mr. Howard for the affair about which he spoke.'

"'That means,' said Porter, 'that you have had a sufficiently good opinion of me to rely on my discretion with respect to the lady he is about to espouse; & you, Madam, are going to augment by your presence the pleasures of this feast?'

"'How now,' cried the Duchess with a burst of laughter, 'is it possible that a man, as clever as you are, can be still in the dark, & have you *yet* to divine that it is my *own* secret that I have placed in your hands?'

"Porter stared at her a long time without saying anything when he heard these words, & then, as if suddenly bereft of all his powers, he fell into a chair in such a state of collapse that it seemed as if he were about to die.

"The Duchess much amazed at this sudden illness was full of concern, & was just going to call for help when he feebly prayed her to accord him a moment's audience. She placed herself opposite to him, and he looked at her again for some moments, without

being able to find the words he wanted to illustrate the intensity of his passion. Her Grace attributed his silence to his faintness, because she knew he was very clever, & that he had such an excellent address that it was almost impossible that anything should embarrass him; but when one loves, respect and fear are inseparables; they know how to transform the most debonnaire into the most boorish.

"It was anger that eventually spurred this Cavalier to action.

"'Is it possible, Madam,' he demanded, 'that you have chosen *my* house to get married in? that my closest friend has been happy enough to please you? What! Am I to be the Minister of your common satisfaction? While, condemned to eternal silence, I shall without hope continue to adore you? Yes, Madam, yes, I shall adore you. I have done so ever since that fatal day when the King sent me with a firelock to find you in the little Garden at Whitehall. Your eyes lanced me with their thrusts, & instead of wounding you, as I was ordered, I returned in your train with a heart pierced by a thousand darts. But you were a child at the time, later you were a Princess; & your heart was so light & volatile,—what opportunity had I to speak to you of a devotion which had become so serious to me, & had, even then, caused me such intense suffering? Your beauty increased; I rendered you a thousand secret homages, & wafted you a thousand sighs that I dared not let you hear. Your rank as Princess of the Blood intimidated me. "What would happen," I thought, "were the Duke of Richmond or the King to discover my passion? They would forbid the Duchess to allow her eyes to rest on me. How should I bear it if *she* regarded me with indignation, if *she* punished my temerity by her hatred?" In this cruel condition I languished,

until I thought that separation was the only remedy for my trouble. I married, & left for the Country with my wife, but my lack of inclination for her rendered me impatient of all her wishes, and after we had lived long enough together to render ourselves mutually miserable, we separated. To give me some entertainment I attached myself to Mistress Long,—she is sweet and amenable. I determined I would not see you any more, Madam. I never spoke of you & if I was not altogether cured I certainly was less ill. Your widowhood, your sojourn in France, the many misfortunes and upsets that have happened in this Country,—all these I say, occupied me. Alas! What have you come for? Your presence reopens all my wounds & in addition informs me that your heart is sensible of simple worth; that to please you it is not necessary to be a Duke of Lenox or of Richmond; & that if I had but put in practice all the artifice Love teaches;—if I had been more aspiring since the time I have been yours, & had discovered my sentiments to you, perhaps through gratitude, charity, or even through caprice, you might have sacrificed yourself for me. You are doing it for this other, & he, to tell the truth, though he may be of greater worth, surpasses me neither in means or birth, & is utterly beneath me in his capacity to love. This, Madam, *this* is the cause of the despair in which you see me; *this* is what has ruined my life——'

"'That will do, Porter, that will do,' said the Duchess with such an air of hauteur as might well have annihilated him on the spot. 'I blame myself for having listened so long, but the novelty of the thing surprised me to such a degree as to account for my silence. I will leave you, & I forbid you even to speak to me again.' In saying these words she cast him a disdainful glance & walked out of the

Closet, abandoning him to the cruellest misery that he had yet known.

" Mr. Howard had no sooner seen the fire than all his care was to join the Duchess, in order to reassure her about any fear she might entertain. He ran to her Chamber, but did not find her ; he called her but without success. He thought she might be downstairs.

" He had searched for her almost everywhere when he caught sight of her in the courtyard, & as he advanced towards her he saw by her appearance that she was in a great state of agitation, but he attributed it to apprehension aroused by the fire.

" ' I desire to leave here and return to London immediately,' she said.

" ' What, Madam,' he cried, ' leave without making me happy—you will not complete what you resolved in my favour ? '

" ' I will complete it,' she replied, ' but it will never be in this house ;—I regard the fire as a bad omen.'

" ' But Madam,' said Mr. Howard who was utterly unsuspicious ' Fire is a sign of rejoicing ; a battle is never gained, a town is never taken, nothing of importance happens but that an illumination is commanded ! Chance has done what I should perhaps have ordered myself had I thought of it.'

" The Duchess would not pay any attention to this reasoning. They must, she insisted, leave at once & make fresh arrangements for getting married.

" Whilst she was taking her departure Porter suddenly recovered from the extreme abasement into which his misery had flung him, his mood changing to the greatest fury of which a man is capable. No longer did he regard Mr. Howard as his oldest & most intimate friend ; rather did he look on him as a rival, as a despoiler of treasure to which he considered he

had a right to pretend. In his first anger he could think of no better means of avenging himself & punishing the Duchess for the scorn she had just shown him, than before her eyes to cut the throat of the man she loved. He started up quickly to go in search of them ; but then he remembered that this violent proceeding would be condemned by all the world, for the rules of common decency forbade that he should attack his guest. This notion of honour did not appease his anger, & was swept aside upon his remembering that the marriage would proceed. Jealousy took complete hold of him, & he rushed from the Closet to go and pierce by a thousand thrusts of his poniard, the man for whom at all other times he would have given his life.

" Strange are the effects of love. Love gains an empire over the soul, so absolute, that one finds no weapons that may be opposed to it, & the greatest Hero becomes as feeble as the most insignificant of men.

" As Porter hurried forth his Mistress met him ; she came to give an account of the departure of the Duchess & Mr. Howard !

" After the first revulsion Porter could not help feeling some satisfaction when he remembered the extremities he had resolved to adopt, and when he had called all his reason and all his strength to his aid he firmly made up his mind not to go near the Court until he was quite cured."

CHAPTER XXXIV

"THIS voluntary exile which Porter inflicted on himself had already lasted some years when he was obliged to go to London, having heard that his daughter Olive, whom they were bringing up for him, & who was a beauty, had inspired a great passion in the heart of the Earl of Cavendish,[1] who, to his worth and cleverness, joined lineage and great worldly possessions such as to render him the most redoubtable man of the court in an intrigue of this kind. It was he who had so cruel an adventure in Paris in 1667. The officers of the Guards having met him at the play had the cowardice to attack him, & they had such a great advantage that, although he defended himself like a lion they pierced him with many thrusts & left him for dead.[2]

[1] He was not known as 'Earl' till a much later date, as that was the highest dignity of his father who died in 1684. William, fourth Lord Cavendish, fourth Earl and first Duke of Devonshire, b. 1640, m. October 26, 1662, Mary, second daughter of the Duke of Ormonde, and so a sister of Arran. He was created Duke of Devonshire May 12, 1694, and died August 18, 1707.

[2] As usual our authoress is a little uncertain in her dates. In 1669 he (Cavendish) went with a Mr. Montague upon an embassy to France, and was there engaged in an affair which attracted attention throughout Europe. Being on the stage at the opera he was insulted by three French officers in the King's Guard; one he struck, whereupon they drew, and he throwing himself against the side scenes stood on his guard but would have been overborne had not a Swiss of Mr. Montague taken him round the waist and thrown him over into the pit for safety. His assailants were arrested, but were liberated on his intercession." *Dictionary of National Biography*, vol. ix, p. 370.

The King[1] determined to make a severe example of these officers but My Lord Cavendish, more alarmed at the peril which his enemies ran, than the danger he had personally experienced, caused himself to be carried to Saint Germains, & there asked his Majesty's pardon for them with such a display of genuine concern that he obtained it.

" Olive[2] loved him as she loved her life, & he loved her as he loved his own. Still, Mr. Porter, outraged by a passion that involved so deeply his own honour & that of his daughter, could not but resolve to break up the *liaison*.

" Without telling her what he meditated, he went up to London, resolved to carry her away, but when he went for a promenade with one of his friends in Hyde Park, the first thing he beheld was Olive in her lover's carriage.

" This encounter excited all his wrath, & he could no longer defer the effects of his vengeance. Sword in hand, he flung himself out of his carriage, & ran to that in which she was ; it was his intention to kill her without mercy ; but the coachman, alarmed, whipped his horses to a gallop, & this preserved her from a certain death.

" The Earl of Devonshire[3] having learned of this, had fears that the results of a resentment at once so legitimate & so violent might recoil on the head of My Lord Cavendish. He went in search of Olive, who was still terrified at her father's fury. He promised her a handsome pension if she would break off all relations with his son. He brought home to her

[1] Louis XIV., b. 1638, d. 1713.

[2] We have been unable to obtain any particulars of this lady. In the English version she is called Olympia.

[3] William, third Earl of Devonshire, b. 1617, m. April 10, 1608, Christian, daughter of first Lord Bruce of Kinloss ; she died June 16, 1664 ; he died 1684.

the danger that they both ran if they continued to meet, until finally she made up her mind, & left secretly for France.

" Ever afterwards he fulfilled his promise & took care of her.

" I will not stop to relate to you the grief of My Lord Cavendish ;—he was an amiable lover ; but his tears at the loss of a Mistress were soon dried by her successor, who did not become less dear to him.

" With regard to Porter, he went home to Dr. Fraizer, with whom he always lived when he came to London. This able Physician had for some time attended the Duchess of Richmond.

" That night Mr. Howard was taken with an apoplexy, which reduced his wife and all his house to despair. After she had sent about 20 valets in search of aid the Duchess grew so impatient, & was so upset, that she seized a torch in her hand, &, not pausing to reflect what people would think, at seeing anyone like herself in the streets, with nothing on save a nightgown and slippers, (—not even stockings)—she hurried off to the Doctor's House.

" Those of her people who had preceded her had already arrived, & the door was unbarred ; therefore the Duchess entered without knocking, and in the trouble she was she opened the first Room in which she found a key.

" At the noise she made, Porter, who was in bed, opened his curtains, & never was a man more surprised than he when the Duchess, nearly naked, entered at such an extraordinary hour & at a time when she must be thinking so little of him.

" He wondered, a thousand times, if she were dead and if she came to make some last request.

" ' If souls when they are separated from their bodies have a perfect knowledge of all that happens,'

he thought, 'this one hath discovered at the bottom of my heart the ineffaceable marks she hath engraved there. She chooses me amongst those who have loved her as the one who loved her the most.' But apart from the fact that his faith in ghosts was not very strong, he found it difficult to credit that the Duchess could look so beautiful after death; the vivacity of her eyes, the colour of her face, her blonde hair,—of which the curls escaped from under her night-cap; her majestic carriage; above all the tone of her voice, which vibrated alike on his heart & his ears when she spoke;—all these I say belonged to the living rather than the dead. He said nothing, in his wonder & confusion, as rushing forward to embrace him: 'Ha, Dr. Fraizer,' she cried, 'is it possible that you sleep while poor Mr. Howard is in extremity? Come with me, in the name of God, *come!* Do not let us lose an instant.'

"Porter, in his turn, took *her* in *his* arms. 'Ah cruel & barbarous Duchess,' he said, 'you whom fortune gives me to achieve a just vengeance over your mistakes. Do not think for one moment I intend losing this favourable occasion.'

"On recognising Porter she was at first transfixed. Then her presence of mind came to her aid.

"'What!' she said, 'you would displease me, & obtain by force, what you should expect to be yielded to your merit? Frankly your perseverance has touched me, & your respect will complete your success in captivating my heart. You see where duty calls me. My husband is dying, do not detain me any longer, and rest assured that the proof of your respect will touch me more sensibly, than if you were to put a crown on my head. But, I warn you, if you are capable of forgetting what you owe me I shall become furious, & my repeated cries will soon draw sufficient help to tear me from your grasp.'

"Porter, flattered on one side & menaced on the other, was the most irresolute of men. He feared much if he let the Duchess escape he would lose an opportunity difficult to recover; on the other hand he feared the noise & the uproar, & most of all did he dread to displease her. He assured her that, rather than anger her, rather than enjoy the bliss he might obtain in spite of her, he preferred to yield to her will.

"Profiting by this becoming disposition the Duchess immediately quitted the room, & meeting Dr. Fraizer as he was descending from his, she compelled him to hasten home with her.

"As soon as Porter had lost sight of her, he began to repent of his obedience. 'Could anything worse have happened to me?' he cried, 'she has left me, the inexorable one, & has gone to mock with all the world at my submission.'

"What he foresaw did not fail to arrive. The Duchess related her adventure to her sister-in-law the Duchess of Buckingham, she to another! Until all the Court spoke of nothing save the passion of Porter & one & all, as far as they had the ingenuity, held it up to ridicule. Porter was in despair. Having learned that the Duchess was going to Windsor with some Ladies he also proceeded thither with the resolution to reproach her for the outrage he considered he had suffered. But how great is the charm of beautiful eyes! Hardly had she turned hers on him with a kinder expression than the one she ordinarily reserved for him, than he found himself almost happy! He renounced the Country; he came to Court; & now he is more the Courtier than he ever was in the past. But still the Duchess continues to torment him without mercy. He pretends that vexation has cured him; but I think his very anger

is love & that notwithstanding all he professes to the contrary he still loves her."

"And, I," said the Duke of Buckingham, "do not think so. But in truth have you no shame in having related so long a history? I thought you would finish in four words, & you have now been speaking an hour. Although it was very well, I think you should have made it a little shorter."

"It rested with you to silence me if I fatigued you," replied My Lord Saint Albans coldly, "another time when I speak to you I shall not forget the lesson you have just taught me."

"You disconcert me," said the Duke, interrupting him, "and you take my advice too emphatically. Cannot you see I am only jesting. For your punishment," he continued, "I shall go on with my own discourse; but I declare I no longer know where I was unless you can assist me a little on my way."

"You were on the point of going with the Duchess of Buckingham, & Dona Maria de Mendosa to Sion-hill," said My Lord of Saint Albans, "& you can fix where you were from that outing."

"Quite true," said the Duke. "My wife desired me to do the honours of this Feast, so that she should be hospitable without it costing her anything; for though I allow her a pension of thirty thousand crowns for her clothing & other expenses she may incur, (a sum so considerable that they hardly give it to a Princess of the Blood) she never fails to make numerous demands on my purse."

"When one has eight hundred thousand pounds of rent, as you have," observed My Lord Saint Albans, "it cannot be better spent than in this way, & it would be ridiculous, if being, as you are, one of the greatest Lords in England, your wife were not one of the most magnificent women of the Court."

CHAPTER XXXV

"IT occurred to me," continued the Duke, "that the little expedition to Sion-hill would be more agreeable by water than by land. I had the Barges furnished with all that was lavish, the rowers were attired as Moors, or Indians, as Turks, Persians, Slaves or Savages, these different dresses being designed to amuse the Company. On either side of our barge were two painted & gilded boats one filled with shepherds & shepherdesses who sang us pastoral songs; the other with syrens and nymphs who played on the flute & oboe. Everywhere there was a profusion of flowers, & the day was so fine as to give us infinite delight.

"The young Mendosa had never seen a *Fête* that commenced better. Whilst we were on the water I spoke to her on every occasion when I could, without it appearing marked, & I noticed that in replying to me she blushed, & that she lowered her eyes every time that I looked at her, but when I appeared occupied by other things, her regard was fixed on me. On the river were many little skiffs which I had expressly ordered. They only held two passengers. The ladies wished at first to be together, but we opposed this, and eventually each Cavalier took a Lady. I managed the arrangements so skilfully that Mendosa fell to my share. As Sion-hill is about half a league up the river all I could do, in order to prolong my time with her, was to command that they should proceed very slowly,

for fear if we lingered behind the rest, of it causing comment. The other little Skiffs proceeded at the same rate, the Flutes & the Violins accompanying us. But will you be surprised when I tell you ? I was so timid, & so confounded, that I did not dare to profit by the favourable moment to speak to the beautiful Portuguese. She, on her part, was silent, because, in her Country, occasions, like this are not nearly so usual as in ours ; it is also most rare that girls get an opportunity of escaping, also she did not know how to account for a silence that my eyes had already contradicted.

" ' You are very dreamy,' she said at last with a melancholy smile. ' No doubt, my lord, you are occupied with great matters which the King has confided to your charge.'

" ' When one is beside you,' I replied, ' one ceases to care about affairs of State. I have, Madam, to do with what concerns me much more sensibly,—but I fear to displease you.'

" Mendosa did not reply. Changing her discourse she spoke of the beautiful weather, & other indifferent things.

" I was astonished that, having offered her an opening to declare my sentiments, she should be so indifferent.

" Arrived at my house, I can assure you that everything was excellently arranged. Never was there feast better planned nor one more elegant.

" Mendosa, who realised that she was the guest of honour, felt a pleasure that she could neither suppress nor hide. Afterwards I walked beside her in the wood for a long time, and the shadow & the silence gave me more courage. I began by pressing her to permit that I should dedicate myself to her service.

" ' I do not know,' said she, ' if the custom may be

established in this Country, but in mine the Ladies of the Palace are allowed declared Lovers even if these last be married, and the former are only Spinsters.[1] They do not neglect to pay them a thousand attentions, & this passes in the sight of all the Court, without slander finding anything to criticise. In case this be the mode here I voluntarily accept you for my Spark, & am delighted that a person of so much wit & such distinguished rank wishes to vow himself to me.'

" ' I must tell you, Madam,' replied I, ' that we are

[1] These convenient customs apparently prevailed also at the Court of Madrid : " The Queens of Spain have none but widows and maids about them ; the palace is so full of them, that you can see nothing else through the lattices (*sic*), and in the balconies ; and here is one thing to me seems very singular, which is, that a man, although he be married is allowed to declare himself the lover or gallant of a lady of the Palace, and for her sake to commit all the follies, & so to spend all the money he can, without being in the least blamed for it. You shall see these gallants in the court, & all the ladies in the Windows ; where it is their daily employment to discourse with, and entertain one another by the fingers : for you must know that their hands speak a language that is perfectly intelligible ; & as it might be guessed that it was always alike, and that the same signs always meant the same things, so they agree with their mistresses upon certain private signs and actions, which no one else understands. This kind of love is public ; and a man must be of a particular sort of wit & humour, dexterously to manage these intrigues and to be accepted by the ladies, for they are wonderful delicate & nice. . . . When the Queen goes abroad . . . the ladies go with her ; then the gallants who are on the watch, go on foot by their coach sides, that they may enjoy their conversation. It is really good sport to see how these poor lovers dirty themselves but the more dirty the more gallant. . . . On some solemn days every lady has the privilege to place by her sides two cavelleros, who put on their hats before their Majesties, although they are not grandees of Spain ; they are called *Embevecidos*, that is, ' Drunk with love,' & they are so transported with their passion & the pleasure of being near their Mistresses that they are incapable of minding anything else. They are permitted to be covered for the same reason madmen are, who understand not their obligation to decency & good manners." Written September 28, 1681. *The Lady's Travels into Spain* (by Madame d'Aulnoy). New edition, vol. ii, pp. 248–252 condensed.

more delicate here than you are in Portugal, & secretly confiding a passion is a pleasure that suffices. Provided our Mistress knows of our sentiments we do not desire that all the Court shall be informed of it. If you will allow me to love you I shall not trust the fact to any one save yourself. Nor will you have occasion to be dissatisfied with my conduct.'

" For sometime she mused in a silence which was only broken by a profound sigh.

" ' Ha, Madam ! ' I said at last, ' What does you silence not tell me ? What does your sigh not intimate ? Do you love in London or—do you love at Lisbon ? I have read a Romance that you confided to the Duke of Monmouth, & I saw in it things which a man less interested than I would perhaps have passed over. I realise also that your charms have found more than one Adorer at our Court. You must speak openly with me. I must know my position.'

" ' You are very importunate,' said she, ' I hardly know you, & you ask me to avow my most secret thoughts.'

" ' I am an honest man,' I replied, ' & as I feel myself capable of defending all you may tell me, I conjure you not to hesitate, but to open your heart to me.'

" ' But,' she cried, ' will it be a pleasant surprise if you find yourself already forestalled there ? '

" ' Ha, Madam ! ' said I, falling at her feet, ' do not flatter me with a possibility that can never be realised. Let me know immediately what I may hope, & what I may fear ; be sincere to a man who will never fail in gratitude & tenderness towards you.'

" ' What do you wish to know,' she asked, softening, ' something whispers to me I am going to tell you——'

" ' Tell me,' I entreated, ' up till now, has any one had the power to please you ? '

"'Aye!' she confessed.

"'And the happy mortal,' continued I, 'is he in England?'

"'No,' said she.

"'Grant then,' I went on, 'that he is the same that Camille loved at Lucca.'

"'It is true,' she owned.

"'Ha, Madam!' I cried, 'you reduce me to despair.'

"'But why?' she demanded, 'Have you not sufficient merit to destroy a lover at a distance?'

"'What is my rival's name?'

"'Don Alvare,' she answered, 'His House is illustrious, but poor, & its poverty is the cause of it being so little known. That is what irritated my father so against him, causing him to beseech the Queen of England to receive me among her Maids.'

"I thanked her tenderly for her frankness, & the hope she held out that some day my attentions might become acceptable: I assure you that I most strenuously set out to realise this end.

"My Lady Norwich could not imagine after I had loved her so dearly that I should be capable of considering a fresh passion; her capricious treatment of me appeared, in her eyes, to be merely proof of her ultra refinement; which I ought, according to her, to much admire. When she saw that I continued quiescent & met her with the completest indifference she decided that the best way to get me back would be to take a lover of whom I should be apprehensive, & she chose the Duke of Monmouth; but the care she was compelled to exercise on account of her husband compelled her to take such pains to hide this new intrigue that her object was defeated; for all occupied as I was with the young Mendosa, I really knew nothing about it. I had not been altogether successful in hiding my passion; the Court began to whisper about

it, & Lady Norwich was amongst the first to rally me. The Queen,[1] being as you know the most virtuous & severe Princess in the World, did not neglect to speak to Mendosa, to tell her of the perils she ran in seeing me & listening to me.

"'You are young & innocent,' said she, 'you have birth and accomplishments. You can rest assured as long as your conduct is as it should be that I will extend my protection to you, & that if your father wishes you established in England you may espouse a great lord. But if you are unhappy enough to love the Duke of Buckingham to what will you not be exposed? He is a married man; you will be ruined before all the world; I shall despise you; your father will hate you; and you will have as much shame as otherwise you may look for good fortune.'

"To what good purpose serve such remonstrances when a heart is occupied by a dawning passion? Mendosa told me that the Queen gave her a similar scolding upon every occasion that she showed the least interest in me, & I could sometimes have prayed that Her Majesty would plague her oftener, as such reproaches always resulted in the increase of her tenderness.

"My Lord Argyle, to whom I revealed my heart, realising how absorbed I was in Mendosa, occasionally tried to point out to me the sadness my conduct caused her Majesty; but it was too late for such reflections to have much influence over either my mind or my heart; thus it fell out that Mendosa & myself were equally censured."

[1] Queen Catherine of Bragança was born on the anniversary of the birth of her Royal Mother-in-law, November 25, 1638, m. Thursday, May 21, 1662, d. December 31, 1705.

CHAPTER XXXVI

"ONE day, when I had missed seeing her, she wrote to say she had an important matter to communicate to me. I immediately went in search of her & I remarked in her face a certain despondency.

"'I will not conceal from you a thing of vital concern to us both,' she said. 'Know my lord, that *Don Alvare is here!* I have never been more surprised or disconcerted in my life! He tells me, that having discovered that my father had sent me into England, his only thought was to follow me. To make the voyage, & equip him to appear at this Court, he has sold all his remaining property. Judg of my embarrassment. Don Alvare appears to me so different in London from what I used to think him in Lisbon, that I can hardly endure the sight of him. It is you my lord, it is you who are the cause.'

"'Ha, Madam!' I exclaimed, 'do not repent; you have not sown seed on ungrateful ground, & I hope you may never have cause to blame yourself for the preference you have accorded me over Don Alvare.'

"'He already suspects it,' she said, 'by my altered demeanour, & he appeared as troubled, as I am perplexed as to what I am to do with him. If I reject him altogether, and he discovers the cause, he is capable in his first access of wrath of informing my father; & should I continue at this Court, picture what

surveillance we shall have to evade!—As if I had not already enough!'

"I prayed her not to distress herself, & that I would think what was best to be done.

"Going into the King's audience chamber I found Don Alvare[1] who had just been presented by the Queen, although I was naturally prejudiced against him I must confess that he appeared to be admirably well made, but," he turned to My Lord Saint Albans, "As you have seen him I will not say any more about his appearance or his merit. I could also dispense with relating the course of an adventure that you know almost as well as I do were it not that I want My Lord Arran—who was in Ireland at the time,—to know.

"I approached Don Alvare; I spoke to him.[2] He explained that he had been travelling for some months, and that our Court appeared to be the most magnificent in Europe, & that he would certainly have had much to reproach himself with had he not seen it. He concluded by saying that though he had only arrived two days before he was so pleased with what he had seen that he intended staying longer than at any of the others.

"You may easily judge that my reply and my secret

[1] We have been unsuccessful in tracing Don Alvare, beyond the fact that a Portuguese nobleman of that name was witness to the Queen's will. *See Catherine of Braganca*, by Lillias Campbell Davidson, 1908, p. 491.

Miss Davidson in a courteous reply to our enquiries, was not able to throw any light on either the Don or Dona Maria, nor does the latter's name figure in the lists of her Majesty's household printed annually in Chamberlyne's *Angliæ Notitiæ*. We may add that these lists are often fragmentary, the names of the holders of the various offices being left blank.

[2] Probably in Spanish, of which language Buckingham had a fluent command. Spanish was the medium usually employed by the English and the Portuguese.

thoughts did not correspond. All the rest of the day I was considering how best to get rid of him, but Strangers are somehow sacred to me, & I could not resolve to take any proceeding to injure a man who, in spite of all, so attracted me; & his circumstances, in that he had no rights in England, added to my interest. The fact that he sold all his property to follow an unfaithful Mistress, who could not endure him, aroused my pity, & made it very difficult for me to decide to oppose him.

" Mendosa, who was very energetic, did not omit in the next conversation I had with her to ask if I had made any endeavour to aid her to escape from the entanglements in which she found herself. I said that I was doing everything, but some days must pass in order that my plan should appear natural.

" ' *Mon Dieu !* ' she said, ' how I contemn you for so little fearing the loss of my heart. You have no hatred of Don Alvare, on the contrary you have had the hardihood to praise him in my presence. What a laggard you are in a matter that should be sacred to you.'

" These reproaches profoundly stirred me. ' What,' I exclaimed, ' you accuse me of wanting in delicacy & respect for you ? Is it possible that you wish to doubt my sentiments, or that you have so little knowledge of them ? It is a fact that I trust in your fidelity towards me, but that is because of my general high opinion of you ; it appears however that what I regard as a subject for congratulation, you regard as one for a dispute. Would you desire I should be suspicious of the very man whom for my sake you sacrificed ? '

" ' Yes, I would,' she cried, " & had you been born in Portugal you would not have awaited my remonstrances ere displaying the most violent jealousy. You have too much presumption, my lord ; you assume

that one cannot weary of you. Learn that people make mistakes sometimes.'

" I was much surprised at what she said.

" ' Do you wish to break my heart, Madam ? ' I asked. ' What have I done to merit these cruel menaces ? And as the presence of Don Alvare is so odious to you, suffer me to measure my sword with his. Perhaps I shall be happy enough to deliver you from him.'

" ' God forbid ! ' she cried, ' your days are too dear to me for them to be endangered at any time. But leave it to me ; I will find a means to make him go.' She would not explain her intentions any further.

" A month passed.

" During this time she did not show any coldness to the Don, or give any indication of the cruel trick she intended to play him ; on the contrary she displayed so much friendship towards him, & he was so gay in consequence that I did begin to feel jealousy, & upon several occasions reproached Mendosa. She received this laughingly, like a person who was not angry.

" There was much talk about then at Court of a Merchantman which had arrived from the Indies laden with the richest wares. Every one went to buy. Mendosa having first informed herself of the day the ship would sail again, sent to enquire for the Captain. She made a point of having Don Alvare in her room when he came. The captain spoke French which Don Alvare did not, & consequently she was able to speak with him quite privately. She requested him to observe Don Alvare with attention. ' Here,' said she, ' is a slave whom I have bought. He has become so insolent that I can do nothing with him ; as you see, he even presumes to sit down in my presence, and make himself familiar, as though he were not a

sorry wretch that I have dragged from the irons, & could send back when I pleased. If you like I will sell him to you cheap; you will take him away with you, & do as you like with him. If, however, you take him by force, England being a free Country, there may perhaps be some tumult. I can send him to you on board, & you can keep him.'

"The Indiaman's Captain willingly agreed to all Mendosa proposed. They thereupon clinched the bargain, & it was arranged that she should hand over Don Alvare the next day.

"After this she told the Don she was going to the ship as she wished to buy some Chinese Stuffs, & other curiosities, & that she would take only him & two serving women with her. The Don was delighted.

"On the next day they set out from Whitehall, & I have heard since from one of these Portuguese that no one could have made a greater fuss than she did over her unfortunate lover.

"Large ships are never near enough to the shore for one to board them without chartering a boat, and so soon as they had taken their places in one Mendosa cried out that she was sure the motion of the water would make her ill, & appeared terribly agitated. She then prayed Don Alvare to make her purchases for her, she even endeavoured to give him the money; but although, on account of her, he desired to husband his purse, being in a strange Country, & having nothing left in his own, he loved her so dearly that he decided to profit by this opportunity & purchase her the most magnificent present he could obtain.

"Attended by her women she took up a position on a rock which rose high at the water's edge from which place she could plainly see all that passed on the Indian Merchantman.

"The instant that Don Alvare was aboard the

Captain sent back the shallop in which he had come, informing him at the same time that he had bought him from Mendosa, & that he was now his slave.

"I will leave you to imagine his surprise & rage. He protested—quite uselessly—that Mendosa had no power over him, they refused to listen, & he was in such reckless despair that he drew his sword determined to sell his life dearly. But his opponents were too many; they threw themselves upon him & he was clapped into irons like a criminal.

"With this scene, so deserving of pity, passing again & again before her eyes Mendosa, returned to London, & advised me that I was to come in search of her. I then learned from her all I have been telling you,—learned it with an astonishment so extreme that I could find no words in which to express myself.

"'What!' I thought, 'canst thou[1] Mendosa push thy aversion to such an extremity against a man who was once dear to thee, & who has committed no other crime save that of faithfully loving thee & following thee? What! canst thou barter an unhappy lover who, in order to prove his passion for thee, has parted with everything he possessed? Without the slightest reason for anger thou hast done him more evil than if he had been thy most remorseless enemy.'

My silence surprised Mendosa, & as she is observant, & the vivacity of her mind was always joined to a marvellous intuition of all my thoughts, she knew at once, & before I had time to recover my wits sufficiently to make an answer, what had pained me.

"Ha!' she cried, 'I well see that the rival is dearer than the Mistress. What I have just done should be a substantial sign of the preference I give you over

[1] Second person singular here used in contempt to show the superiority of the speaker. *See* Note, p. 56.

Don Alvare, & far from being pleased, & instead of expressing gratitude to me—*you pity him.*'

"'Ha, Madam!' I cried, 'were there no other means of getting rid of him than to banish him to the Indies? Ought you to have given such a heavy chain to the man who rejoiced in yours? How could you see him in weighty irons, so little deserved, without some compassion? What will be his fate? He has courage & lineage; these qualities alone, if for no other reason, should have hindered your design. Why, as you have confided the result to me, did you not consult me in the commencement of this affair?'

"Mendosa well knew that I highly disapproved of her bad heart; but she considered herself outraged in getting such little sympathy from me. Instead of applauding I blamed her, & with so much candour that the anger and displeasure she conceived against me made her feel as if she was about to die on that spot. There was not one hard truth she omitted to say to me, & she would have continued had not her vocal chords failed her!

"I left her quite as much dissatisfied with herself as she was with me. To her, remedies were promptly applied, whilst on my side, I sent with all haste to the East Indiaman to rescue Don Alvare. Unhappily it had already set sail & my care for his liberty was useless.

"Try as I might I could not conceal from Mendosa the pain I suffered at discovering how hardhearted she was. I could not sufficiently blame myself that I had not used every endeavour to persuade her to share her secret intention with me. For another reason, My Lady Norwich, who wished to see me once more her slave, never met me without showing me some civility, to which, up till then, I had not responded; but as my passion for the Portuguese began to diminish

I found her predecessor was insensibly retrieving her old position, & I avow that my own situation became most unenviable. Obliged on the one hand to shun a person who shamefully misdoubted me, obliged on the other to seek one who had in her own eyes done everything possible for me by sacrificing Don Alvare to the Indians, in the commencement I suffered much. For the one I had in my heart no longer the same indifference and for the other, whom I had formerly respected as I do my own name, I had no longer the same inclination. Fortunately my embarrassments were terminated by a thing which freed me from all fear.

"I have explained how Mendosa took only her women with her when she sent Don Alvare on board the Indian Vessel; they were alike surprised & concerned at his fate; but although their Mistress commanded them with the utmost sternness to mention to no one what had happened,—& they had promised,—their fidelity lasted only as long as a perfect understanding existed. This understanding came to an end, when Mendosa for some trivial matter ill-used them; & no more was wanted to make them speak.

"All the Court learned what had happened. The Queen in particular, Don Alvare being a Portuguese, was exceedingly indignant with Mendosa; & as her conduct had already displeased her on several occasions she did not wish that she should any longer enjoy the honour of being about her. So, without giving more than a few days' notice, she sent her aboard a vessel bound for Lisbon, with the intention of returning her to her Father. But Mendosa, who feared alike the steel & the poison of her own country, found a means of escaping from the ship. She returned to London under an alias, and married a man of such

obscure birth that for a long time the Court ignored her.[1]

[1] In 1666 Maria de Mendosa, "an alien born within the Kingdome of Portugall," petitioned for naturalisation, which was granted on May 18 of that year. The original document may be seen at the Record Office and the autograph is very interesting. The central stroke of the M is of peculiar and unusual length and emphasis. The sign is attributed by graphologists to a low form of ostentatious conceit approaching insanity. Dom. S.P. Car. II. Vol. CXLII, item 63, and Ent. book, 23, p. 183.

CHAPTER XXXVII

"SUCH a termination to my adventures would have caused me infinite sadness if I had not previously discovered what a bad heart Mendosa possessed; because, my lord, you know that she was infinitely amiable, & that all her ways had something mysteriously attractive against which it was difficult to defend oneself; but things being as they were I let her go with a dry eye, & my one thought was to re-enter the good graces of My Lady Norwich. The Duke of Monmouth, with whom she had established a secret understanding, wearying of an intrigue about which he was compelled to keep silent, freed himself from a thraldom that appeared to him alike weary & tedious; & she, learning of his inconstancy, was delighted to give me an occasion to justify my own.

"I confessed to her that I had in good faith loved Mendosa, but that she herself had driven me into the entanglement; because it seemed the only remedy whereby I might be cured of my passion for her. I asked if she would without prejudice, examine her summary treatment of me at Tunbridge. She admitted, that to keep a lover faithful one should adopt milder methods, but reproached me in turn, for the hastiness with which I had left her in the Wood.

"'Whether I was right or wrong,' she said, 'you might have been more pliant, & convinced me by your

submission of the passion of which you had made so many vows.'

"I asked her pardon; I cleared myself of the tale they had invented about the Comtesse de Grimbergue; —she in turn made some obliging excuses;—& our hearts were again united in such a complete understanding, that apparently there was not a single subject which we had to complain of in each other.

"So matters continued until yesterday, when, after I had done everything to prevent her husband taking her to Holland, she received me in her Chamber as coldly as if she had never known me! Perhaps she repents of having rejected the protestations of the King; perhaps those of the Duke of Monmouth appear in another light; or perhaps My Lord Russell has found out how to please her;—it is certain that I have every reason to complain, & that I shall neglect no occasion whereby I may be avenged."

The Duke ceased, & my lord regarded him attentively. "Is it possible," said he, "that you are so offended over a trifle? You may still suppose that the lady was not wrong; she may have had insurmountable reasons for her behaviour; you must not condemn her altogether without hearing her."

"Were I in a similar situation," cried My Lord Arran, "I should consider myself the happiest of men, but after what I have just seen I have not even the privilege of doubting."

"And what have you just seen?" demanded My Lord St. Albans.

"An instance of perfidy without parallel! A forsaking, alike of propriety and fidelity;—something horrible! Imagine the Duke of Monmouth, in a basket, supported by cords;—this fine equipage was descending from the window of Emilie——"

"What! The constant Emilie has played you this

shabby trick ? " interrupted the Duke of Buckingham, roaring with laughter.

" I am sufficiently miserable to have witnessed it," cried his nephew. " Judge after that if your trouble is equal to mine, & if I am not a thousand times more deserving of pity than you."

" I am sorry for your vexation," said the Duke, " but you deserve it, my Nephew. You were loved by Miledy . . . ; she well merited your attachment ; you were wanting in faith to her, and are now surprised that another is wanting in the same to you."

" Ha ! My Lord Duke," exclaimed the other impatiently, " you preach morality to me when you have never practised it yourself. I know how many Mistresses you have abandoned without just cause, even as you had loved them without reason."

" What is that you say ? " cried the Duke, " *I have abandoned many mistresses without having just cause*, & *I have loved them without reason ?* It seems to me if there was no reason to love them I had sufficient reason to leave them ! "

" You will pardon me," said my lord, " but you have repeatedly engaged your heart to persons who could not expect to make such a magnificent conquest. Still you have persuaded them of your attachment, making many protestations, until they yielded to their desire to believe you, & love you. Hardly were you certain of their hearts than you tossed them away. This proves that you loved them without cause, & abandoned them without reason. Admit likewise that you would neither have done the one nor the other if you had realised what was involved. This is what justifies me in regard to Miledy. . . I have felt an extreme tenderness for her which, despite all my efforts, insensibly waned, nor was I any longer capable of interesting myself in her affairs.

"Knowing all that was passing in my heart she became bitter & morose; hardly was one reconciliation effected than I found myself forced to sue for another; —my heart revolted against my will. Then the fatal Emilie, with her dangerous charms came, & she has placed me in the saddest plight it is possible to find oneself."

"You are so amorous & so weak," interrupted My Lord Saint Albans, "that I will wager that it is a certainty that if she only took the trouble she would speedily have you in durance with more empire over you than ever."

"No," cried the afflicted lover, crumpling up his hat & aiming it, with all his force at the table—"No, never while I live!"

The blow my lord had intended for the table, (which was covered by a cloth) descended upon a large ebony case ornamented with mirrors. This was knocked clean over & the mirrors were smashed to smithereens. My Lord Saint Albans appeared upset, but My Lord Arran was much more so, at his violence being the cause of such a disaster.

At this point the Duke of Buckingham approached, and recognised the bust in wax of My Lord Oxford, which was enclosed in the case.

"By what chance," he demanded, "have you this Likeness?"

"It came to me in a very singular manner," replied his host. "To inform you—but there, you are the enemy of episodes, and I do not think I had better trouble you."

"Do you know, my lord," interrupted the Duke, "you take things a great deal too literally, & you are very unjust to deprive your friends of the liberty of teasing you. Do you think I have such bad taste as not to be delighted to listen to you——"

"I am much flattered to believe you," said the other; "whatever reasons I have to doubt I cannot yield to them; and without making any very long reflections I will now recount a story which you only know by hearsay but which I am better acquainted with than anyone because of the close ties that bound me to My Lord Oxford, and as My Lord Arran is too young to remember anything I shall not omit any important detail."

CHAPTER XXXVIII

"EVERY one is aware that My Lord Oxford[1] is one of the most amiable and handsome men of the Court; to noble birth he joins considerable wealth, and his liberality amounts to profusion. We used to be such intimate friends that when people saw us together they called us Castor and Pollux.

"A celebrated author had written a tragedy entitled *Ibrahim*, and the players gave it remarkably well; but amongst the rest she who represented Roxaline surpassed herself to such a degree that when My Lord Oxford & I went to see the play we were simply enchanted. I noticed that his praises of this Actress, whom every one now spoke of as Roxaline, were even louder than mine.[2]

"Few equalled her either in beauty or majesty. My lord expressed himself astonished at having hitherto been indifferent to her, and from that moment made up his mind to love her.

"The King went to see this Play, and afterwards he commanded that Roxaline should present herself at Whitehall in order to recite before him the most beautiful passages of her rôle. It was My Lord Oxford who hastened to take her this command, &

[1] Aubrey de Vere, twentieth and last Earl of Oxford, a ward of King Charles I., b. 1622, d. March 1702–1703. He is buried in Westminster Abbey.

[2] *See* Appendix C.

at the same time he offered her the use of his Carriage to convey her to the palace. This she accepted. She was accompanied by one of her friends, and all four of us presented ourselves in the room in which the King was to sup. During the drive my lord had so many things to say that he hardly ceased speaking, and I avow you that I could barely restrain my amusement; for Roxaline's friend being old and stupid I preferred silence to conversing with her, & so had ample opportunity to observe this budding passion.

"Roxaline recited before the King with such charm that all were agreed she had no need to be in a theatre, nor to be dressed as a Queen to win the praises & the hearts of her audience.

"My Lord Oxford escorted her home, & asked permission to see her sometimes. She replied that she felt greatly honoured, but a girl such as she could never receive a man of his rank without it giving scandal. He assured her that whatever pleasure he might take in going often to pay her his addresses he would be very discreet, & she should have no occasion to reproach him.

"He came the next day to me, & so infatuated with Roxaline was he that he could not speak of anything else. I saw fully he was thoroughly involved in the affair, & I had heard enough of her to divine the chaste attitude in which she would hold herself in regard to him.

"'If you will be guided by me,' I said, 'you will endeavour to control your infatuation for this girl, who will lead you a pretty dance.'

"'Eh! what harm can happen to me in such an attachment?' he demanded. 'If she desires to be magnificent I will give her everything her heart can wish for; if it is her idea to leave the stage, I will make her very happy, & shall hold her in the highest esteem.'

"'I have had her described to me as a very disinterested person; it is her idea to settle down on a modest scale by marrying; and there are plenty of people whom she has persuaded a good way towards this end.'

"My lord, with a burst of laughter proposed I should accompany him to the Play, & to this I willingly agreed. He found occasion to approach Roxaline & pay court to her. Afterwards he went to see her, and the declaration of his love was accompanied by a rich present. With the air and the tone of a Queen she refused both, and assured him that had he known her better he would not have sought the way to her heart by liberalities which would not have any effect with her.

"My lord replied with much respect & politeness, though he was exceedingly disconcerted to find her so dignified as to decline his gift; a woman interested being surely a much easier quarry than one who is not.

"He came to me to give an account of what had passed.

"'You must admit,' I said, 'that I have a sufficiently good memory, & if you will take my advice you will not approach her again.'

"'It is too late,' he cried. 'I love her with far too fervent a passion to renounce all the delights I have promised myself in my eventual intimacy with her. I may find more difficulty in my way than I looked for when she first attracted me, but love & perseverance can overcome everything.'

"'You may add to that,' replied I, 'your worth, & the many fine qualities that you have. Roxaline will do you justice. I only wished to advise you for the best.'

"We separated.

"As time passed on I noticed that I saw less of

him than formerly; not that there was any coldness between us, but he was so attached to the girl that he could not leave her without pain, & as I had affairs that called me elsewhere than into her neighbourhood it happened that my lord & I rarely met.

"But one evening he called on me, & it struck me that his air and manner alike were those of a man much annoyed, which as a matter of fact he was. He told me that Roxaline treated him with an even greater obduracy than on the first day that he had seen her. But half an hour before she had declared that she would not receive him any more at her house unless he would marry her.

"'Judge,' he said, 'of the embarrassment into which she plunges me. I love her as my life; I cannot exist without seeing her, but the condition she imposes is so inexorable that sooner than agree I would die. Therefore I conjure you to advise me what to do.'

"'The situation is most unfortunate,' I observed. 'Were your honour less dear to me I would immediately decide for the marriage.'

"'You do not then decide for it?' he interrupted.

"'Assuredly *no*,' I replied. 'And you yourself,' I continued, 'what are your views?'

"'I have already expounded them,' he replied. 'I would sooner run my sword through my body.'

"I embraced him, admonishing him to remember this resolution. 'Because,' I said, 'it would indeed be a lovely sight to see Roxaline your wife & the second countess in England.'

"'Do not let us ever speak of such a thing,' he replied with a shudder. 'She never shall be that her life through.'

"For eight days I remained without seeing him; then one day as I was walking in St. James's Park, I

met him, he was with two men of ruffianly aspect. On catching sight of me he quitted them & came across.

" ' Hallo ! ' said I, ' how waggeth your lovelorn case ? '

" ' Well,' he replied. ' At least I think so. I will confess everything to you, so that you may know both my situation and my intention. For three months I have been doing everything to touch Roxaline's heart, and labour, care, and generosity have alike been useless. Her humour, as uncertain as though she were in fact the Sultana whose name she bears, hath not permitted her to accord me one mark of tenderness. I cannot pursue this affair as though I were dealing with a person of quality, & I have resolved that this evening, as she leaves the Theatre, I will carry her off. I shall take her into the country, & when she is at my place I shall easily find a way to bring her to reason. Those men you saw me speaking to are to assist me in executing this plan.'

" I was so astonished that at first I could not speak.

" ' Why are you silent ? ' he demanded. ' Is it because you disapprove ? '

" ' I am too fond of you,' I said at last, ' to approve of such a violent & unfair action. One should never wish anything of a woman but what she is willing to accord. Is it possible that you would obtain the remotest gratification or enjoyment from the use of privileges which you had *seized* in order to ravish her against her will ? Believe me that a love that is tender and sincere brings with it a thousand blisses for the heart & mind ; but the indulgence of a fierce & brutal passion is, to an honest man, so immediately succeeded by such stinging remorse that he is completely robbed of the enjoyment which he had promised himself——' "

" ' Is it possible that you think me capable of such

repentance ? ' demanded my friend. ' It is more characteristic of the weakness of woman, than the courage of a man. All I care for is to satisfy myself, and when I have done that, I shall not trouble my head any further about this——*actress*.'

" ' You labour under a great delusion,' I replied, ' if you think you will obtain any satisfaction from her whom you love, against her will. Force may make you master of her person, but unless you command her heart how miserable you will be ! Believe me, my lord, it is better to spend your time about her, better to sigh & shed tears at her knees, than to anger her by conduct so opposed to that of a real lover.'

" What I said on this subject made so strong an impression on his mind that he relinquished his plans. He assured me he would abandon them & renew his entreaties & assiduities. In addition, he prayed me to go and see her, and say what I could for him. I was delighted to agree to do so, for it appeared that the affability with which he had taken my advice well-merited that I should do all I could for him.

" I hastened to betake myself to the house of the girl ;—the more I knew her the more I admired her worth and wit. I was not long in confirming my previous notion that it was her wish to marry, & that she did not want a lover, however desirable. Although I had the more respect for her I profoundly pitied my poor infatuated friend."

CHAPTER XXXIX

"THUS eight months passed away without any relaxation upon the part of the Actress. Nothing was more affable than her friendship, but that is as far as it went.

" Whenever his lordship attempted the least familiarity she would forbid him to see her, telling him that unless he was prepared to marry her those principles of honesty & virtue which he had hitherto found in her would never alter.

" In the end he gave in, binding her by a thousand oaths to keep it a secret from me, as I, being so opposed to his taking such a step, would not omit a single argument that might deter him. She promised all he wished ; but her joy was so great that it was impossible to hide it, & she could not resist confiding in me, at the same time praying me, in the name of God, not to interfere & spoil her life.

" ' In truth, beautiful Roxaline,' I replied, ' I do not consider my lord wise to go against my advice in this ; but I am not his father, neither am I his tutor ; I am only his friend, & not in a position to control his actions. It is indeed easiest for me to be silent, & make no comment on what he is doing for you.'

" The Contract was drawn up, and it was arranged between them that no one save those absolutely indispensable to the marriage should be taken into their

confidence. He proposed they should go into the country for its celebration; but, as though she had a presentiment of what was about to happen, she told him she would much prefer not to leave London. After some dispute he consented to this, and married her in his own house.

"The ceremony over he pressed eagerly toward the summit of his bliss. It seemed to him that never did a man know such joy.

"The night passed; it was morning & she was asleep. He pushed her, rather rudely, & said: 'Wake up! Wake up, *Roxaline*, it is time for you to go!'

"She turned, & stared at him. 'Why do you call me Roxaline, my lord,' said she, 'have I not the honour to-day of being the Countess of Oxford?'

"'Indeed you have not,' he replied. 'I have not married you! And to explain the mystery, know that it was my Groom of the Chambers in disguise, who, last evening, read the ceremony at our pretended marriage!'

"'*Traitor!*' she screamed, & flung herself at his neck, seeking, in the access of her despair, sufficient strength to strangle him, 'Traitor! thou shalt die by my hand!'

"Seeing her so overwhelmed with rage, my lord flung off her arms & promptly escaped from the room. She sprang from the bed;—on the table was his sword;—she drew it from its scabbard, & rushed after him as far as the great *Salle*, of which he slammed & locked the door. Then Roxaline, unable to get at the object of her fury, turned upon herself. She tore out her hair, she clawed her face, she uttered shrieks of lamentation. She made such a piteous outcry that her 'husband's' heart might well have been softened. Finally, he not appearing, she decided to kill herself, and turned towards her own bosom the sword she had

drawn against the perfidious lord. She struck home with such force that she would have certainly ended her life, had not her hand (so little skilled in offices of this nature,) trembled in making the pass, so that the sword slipped aside, and gave her, what was indeed a severe flesh wound, but not a vital one.

"She fell, bathed in her own blood. My lord, who had been observing her from a spot where he could not be seen[1] was touched with compassion and quickly summoned assistance. They immediately carried her home, & it was at the moment of her arrival there, that, impatient to know what was passing, I arrived.

"What did I feel when having followed her in I saw her exhausted & apparently dying & supported by many persons who laid her gently on her bed.

"'Ha! my lord,' she cried faintly, catching sight of me, 'come and learn from my own lips of my misfortune & the perfidies of a monster no longer worthy to see the light of day!'

"With sobs and tears she related what had happened; I was touched with a genuine pity.

"As she was reciting all this with the greatest vehemence, she happened to turn her head to where the bust, in wax, of My Lord Oxford, his recent gift, was. She felt such a return of her wrath, that, notwithstanding her weakness, she threw herself from the bed to go & shatter it to pieces. I restrained her with difficulty, & to prevent a recurrence of her paroxysm at a sight which, in truth, could not help being painful to her, I caused one of my people to take the case away. He carried it to my lodging with the portrait in it, and this it is that you now see.

[1] He probably stood on a chair in the "great *Salle*," and looked through the skylight, so common in those days. *See* the frontispieces to contemporary plays, Etherege, Behn, &c.

"To complete this little story in a few words, it only remains for me to tell you that Roxaline persisted that the marriage was valid, but the influence of my friend prevailed over the good cause of the Actress. Parliament contented itself with condemning him not to marry, unless he had her consent, & also to endow her with a considerable pension. Further, he was also compelled to recognise as his a son that was born.[1]

"Since this all happened our friendship has not been so ardent; but he has since told me that he would not have kept the bad turn he intended playing that poor girl from me, except that he knew I should be so strongly opposed to it that we should have quarrelled."

"I know nearly all that you have just related," said the Duke of Buckingham, "and I swear that the behaviour of My Lord Oxford appeared to me so wicked that I have always been one of those who blamed him most."

"For me," said My Lord Arran, "I praise him for having anticipated on his part the infidelity that Roxaline would have displayed. Were one wise one would act in the same way with all women——"

My Lord Saint Albans laughingly twitted him for his anger with Emilie & the Duke of Monmouth. He told him that he railed too much against the sex, & should curb his resentment.

Whilst he was still speaking a *valet-de-chambre* of the Duke of Buckingham came and interrupted.

He handed his master a missive that Esther had just brought from My Lady Norwich.

At the sight of it the Duke changed colour; he was dying to read it, but his pride forbade. After all that he had said about his Mistress he feared the two lords would banter him.

[1] On the death of his father this son unsuccessfully claimed the title. He died June 4, 1708. *Dictionary of National Biography*, vol. viii

My Lord Saint Albans guessed easily from whom the note came. "Believe me," he said, "when I counsel you not to let your anger predominate over the dictates of your heart. Mine tells me that letter probably justifies her. Would you not be delighted were the lady so to explain herself as to satisfy you in every way you could wish?"

"I do not know *what* I desire at present," said the Duke with a self-conscious air which betrayed more of love than of anger. "But whatever it contains I had perhaps better see in what manner this little *ingrate* endeavours to justify her reception of me."

He only found these words in the note:

Your eyes have betrayed to me all your anger; why did not you see my embarrassment? You know something of my complaint against you, and I wish you to realise that for which you must praise me. Do not fail, were it at the peril of your life, to wait for me at your place to-night.

"Ha, I breathe at last!" cried the Duke. "I confess with shame that I have really suffered under her indifference & anger. At the bottom of my heart I have always loved her, & it made me miserable to attempt to hate one so dear to me."

"How lucky you are," interrupted My Lord Arran, "you can still allow yourself to be beguiled by the woman you love."

"Eh! but I hope that will be your fate," said My Lord Saint Albans.

"If it were my fate I should not have seen with my own eyes the Duke of Monmouth descending from Emilie's window," retorted the young man. "Is it possible to condone such outrageous conduct, & should I not merit the most abject disgrace could I make up my mind to overlook it?"

"*Mon Dieu*," exclaimed My Lord Saint Albans, "you speak badly for your future peace. When the weakness

is so great as to overcome one's reason one is obliged to ignore what one knows, hide what one sees, feign to be content."

"Yes," cried my lord impatiently, "Yes, one must be a fool, ridiculous, besotted, and a bubble to allow oneself to made a laughing-stock by a scoundrel & to kiss the hand that stabs one. Your maxims & mine," he continued, "are very different; instead of that benevolence, which you seek to arouse in me, I shall take a diametrically opposite course, & if I have not been successful in making myself loved I still have it in my power to make myself feared!" Saying these words he made to leave the room but the Duke cried so comically: "Adieu! adieu!! adieu!!! Signor Matamore,[1] the terror of the beautiful, the fear of all husbands!" that My Lord Arran notwithstanding his vexation was compelled to laugh.

They separated nearly all together. His Grace of Buckingham took himself with diligence to his lodging to await the hour of his rendezvous; My Lord Arran returned to his own house overcome with a mortal sadness; whilst My Lord Saint Albans retired to prepare for the hour when he would make his court.

[1] This legendary character figures constantly in the plays, farces and poems of the seventeenth century. Like Don Juan and Don Quixote to whom he may be compared, he originally hailed from Spain, but, unlike them, his origin is unknown beyond the fact that the word Matamore is a corruption of Tueur de Maure, which dates it at the time of the struggle of the Spaniards and the Moors. As Juan was the libertine, and Quixote the idealist, so Matamore was the conventional figure of a ranting, roaring, boasting solder, who defied both God and man. Paul Scarron, Madame de Maintenon's husband, wrote several plays and farces round Matamore. The allusions in contemporary and modern literature are numerous. Cf. Larousse: *Grand Dictionnaire Universel*, Tome x; Maurice Sand: *Masques et Bouffons*, 1839, Tom. i, p. 191; Victor Fourvel: *Curiosites Théâtrales*, 1860; G. Vapereau: *Dictionnaire Universel des Littératures*, 1876, p. 377, &c. &c.

CHAPTER XL

ON leaving his basket the Duke of Monmouth proceeded to the lodging of My Lord Grey.[1] The supper was finished & my lord reproached his guest for being so late.

"Ha," said the Duke, "if you knew what hindered my coming, far from scolding, you would sympathise with me." Thereupon he took him aside & told him all that had passed in the Chamber of the Maids of her Royal Highness.

My Lord Grey could not refrain from punctuating various points of the narrative with laughter, so much so that the Duke was on the point of becoming seriously angry.

"Surely one does not ridicule the mishaps of one's friends!" he exclaimed. "Here am I at cross purposes with three Mistresses, and in mortal dread of the King finding it all out. Could anything be more disturbing?"

"Were you not a faithless trifler," replied My Lord Grey, "this should cure you of embarking in similar adventures, but you flutter without ceasing, like a Butterfly."

"You do well," said the Duke, "to thus reproach me, & if I were less engaged it would not be long

[1] Ford, Lord Grey, b. 1655, d. June 24, 1701, was the eldest son of Ralph, second Baron Werk. Was "out" in 1685, but turned "King's evidence." In the reign of William and Mary he was advanced to the dignity of Earl of Tankerville.

before I should be equal with you over it. But at such a time I cannot jest." He continued his discourse, and from time to time as he spoke, the recurring thought of the basket and its manipulation, was too much for My Lord Grey, and caused him to break forth into repeated bursts of laughter.

"I tell you it is no laughing matter," reiterated the Duke, "you must think of a means of calming Madam Betty Felton—of calming Emilie—of calming Filadelphe!"

"You set me a task more difficult than you realise," replied the other, "though there is nothing that I would not do to serve you. I will see Emilie, & speak also to her companion; but Lady Betty I must leave to you to settle."

"Very well," said the Duke, "you undertake to make the girls listen to reason, and I will go to the third Lady forthwith."

"What, without having anything to eat!" exclaimed Lord Grey. "Wait a moment——"

"I do not know how to," cried the Duke. "I want to make my peace with Lady Betty whilst her husband is away; I can sup afterwards."

They told him when he arrived at Lady Betty's she was ill, and he at once went up to her room where he found her in bed. Kneeling down at her side, he took her hand & pressed it for some time between his own in a dire uncertainty as to what to say. Finally, he asked what ailed her, and if nothing could be done to afford her any relief.

"You can do everything necessary, my lord," she said, with a languorous air which but rendered her still more attractive, "you can allay my suffering entirely if you wish it. But how can I believe the promises of one who is faithless, & who no longer loves me?"

"I avow to you, Madam," said he, "that I have

already reproached myself for having even in appearance given you cause for complaint; I should have foreseen it; but sometimes things occur that are so unlooked for that it is impossible to circumvent them. Such were the events of this evening—which probably hurt you, & yet I swear that there has never been a man more innocent than I. It was by chance that I entered the chamber of the Maids of her Highness. But when Filadelphe was taken ill, and Emilie went to her succour, I felt that, however indifferent I might be to the former, I ought not to leave her. Barely was she recovered from a long swoon than the *Gouvernante* arrived; her strictness causing them equal alarm they shut me up in their Closet. Then you came. That was a new embarrassment, from which they could think of no other way to free themselves, than to lower me from the window——"

"A little more credulity on my part," interrupted Madam Betty, "and a little more custom on yours to speak the truth, & I might be persuaded to believe the story you are telling me,' but my lord it cannot be denied you love one of those girls. I have not forgotten in what tender & passionate manner you spoke to Emilie. It is useless for you to tell me she does not appeal to you—But then a little application on my part & I shall know all your sentiments."

"You would be wiser, Madam, not to wish to consult anyone save myself," said the Duke, "and if you sink to the level of a spy you will find such behaviour will but alienate my heart. Believe me that no one but yourself would doubt me an instant."

Save for a sigh My Lady Betty maintained a profound silence, but the sigh was sufficiently loud to convey something of her thoughts to the Duke. It made him very angry. His behaviour to his Mistresses was despotic in the extreme, and it appeared

to him that it was their place to believe everything that, either from a politic motive or from inclination, he said, nor should they seek to penetrate further.

Madam Betty Felton had no spirit to answer further ; she felt ill, as I have already said, & his presence was a pain. Perceiving this he left her, & having returned to his home, he was obliged to pass the rest of the night in endeavouring to arrange his love-affairs, which, it must be admitted, were in a sufficiently parlous state.

The next day having been to make his court,[1] he retired into his Closet, there to await My Lord Grey who had promised to bring him an answer. At an early hour he came.

" Divine," said he, as soon as they were alone, " what I have to tell you——"

" In sooth," returned the Duke, " I can advance nothing. Emilie is so uncertain, or I might be able to know what to expect from her ; whilst Filadelphe is so prim that her views are even less easy to forecast."

" Chance giving me an opportunity by which I did not hesitate to profit," continued My Lord Grey, " I spoke to both privately. Neither wished to enter into any explanation & I am charged but to tell you on behalf of Emilie that she must speak to you. Filadelphe also admitted that she would not be sorry to see you but that she is hedged about by so many spies that she conjures you, an you have any consideration for her, to be extraordinarily careful, and rather to allow a week to pass without looking at her, than deliver her to the fury of Emilie."

The Duke assured Lord Grey that he would most exactly follow the orders of his two Mistresses.

[1] It appears to have been the custom for the men of the Court to wait upon the King every morning at his levée to enquire about his health, and to ascertain if their services were required.

Cross *Jarman*

THE LADY ELIZABETH FELTON

From a miniature at Ickworth

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"Do you think they are angry with me?" he asked.

"I was not able to penetrate their sentiments," replied the other, "their deportment was too elaborately studied. Still, it did occur to me that Emilie was restless and depressed."

"I care for her more than I do for the other," said the Duke with a sigh.

"From the way you sigh," observed My Lord Grey, "this appears to annoy you."

The Duke made no reply, & for a while he fell into a reverie. Then, rousing himself, he looked at his companion;

"I will confess to you," he said at last, "that I have never experienced real pleasure in the possession of a heart which I may consider I have absolutely made my own."

"What then appeals to you?" demanded the other: "Your taste is singularly *bizarre*."

"The care I give to my latest Love," replied his friend, "her disdain; the eagerness she awakes in me; the hopes, the fears, the doubts,—in fact all that goes to the commencement of a *liaison!* This is my condition where Filadelphe is concerned. I think she has a certain liking for me, but as her virtue & her sense are alike opposed she endeavours to check it, though her heart takes my part, & despite herself she loves me. It is this which attracts me; it is this which flatters my vanity."

"Ha! my lord, you do not yet know the real thing; you are only moved by non-essentials, by trifles and *badinage*. Had you experienced a *grande tendresse* you would know that all the happiness of life lies in being loved by the object of your affection; that any uncertainty as to possessing the heart of your Mistress would reduce you to despair; that whatever might threaten your peace of mind would cause you hideous alarm. Judge by the sentiments that I depict,

& by your own, the difference between the genuine & the counterfeit."

"Then I declare," cried His Grace interrupting him, "if it be true that really to know love one must be seriously engaged all I have hitherto experienced is a counterfeit."

"I plainly see it," acquiesced his lordship, "your hour has yet to dawn. *Someday* you will confess to me—perhaps more than you would now desire."

With which prophecy (which time has sufficiently verified,—though of this I have no right to speak)—he went out.[1]

The Duke was preparing to wait upon her Royal Highness the Duchess of York when he was informed that the Prince de Neuburg had just arrived, and that it was the King's orders that he should forthwith attend him to beg he would that evening be present at the Queen's ball. He could take no other course than to obey. He and the Prince were already acquainted, having met in the States of the latter's father, the Duc de Neuburg, where Monmouth had sojourned sometimes during his travels.[2] The young Prince, well born, & of a rank which the Duke himself held at the English Court, now received him with all the kindness he could wish.

[1] Readers of Macaulay and other works of imaginative literature dealing with this period will already be sufficiently acquainted with the tragic romance of the last years of Monmouth's life.

[2] This meeting must have taken place during the campaign of 1672. Charles II. and the father of the Prince were well acquainted, the English sovereign having visited the second named in the autumn of 1654 when he was magnificently entertained. *Cf.* Green's *Princesses* vol. vi, p. 219. Two years later upon the death of his wife, the Duke made an offer for Mary, Princess Royal, Charles II.'s favourite sister, who had accompanied her brother in 1654, but she refused him. Strickland's *Last Four Princesses of the House of Stuart*, p. 104. In 1655 it was said the Duke of Neuburg was about the only friend of influence Charles II. had. He interested himself in endeavouring to persuade the Pope to help the English King. *Clarendon*, xiv, p. 120.

CHAPTER XLI

THE Prince de Neuburg[1] did not fail to wait on the King at an early hour that evening, & remained sometime with his Majesty ere the Ball commenced. In person well made, he had a beautiful head, agreeable manners, and danced with much good grace. As he spoke several languages he found no difficulty in joining in conversation with anyone he wished, and of all those who came to the Ball Miledy . . . was the one who pleased him most. The melancholy into which My Lord Arran's bad conduct had plunged her had resulted in a languor which but rendered her eyes the more sweet & touching; her skin's pallor was not in the least insipid; while her lips remained the colour of coral and a certain carelessness that was visible in her attire, such as is common in women who are regardless as to whether they please, suited her so well that she eclipsed those who had taken the utmost pains in their adorn-

[1] John William Joseph, fourth child—of seventeen—and eldest son of Philip William (1615–1690), Duke of Neuburg. (The latter succeeded his father in 1653, and, in 1685 became Elector of the Lower Palatine upon the death, without issue, of his kinsman Charles, son of Charles-Louis,—the elder brother of Prince Rupert.) John William Joseph was born at Dusseldorf, where a statue of him still stands in the Market place, on April 19, 1658; he married (1) 1678, Mary Anne Josepha (d. 1689), daughter of the Emperor Ferdinand III. and (2) Mary Ann Louisa (d. 1691), daughter of Cosmo III. of Florence. There was no issue of either marriage. In 1690 he became, on the death of his father, the twenty-first Palsgrave, which office he held until his death, June 8, 1716.

ment. Her rank was so distinguished at the Court that it was unlikely that her single name would pass unremarked by the Foreign Prince, &, approaching her, he made her the usual compliments. She replied with much civility, and he passed the rest of the evening in entertaining her with marked zeal.

This did not displease her. However indifferent a pretty woman may be, she is flattered at being singled out before others, & this tribute to her charms was too great a solace to Miledy . . . for her to make any effort to check it. She had a further reason to encourage him, for My Lord Arran was at the ball, & it was her desire to spur him into some feeling of jealousy. She had noticed his chagrin, and readily guessed that something was vexing him. He made no attempt to address Emilie, and that charmer was surely never less attractive than she appeared upon this occasion. When her eyes, for once neither bright nor animated, fell upon Miledy . . . , & she at the same time recalled the incident of the inkhorn, her desire for vengeance was so strong that she had much trouble to control herself. When, on the other hand, they encountered those of My Lord Arran they fell abashed, & the colour flooding her face bore witness to her secret confusion at the thought of His Grace of Monmouth & his basket.

That nobleman would certainly have profited by the opportunity which the ball accorded him to place himself by Emilie, had it not happened that Filadelphe was so near that there was no possibility of his saying anything that he did not wish her to hear. Had he been able to address Filadelphe he would have been content, but Emilie's presence forbade that, and the finishing touch was put to his embarrassment upon his discovering that both My Lord Arran & Madam Betty Felton, who had come to the ball

solely to be the better informed of his philanderings, were both observing him closely.

From this disagreeable situation the Duke was drawn by the arrival of Nelly Gwyn.[1] There are few people who do not know that she was an Actress whom the King loved more for her wit than the attractions of her person; not but what she had a very pretty figure, & her spirits were such that it was difficult to remain long in her company without sharing her gaiety. She was in a masque[2] disguised as a Shepherdess, and accompanied by many Ladies and men of quality[3] similarly attired. As soon as she, entered & had danced the *contre danse*, (which she did very well, although her manners were as singular in dancing as they were in everything else that she did) she cried out: that the heat of the room was unbearable, and that they must have some air, that of a truth the season was unsuitable for such amusements, & it was most uncomfortable to stay shut up with so many people, & so many candles.

The Queen, who was but poorly entertained by the ball, now re-entered her own apartments; the Maids of her Royal Highness (who had come with their

[1] Eleanor Gwyn, born February 2, 1650, the daughter of a fruiterer, who had a shop at the corner of Drury Lane and the Coal Yard (now Macklin Street), was first an orange girl and subsequently an actress. She became the King's mistress 1668, and was the mother of two children (1) Charles, b. May 8, 1670; created Duke of St. Albans, 1684; *d.* 1726, having married, 1676, Diana, heiress of De Vere, twentieth Earl of Oxford, (2) James, b. December 15, 1671, died in Paris, September 1686. She died of apoplexy November 1687, and is buried in the Church of St. Martin's in the Fields, Charing Cross. Peter Cunningham's *Story of Nell Gwyn*, 1852. (Upon inquiry at the church we are informed that the site of the grave has not been identified.)

[2] Or, as we should say, in fancy dress.

[3] The 'grand old word' of gentleman was evidently discredited as early as 167–. The play bill of *Calisto*, the famous masque performed 1674–75 by the ladies of the Duchess of York refers to the "persons of quality of the men who danced."

Gouvernante, because her Highness did not then go out) rose also to retire; but the King told them they might come into the Park with the other Ladies. The Prince de Neuburg accompanied his Majesty, & all the Court, followed by the Violins, repaired to the bowling green, where they arranged themselves some on seats, some on the grass;—while in many places there was dancing. The night was vivid, they needed no lights, the flutes & hautboys took up the strain of the Violins and this unpremeditated *Fête* was delightful in every respect.

Order no longer reigning all could speak easily without fear of remark.

Having seen My Lord Arran passing behind the palisade, against which she was leaning, Miledy slipped out of one of the wickets of the bowling green which opened into the Alley in which he was, & they found themselves face to face. My lord was much surprised at this encounter, & hesitated if to turn back; insensibly he had, during the progress of the ball, come to regard her more favourably than he had for a long while.

"Ha, Madam! how happy this moment would seem were you still to me what you have been," he said.

"Could such a thing be possible, *ingrate!*" she cried. "Could I overlook all your ill behaviour; the indifference with which you listened to my remonstrances when in her Highness's Barge; the contempt with which you spoke of me to my face in the Queen's Gallery; the answer you made to a letter which should have touched you to the core? With what industry have you laboured to convince me of your unfaith! And your care is rewarded,—you have succeeded! I shall never pardon you——"

"You will never pardon me!" he exclaimed as,

approaching her, he took her hand. "Is it possible that you intend to carry out a resolve so contrary to all your previous declarations? Do you imagine that, even when I felt most weakness for Emilie, I was capable of renouncing your love?"

"You were capable of any perfidy," interrupted Miledy . . . "You would have plunged a dagger into my bosom to win a smile from her. It is easy to see that there is some misunderstanding between you,—apparently it is her fault more than yours;—she has found the trick to make you ever submissive and patient; you endure her frivolity, nor do you love her the less even when you behold a rival preferred to you. With a silence, that one cannot sufficiently praise——"

"Ha, Madam, this is too much!" cried my lord, "You insult me! I was prepared to re-enter your bonds once more; fires all but extinguished were ready to flame again; but when you add irony to your reproaches——"

"I disdain no weapon whereby I may be avenged," said she. "An outraged heart no longer studies moderation——"

She would have continued in this strain had not a noise near by abruptly silenced her, and almost immediately she perceived the Duke of Monmouth with Emilie.

Being equally impatient to speak, they had stolen together into an arbour, intent on settling their differences.

"Yonder are two people," said Miledy . . . to My Lord Arran, "who probably do not desire that you should overhear their conversation. But notwithstanding that, your interest is too great for you to be able to deny yourself the pleasure of listening to them."

"It is a pleasure I would willingly forego," replied

he, " did I not read in your eyes your intense dislike of me. My respect for you is too great for me to force on you any longer the society of a creature you cannot endure."

" Say rather," she retorted, that it is your curiosity that torments you beyond control." With which parting shot she withdrew.

She had not been mistaken in her notion that My Lord Arran wished to listen to the Duke & his Mistress. Maintaining a profound silence, he cautiously approached the place where they were ;—his attention was redoubled when he observed the Duke was on his knees on the ground.

". . . With my own eyes," Emilie was saying, " with my own eyes, you wretch, you allowed me to read in yours a love as violent as if you had never loved anyone save her ! My proud rival affected a swoon solely that she might touch you the more intimately. No longer did my presence inspire you with anything save a weak regard. Just Heaven can I have seen a thing and doubt it all my life ! "

" Your suspicions would cause me cruel embarrassment had they any foundation," said the Duke, " but I swear to you that I have given you no reason for complaint. I showed pity for an apparently dying girl ;—would you have wished me to let her expire & trust her to your mercy ? It was not my fault you would not aid her——"

" Yes, you should have left her," cried Emilie, " you should have remembered the pain that *I* was suffering. You could have obliterated all my jealousy had your behaviour been other than it was. You might have known that, if you freed me from all my anger with regard to you, at the same time you ensued to Philadelphe all the tenderness of which I was capable. But that is the crucial point, one cannot trust any

one. What was necessary you wished to do yourself. No one else's assistance was required to bring back the colour to her lips. Perhaps you will recall the marks of tenderness you chose to give her——"

"They were of such little moment to me," he said, "that I have quite forgotten them."

"Ah traitor," she cried, "I know too well what I should believe! And still notwithstanding all, willingly would I belie my clearest visions, my resentment, —even my reason! could I flatter myself that I was ever dear to you."

"You are my beloved, Emilie," he replied, "dearer than anything, and some day my conduct will convince you of it."

The conversation at this point became so tender & was punctuated by such ardent caressing as to reduce My Lord Arran to raging fury. Indeed he could no longer have restrained his indignation had not his attention suddenly been diverted by the opportune arrival of the King.

CHAPTER XLII

HIS Majesty passed quite close. Nelly was with him, and the Prince of Neuburg who gave his hand to Miledy . . . followed. He seemed to be completely absorbed in her, & she listened to him with far greater attention than one usually gives to a man whom one has only known a few hours.

Of a truth it is difficult to conceive a state more aggrieved & desperate than that in which My Lord Arran now found himself. On one side he could hear Emilie & the Duke of Monmouth, on the other he saw Miledy . . . & the Foreign Prince ; whilst he found himself deserted ;—a prey alike to his anger & his jealousy. Feeling he could no longer stay in a place where it seemed that all those about him breathed only joy and love he started off with the intention of quitting alike the Alley & the bowling green. In passing through a clump of trees, where it was so dark that the moonlight could not dissipate the shadow, he was arrested by profound sighs uttered with so much intensity that it appeared that the Lady who thus lamented must be on the point of expiring.

My Lord felt a sudden sympathy ; it occurred to him that in the state he was himself it would be some alleviation to meet with a person with whom he could make moan in company. He thought also he might perhaps comfort her who appeared so affected, and approaching quietly he heard her speak thus :

" Ah unhappy that I am ! Why must it be that my heart loves a man so, flighty—so light ! What can I look for from this fatal weakness ? He loves Emilie—I shall die of my woe ! " For the moment she was silent, & then resumed her soliloquy with greater vehemence : " Is it possible that I can beguile myself, & that the tendernesses of this *ingrate* have greater influence over me than all that I have just heard him whisper to my rival ? Curiosity too fatal for my life's repose, how dearly art thou going to cost me ! I was in a fool's paradise ; I cannot now doubt it ;— & yet I am in despair at being undeceived."

My Lord Arran had recognised the voice of Filadelphe, he did not at first approach any nearer being under the impression that she was with one of her Friends. After a time, hearing no answering voice he eventually came to the conclusion that the violence of her anguish was the only reason for her exclamations and moving forward he found he was right. She was alone, prostrate on the grass at the foot of a tree ; some sound he made caused her to turn her head. Perceiving him so near her apprehensions that he had overheard her were extreme. She remembered her imprudence in revealing the secret of her passion, whilst my lord had no difficulty in conveying to her what was passing in his mind.

" Fear nothing, Filadelphe," he said, " all the good you wish this man, whom I have so much reason to hate, will not make me betray your tenderness ; I know how to keep silent, & I am capable of sympathising with you in your troubles."

" I shall find them greatly augmented," said she, " by the annoyance you will cause me if you attempt to avenge yourself on the Duke ; but I do not think you will do any such thing. Possibly you have heard how little he troubles himself on my account ? He

loves Emilie alone, and if he has said anything at all marked to me it was with the intention of deceiving me."

"Why then do you wish him well?" demanded my lord, "knowing him to be an impostor and a scoundrel?"

"My heart—my cowardly heart," was her reply, "does not consult my reason. I loved him ere I ever realised the influence his presence & his conversation exercised over me. But my lord," continued she, "to assuage my misery suffer me to console myself with the belief that you will forget all the extravagances that I have just uttered."

"Rest assured, beautiful Filadelphe, that I on my part promise inviolable secrecy. I am a man of honour, & I swear that if you are sufficiently weak to continue to love him—" And as he reached these words he perceived the Duke standing not ten paces away.

"What is all this?" demanded the new comer regarding him angrily and clapping his hand to his sword hilt as he spoke.

Without replying my lord went to meet him, adopting, the while, the same attitude of menace; & notwithstanding the respect due to the King's house their fury would have blazed out in a manner fateful to one or the other had not Filadelphe courageously flung herself between them, conjuring them the while to realise their rash imprudence.

The Duke of Buckingham who was passing near, hearing angry voices which he could not distinguish, now arrived on the scene. Grasping the situation he joined his entreaties to those of Filadelphe, & being the intimate friend of the Duke, & the uncle of my lord, he importuned them both so forcibly that at length they agreed to promise him not to attack each

MARGARET BLAGGE ("FILADELPHE")

From an engraving by Humphreys of the painting at Wootton

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other without first giving him ample warning of their proposed encounter.

Filadelphe was about to retire, but the Duke of Monmouth pressed her with so much insistence to accord him a moment's attention, that whatever reasons she might have to refuse this favour, she found herself so little able to mask her curiosity that she consented to stay.

"Am I not," he demanded, "the most unhappy of lovers? I care but for you, Filadelphe, but you will not believe me, you think that Emilie alone occupies me, you wish me ill without reason. But you may fully believe that if I betray any further interest in her it will be to prevent her discovering my real feelings with regard to you, and her furious jealousy from causing you annoyance."

"You play your rôle very naturally," she replied, "though so little truth enters into your fiction. It is easy to believe that you may have some inclination for me; for though you do not make much fuss about any one affair your love is so ephemeral that you desire to have several intrigues at once. But you will find it very difficult to efface from my mind the barbarous things you have just said to Emilie about me. I shall not trouble to enlighten myself any further as to your sentiments, & I avow were it in my power to know even less of you than I do I should be pleased, for since I have been acquainted with you, you have caused me so much suffering that it would have killed me, had I not been reserved for further trouble."

"*Filadelphe!*" cried the Prince, "how unjust you are! I fear, notwithstanding the kind things you have betrayed, you are making up your mind to hate me; and of all evils this would be the worst."

"Heaven be praised!" she replied, smiling sadly.

"Heaven be praised, if for once in your life you are sincere! It is more than I dare to hope, & as my trust where you are concerned is great,—even as my doubts are innumerable;—you cannot look to destroy these last at once. Adieu! I will retire. A while back our *Gouvernante* thought I was ill, & I took advantage of this to get away from her. I assured her that I was going to bed, but in passing through the obscurity of this wood the solitude & my troubles pressed me so strongly to stop & complain that I was not able to deny myself and——"

"The result is my own gain," said the Prince, trying to stop her. "My happy Fortune arranged this moment that I might assure you that I am yours alone. If you have heard any words contrary to this truth, self-interest alone dictated them."

"I have never entered into any engagement of affection," said Filadelphe, "but I am convinced that if one really loved, one could not deceive oneself to the point you do, and I distrust a policy that compels one to deny what is inconvenient."

"You are right, Mistress," he interrupted hastily. "These are reproaches I fully deserve. But I intend to break all other ties, &, if the question arises, to explain my sentiments for you, if I am free of Emilie you——"

"No, my lord, no; do not do this thing you threaten," cried Filadelphe. "I am quite content. All I desire is to make up my mind to take care of my good name,—nothing else in the world is so sacred to me; & I declare that it is dearer to me—if the only thing dearer—than yourself. Continue to pay your court to Emilie; speak of me but rarely; never seek me. Time may, if you attend to this, pay you with interest, for regarding my wishes." With these words she withdrew.

CHAPTER XLIII

DAWN was breaking when the Duke of Monmouth rejoined the Prince de Neuburg. A little later he accompanied him home, where they separated.

My Lord Arran, more grieved than he had ever been before, realised but too well that if he returned alone to his lodging he would but become the prey of a thousand unhappy thoughts. It was his desire to find some one to whom he might make complaint; and as the Duke of Buckingham had been present at the Interview between himself & his Grace of Monmouth, he prepared to set out for his Apartments, preferring this to going elsewhere. He did not have to wait long on his arrival, the Duke, who found a greater entertainment in private pleasures than in public *Fêtes*, had contented himself with putting in an appearance at the entertainment given by the King to the German Prince after which he returned home.

"I am delighted to see you here," he said. "Surely the same impulse animates us. You desire to speak of your troubles, whilst, on my part, I am anxious to recount the most agreeable adventure that has ever occurred to me in all my life."

"Yet our position is very different," replied his nephew, "for you have only joyful things to engage you, & I only mournful ones. Which of the two is to speak first?"

"It shall be you, my poor friend," said the Duke obligingly, "then my recital may perhaps efface—to some extent—the unhappy thoughts of which you are the victim."

"Never," said My Lord of Arran, "was lover so ill-used as I! In a fit of anger against Emilie I came to the Ball but to flout her, & I was not even able to speak to her! She carefully avoided me, and all I could do was to keep her in sight so as to prevent her conversing with the Duke of Monmouth. But it happened that while I thus occupied myself with persecuting them by my presence I happened to catch sight of Miledy . . . It seemed to me that she was more beautiful than any other Person in the room. Probably you noticed her dress? It was simple rather than magnificent; it was even a little negligent,—but to my thinking this negligence was studied. I was extremely embarrassed by her presence; I dared not leave my place; to have done so would have been to permit the Duke of Monmouth to have the pleasure of speaking to the faithless Emilie; but, on the other hand, I could not see Miledy . . . , with an air so touching, and eyes so tender, without desiring to approach her, & whisper that my flame for her would easily rekindle at the first encouragement. In a bewildered manner I rehearsed in my mind all the reasons I had to praise her, & to complain of Emilie; I thought of the terms in which I might sue for the pardon of the one, & those I should employ in upbraiding the other. Hope encouraged me, despair whispered I might lose both Mistresses; & I cursed myself for my ingratitude to my first flame. Lost in these different reflections my jealousy of Emilie gave way to my love for Miledy . . . & this last received, owing to my doubts, a new impetus. For what, My Lord Duke, was my burning anger and rage, when, after some moments

of distraction,—of which Miledy . . . alone was the cause, I turned to look for Emilie only to find her vanished & the Duke of Monmouth had also disappeared!

"That you may realise to the full my anxiety in regard to Miledy . . . I will confess it was caused by the Prince de Neuburg. In the ball room he had markedly attached himself to her, & now in the bowling green he no sooner finished dancing with another than he immediately resumed his place at her side; he flung himself at her feet, pretending to find the grass cool; then sitting up he allayed the heat, of which she complained, with a fan; he supplied her with Portuguese Oranges & sweet Citrons, pretending to eat what she had touched; in short all those little things which persons who are indifferent do not even see & which are an outrage, as you know, in the eyes of a lover. What added to my annoyance was that every time I looked at her she appeared to make herself even more gracious to the Prince. I found it harder to endure than a blow from a dagger."

"Ha, my lord!" cried the Duke, "you are indeed angry——"

"Do not interrupt me, I conjure you," pleaded the other, "for I would finish the recital of my weaknesses as soon as may be. I confess her coquettish trifling was nearly reducing me to despair when I became aware—as I have already explained—that Emilie had profited by my preoccupation to escape my vigilance.

"My uncertainty was pitiful. Though it was my desire to follow the fugitive Emilie, I also wished to study the proceedings of Miledy . . . and the Foreign Prince; & my heart, thus divided against itself by these different interests, did not know upon what to determine. Eventually I followed Emilie.

"But I had still to find her, when I beheld Miledy . . . coming towards me. She was alone &, without presumption, I had every reason to conclude she was looking for me. This notion awoke a thousand secret happinesses which I did not dare to admit until better informed as to her sentiments. I mentioned something of mine, but I found her cold and offhand. When she had made me all the reproaches she could think of she hurriedly departed.

"After this disagreeable experience I preferred to stay where I was rather than follow her. Then I summoned all my strength to go & play the eavesdropper upon the fickle Emilie. What was she not saying to the Duke of Monmouth! Their conversation was divided between reproaches, tenderness, & tears, until they eventually gave me the impression of a great mutual passion.

"*You* cut a sad figure then, my dear nephew," observed his Grace of Buckingham.

"I was just about to enter the Garden-house in which they were hidden, when the King, with Nelly & a party of the Court, came down the alley where I was. It was no time to make a scene, & I fled from a place so fatal to my repose, resolved to find another more a-tune to my choler, when I heard Filadelphe in the wood. Attracted by her complaints & sobs I approached and listened some time. I confess that, be it by a feeling of pity, a desire for vengeance, or by that natural leaning which causes us to love those who are amiable, I was so touched at her grief that I wished with all my heart to have it in my power to reconcile her with the Duke of Monmouth. I spoke to her of his inconstancy; I pointed out all the misfortunes that she might expect in an affair so little likely to bring her peace; I represented his changing moods, & I was insensibly leading up to speaking of

myself, when chance conducted him so near us that he overheard something of our conversation. He and I were about to settle our differences when you interrupted us."

"I praise Heaven, my lord, that I did," broke in the Duke, "I should think but little of your love if your anger had led to such a culmination. The King, annoyed at such a want of respect might have made you pay dearly for your irregular conduct. It is not always possible to yield to one's chagrin, & already you have had too many temptations to draw your sword indecently against My Lord the Duke of Monmouth——"

"Say rather, it is indecent to draw it in the precincts of the Palace![1] For the rest I hold the Duke is *honoured* by my desire to measure my blade with his!"

"Do not let us get angry," said the Duke of Buckingham. "You know I am older than you; & being your wife's uncle places me in a position to speak both as a friend, & a relation."

"You do me a great honour," said my lord, "to consider me in that light, but you must also admit that I am the most unfortunate of men!"

"No doubt," said the Duke. "I have never seen love affairs less propitious than yours. You would be happier entirely cured."

"Time alone," replied the other, "can free me of all the chimeras which torment me, & I think I shall go to Ireland & stay a while with my father. By this means I shall forget Miledy . . . , learn to detest Emilie, and give no further thought to Filadelphe——"

The Duke began to laugh. "A Lover whose heart is so divided," said he, "hath no occasion to fly. When

[1] See Appendix B.

one loves in several directions it is only a question of a game, for a love of trifling rather than a serious passion is the dominant influence."

"Ha, what is that you say?" demanded my lord. "What is that you say! I feel that I was born to love, & whenever my heart is engaged it is always too ardently for my repose. But," he continued, "after having so shamefully abused your patience by recounting my humiliations, you must now tell me the reason for the joyous light I read in your own eyes."

"You will remember," began the Duke, "the missive from My Lady Norwich, which they brought me at My Lord Saint Albans? I left you both hurriedly, & shutting myself up in my Closet, I commanded the same *valet-de-chambre* who had brought the letter, to allow no one save my Mistress herself, or those that come from her, to enter."

CHAPTER XLIV

"MANY hours passed. I was informed that the King was asking for me. I would not go, and told them to say I was out. Night fell. You know with what impatience one awaits the person one loves;—without exaggeration the hours appeared to me more protracted than the longest days. At last a man dressed as a postboy entered my Closet; he had an English bonnet pulled over his eyes & wore jackboots; in his hand he carried a crop-whip. He presented me with a letter from My Lady Norwich, which I will read to you.

Everything opposes itself to my desire to see you. I had flattered myself that Esther would be sufficiently clever to arrange for me to leave here without being observed but with all her talent she is no match for my *Jaloux*. He guards me with more care than he would a state prisoner for whom he was responsible. I avow to you that I am in despair! I fear everything, I hope for little, & the only thing that consoles me in my misery is the thought that you are sensible of it, & will omit nothing for its alleviation.

"The reading of this note occasioned me the utmost anxiety. I had assured myself of a pleasure of which I was now frustrated, and I feared that in trying to serve her against her husband I might cause such a dreadful disturbance in the Court that in the end I should lose her. I mused profoundly on these things while the postboy continued to wait. At last

I asked him if he could deliver my reply to her who had intrusted him with the letter. He said 'No,' because he was going into Wales to take some orders from the King.

"'Very well, my friend,' said I, 'thou must go where thou wilt.' I handed him a few guineas, and he turned to the door; but as he doffed his bonnet to salute me I saw some long hair fall out,—it reached to his knees and appeared to be of the most beautiful colour in the world.[1] In attempting to push it aside he revealed a little hand whiter than snow, and a charming face—Why do you laugh, my lord? Have you still to divine that it was My Mistress? I declare that the surprise augmented still more my pleasure in seeing her. By my joy, my eagerness, & my agitated incoherent discourse I showed her this, & proved to her, in the full, the emotion I felt. My resentment was effaced by her presence; I forgot all about the reproaches which I had intended to heap upon her. It was she who first referred to the bad reception that she had previously given me. She told me that her jealous & suspicious husband had kept ward in the Closet hard by her Room from where he could hear & see (without being perceived himself) all that she said, all that might happen to her,—all that she did.

"'Would you have wished me to expose you to that madman's fury?' she asked. 'He was quite capable of hurling himself on you, and taking the lowest advantage of the opportunity you gave him in coming alone & disguised to his house. There is no desire that would not have been slain by so distracting a preoccupation.

[1] La Comtesse de Comminges, wife of the French Ambassador (1662–65) had also hair "the finest colour in the world," whatever hue that may be! *Cf.* J. J. Jusserand's *French Ambassador at the Court of Charles II.*, p. 38.

I assure you that the danger quenched all my eagerness. I hardly dared to allow my eyes to rest on you ; I trembled when I spoke to you ; every instant I expected him to recognise you. I far rather preferred that you should think me cold, ungrateful & disdainful than run the risks of an encounter with my husband.'

" ' It is not on account of your care for me that I remonstrate my dearest one,' I said, ' because I do not think your husband would have attacked me without thinking twice, but I am glad for your own sake that you were careful, & you ought to know that you are of far greater import than what only touches me directly.'

" She went on to explain that to leave the house she had been compelled to disguise herself in the manner in which I saw her ; and, most amusingly, the servants had given her a packet of letters that had come for her husband, that she might give them to him if she saw him. Nothing could have been more opportune, for as she went out she met him returning with My Lord Grey. Without any diffidence she advanced, handed them to him & made good her escape.

" ' You were lucky in getting away,' I said. ' But good heavens, have you taken any steps for a safe return ? '

" ' I have no fears,' she replied. ' Esther will say I am ill and that I am asleep ; this will prevent him entering.'

" ' Alas Madam ! ' I exclaimed, ' is that enough ? I fear we shall pay dearly for the pleasures of this reconciliation.'

" ' Would you have had me leave you a moment longer in the error that was angering you against me ? '

" ' I could endure everything,' I interrupted,

'even death rather than see you exposed to the smallest trouble.'

"'Ha, my lord,' she cried, 'have no fear; do not spoil your present happiness by profitless forebodings. Whatever happens rests with Heaven, but place some reliance to our good fortune.' Her strength was to me such an ample proof of her love that my timidity should have been to her an equal proof of mine. Still, I endeavoured to obey her, nor did I add anything further to our conversation that could alarm her.

"I must confess to you, my lord, that a reconciliation of this sort has something in it very affecting for a delicate heart, & that the hours that had seemed so long when I was awaiting her were, now that she was with me, all too short. Her presence healed all the wounds that jealousy had inflicted; I forgot the passion of the King, the Duke of Monmouth & My Lord Russell; a hundred times she declared that I alone was worthy of her esteem, & it gave me too much pleasure to think it, for me to resign myself to a state of mind in which I might believe the contrary.

"At length the moment for parting arrived, and at the break of day we separated. To set my doubts at rest I begged of her, when she was safely back again, to signify it by putting a riband at her window. Soon after I passed adown the street & remarked this riband,[1] and then, the most satisfied man in the

[1] Lord and Lady Norwich lived at Arundel House, Strand. It was there, according to his *Diary*, that on September 19, 1667, Evelyn obtained from Lord Norwich for the University of Oxford, the gift of the Arundelian Marbles. The house was pulled down in 1678, the family migrating subsequently to St. James's Square. The memory of Arundel House survives in Arundel, Surrey, Howard, and Norfolk Streets. Peter Cunningham's *Handbook of London*, 1849. It is very unlikely, on account of the Duchess, that Buckingham's assignation with his beloved took place at the Cockpit. York House, his father's official

world, I proceeded to Whitehall & was in time to see something of the *Fête.* This is the state of my affairs, and by them you may realise that the situation between a Lover & his Mistress is never so desperate but that its eventual issue may be a happy one. At My Lord Saint Albans' I swore by my life that I would not see her ; you remember my anger & the transport in which I denounced her ? My God, could my folly have been greater ! I showed you her letters. I told you things about her that should have been buried in eternal silence. Fortunately I uttered my complaints to two honourable men who will worthily keep my secret. Where should I be had I confided this trust in a questionable quarter, if the lady's honour were endangered by my suspicions & extravagances ? Profit by my example," he continued more quietly, "and know always that a gentleman should not at any time, or for any reason, betray the confidence of a woman, whether he has reason to praise her or condemn her."

"You speak very calmly, My Lord Duke," cried My Lord Arran, "your situation & mine being so different I am not astonished that our views should also be so. *You* have only cause for satisfaction ;— I have only cause for grief."

"If you desire to re-open matters with Miledy . . ." exclaimed his Uncle, "and you will permit me to arrange it for you, I shall be much deceived if I cannot satisfactorily adjust things."

residence, had been pulled down a couple of years before and the land sold : York Street, Buckingham Street, Villiers Street, &c., Strand, commemorate it. Wallingford House, his birthplace, was let, but he had an establishment in Upper Thames Street (Blackfriars), "where he sometimes resided upon a peculiar humour." Stripe. He maintained this place as late as 1679. To return to Whitehall from it he would have to pass down the Strand and go by Arundel House, just as is recounted above.

"I could not think of such a thing," said my lord. "She hath every right to complain, & when I recall to mind the hard things I said to her, under the impression that I was speaking to Emilie, & when I add to it all that the Prince of Neuburg does to please her, & her affability to him, I am not in the least astonished at her holding me at a distance as she does."

"If the Prince is going to make a long stay in London," observed the Duke, "I will not promise that for the satisfaction of a complete vengeance on you she may not make a change, but in promoting him to your place she will not forget you, and at the outside it will be a flirtation of a few weeks, which will terminate. She has loved you & I am certain she does not hate you. Will you make one more effort through me?"

My lord mused awhile, but eventually he prayed the Duke to act in this negotiation as for himself.

CHAPTER XLV

THE King had decided to honour the Prince of Neuburg by an excursion to Hampton Court & at the ball the party had been arranged. The following evening everything was in readiness for them to proceed thither by water. Barges were in waiting, dressed with flags both striped & embroidered, & hung with brocaded tapestries of rose colour & silver, their decks spread with Persian carpets, with a gold ground. When all the Court had taken its place an advance was made up the grand River Thames which is perhaps unique, & is also the most beautiful in the world. The air resounded with agreeable Symphonies, Trumpets, Tymbals, Flutes, Violins, The Voice, Theorbos, Violas, and Harpsichords. All these made up the varied entertainments that were heard turn by turn, & the music was so well harmonised that no one could find it distracting. The Foreign Prince much admired the beauty of the Town & the great Houses on the river banks with their Balconies,—at this hour crowded with beautiful Ladies, who delighted in seeing his Majesty in all his pomp, & in listening to the warlike clashing of the Tymbals & the gentler music of the Violins.

London from the Thames furnishes the finest panorama that can be imagined, & I do not know where one can find a sight to surpass it in any City in Europe.

The Duke of Monmouth, noticing that the Prince de Neuburg spoke more frequently with Miledy . . . than with any of the other Women, kindly arranged that he should be placed near her, & as she was persuaded that if anything could bring My Lord Arran again to her feet it would be jealousy,—the recaller of fugitive love, the awakener of the heart,—she pretended to have eyes for no one save this Prince, & to listen to him with that delight one exhibits for those who attract & appeal to one. On his part he neglected nothing that would induce her to lend a favourable ear to his gallantries, & he was sufficiently prepossessing to flatter himself that he would not meet with any rebuke.

Presently he said: "Do not consider me too presuming, Madam, if I profit by this moment to tell you of the ascendancy you have gained over my heart. I ought, (I know,) to endeavour by my care & attention to serve you, & prove my attachment ere saying anything, but the short time I shall be in this Country is not long enough for me to dare to hope to succeed by such a method. Therefore Madam, I think it better that I conjure you to alleviate my pain, & agree to this offer which I now make you of a heart which hath never before experienced such a strong impression as that which you have made upon it."

"I should be much honoured," she replied, "were I sure that what you say is genuine. But what have I to prove this? No man has any scruple in deceiving the Ladies,—by long experience we are warned that they are dangerous & only pretend to engage themselves & do not really do so."

"Ah Madam, what is that you say?" he sighed interrupting her. "Is it possible that you can imagine that with a person so charming as yourself a man would only think of being loved? You will find the devotion is on *my* side, & were I sufficiently the master

of my destiny to stay with you as I should wish, you would find that I was ever faithful. Alas! why were you not born in my country,—or why must I be banished from yours?"

"Regret nothing, Seigneur," said she, "I do not deserve this attachment, & you would perhaps be very unhappy were you to expect too much from me."

"Oh I implore you, tell me the reason?" he exclaimed.

"It is," she replied, "that I am gentle, equable, & always in a good temper, save with those who seek to put themselves on an intimate footing; with them I am strange, capricious & domineering; they seem like slaves to me; I mistrust them, & mistrust myself; so much so that, even when I am pre-disposed in their favour, I banish them."

"I am prepared to face all this, Madam," said the Prince, "only consent to let me serve you; perhaps it may be my good fortune to please you; perhaps a star more benign than that of the unhappy ones you treat so cruelly will favour me."

"This betrays vanity," said the lady smiling, "but is not unbecoming in a Prince. Very well, Seigneur, I will accept you as my Knight."

"And I proclaim you my Lady," he replied joyfully. Then, turning his head, he spoke with emphasis this verse from the Tragedy of the Cid:

"'*Paroissez Navarrois, Mores & Castillians.*'[1]

[1] Play by Corneille (1606–84), produced 1636.

RODRIGO [inspired with love for CLUMÉNE]

Est-il quelque enemy qu'à presentie me dompté?
Parroissez Navarrois, Mores & Castillons
Et tout ce que l'Espagne a nourry de vaillans
Vnissez nous ensemble & faites vne armée
Pour combarre vne main de la sorte animée
Soignez tout vos efforts contra vn espour si doux
Pour en venir à bout, c'est trop peu que de vous.

Le Cid, Act 5, Scene I. 1637 (first edition).

The Duke of Buckingham & My Lord Arran who were sitting opposite to each other were too distant to overhear the conversation of the Prince de Neuburg & Miledy . . . but these words happened to reach them; both gentlemen spoke excellent French. My lord trod on the Duke's foot.

"We cannot doubt," he observed, "that the young Prince is prepared to challenge all the lovers Miledy . . . has hitherto had. Ah! if I could only muster my courage I would gladly join their ranks, & show him that at least in England he is not the Cid."

"Here is an excellent opening for a quarrel," observed the Duke. "Yet surely an amorous man uses, in the commencement of a passion, different language from those in full possession of their senses. But there, do not disquiet yourself, I will look after your interests so that you will have ample reason for contentment."

Whilst they were speaking together Nelly, who was in the Barge, was making a thousand sallies to the Ladies & the Gallants. One of her schemes, which was previously arranged, proved very amusing. She suggested to the King that they might stop awhile, the better to enjoy the beauty of the evening & the music; this done she had some fishing tackle produced; it was all painted and gilded, the Nets were silk, the Hooks gold. Every one commenced to fish, & the King was one of the most eager.[1] He had

[1] His Majesty was an enthusiastic angler.

"One of his favourite amusements was fishing, & the Thames at Datchet one of his places of resort. Lord Rochester alludes to his passion for the sport in one of his minor poems, and amongst his household expenses is an allowance to his cormorant keeper for his repairing yearly into the northern parts of England 'to take haggard cormorants for the King's disport in fishing.'" Cunningham's *Nell Gwyn*, 1852, p. 92, quoting, *Audit Office Enrollments* (MSS.), v 322.

"Little was done to-day [at Windsor] but going a fishing. At night

already thrown his line many times & was surprised at not catching anything. The Ladies rallied him, but calling out that they must not tease, he triumphantly showed his line to the end of which half a dozen fried Sprats were attached by a piece of silk! They burst into laughter in which all the Court joined, but Nelly said it was only right that a great king should have unusual Privileges! A poor Fisherman could only take Fish alive but his Majesty caught them ready to eat! The Prince de Neuburg remarked that six Sprats would hardly suffice, & he would endeavour to catch one or two more to add to them; thereupon he threw his line & soon it appeared to be heavy. "Ah Sire," he cried, recovering it, "we shall soon have good cheer."

A little Purse was attached to the hook, & on opening this he found a gold Box embellished with stones within which was a Portrait of Miledy . . . The Prince gave a great cry of joy whilst the King, who had no idea that Nelly had stationed some divers in the river to attach the little Fish and the Portrait, was much diverted.

"It was Cleopatra who fastened a Sardine to the hook of Mark Antony, but you are cleverer than she," he said to Nelly, "for you give Portraits which cause infinitely greater pleasure."

"They are Presents which do not cost her much," said Miledy . . . (a little embarrassed). "To explain

the Duchess of Portsmouth come. In the morning I was with the King at Mrs. Nells." Henry Sidney, first Earl of Romney's *Diary*, 1679, vol. i, p. 20.

"We have all been sadly alarmed with the King's being sick, but he is now very well again, and I hope will continue so, if he can be kept from fishing when a dog would not be abroad." *Ibid.* 1680, vol. ii, p. 57.

See also State Poems, 1697, p. 43; Reresby's *Memoirs*, 1735, p. 100, &c. &c.

what I mean she sent to me this morning to say she desired to have her picture done, & would I send my portrait that she might see the attitude & the drapery. You see, Sir, the usage she is pleased to make of it."

"Nothing at all events could be more favourable for me," said the Prince, addressing Nelly, "& I do not know how to thank you enough, Madam."

"I should be happy to deserve your gratitude," she replied, "yet Seigneur, you attribute to me a good office I never designed. It is surely the Naiads of the River who are endeavouring to earn your favour by these attentions, & if Miledy . . . desires me to give proof that I have her Portrait at home I will forthwith send for it." Whilst all this gaiety took place, and the light-hearted manner in which they spoke rendered every thing agreeable, My Lord Arran alone appeared in the deepest melancholy. With keen disapproval he realised what an occasion was furnished to the Prince de Neuburg to say a thousand pretty nothings to Miledy, & his vivid imagination persuaded him to his torment that she and Nelly had a secret understanding to adopt this means to furnish the Prince with the Portrait. Although Miledy . . . said very seriously that it was her wish that it should immediately be handed over to her, my lord did not believe she meant it, & his jealousy more than ever rekindled those fires in his heart that all her goodness, & all her tenderness, had been powerless to awaken.

The Duke of Buckingham, who read his trouble in his eyes, would not allow him to remain a prey to such mournful reflections. Approaching closer he said in a low voice, "You are as I predicted: uneasy, dreary, confused, & enamoured. No longer do you pay any attention to Emilie; for the last quarter of an hour she has been talking to Monmouth without your even perceiving it."

"Ha, my lord, is she worth troubling about?" demanded the other. "The little coquette is more fitted to play divers rôles in a Theatre than to command the heart of an honest man. I assure you I am entirely cured of *that*, and bitterly do I reproach myself for my previous weakness when she was concerned."

The Barges were continuing to advance gently towards Hampton Court when suddenly those aboard saw approaching two others whose ornate magnificence surprised them all; they were in every way so very singular as to arouse intense curiosity. The first Barge was full of most proper men dressed like the Ancient Paladins of whom we still see pictures; in their midst was one similarly attired but with a Breastplate, & attended by a Squire who carried his Helmet which was adorned with white feathers. There was also a green and gold Pavilion & in it the Statuette of a Lady on a Pedestal of black & white marble which some Lover of Sculptury had skilfully carved. In the other Barge were Maidens dressed as Nymphs with Quivers on their shoulders & Arrows in their hands; a Lady dressed as Diana was distinguished amongst them on account of the magnificence of her clothing and the brilliancy of her Gems as well as their antiquity. She had no other beauty that she valued so much as they, and probably never was such an ancient Diana as she seen before!

CHAPTER XLVI

THE King, and those surrounding him were not long in recognising that he who was in armour in the first Barge was the Duke of Newcastle,[1] whilst his wife who appeared as the chaste Diana[2] occupied the second one; but the Prince de Neuburg, who was not so well informed, concluded they were either a troup of Masqueraders, or Actors who had been performing in some place near London. He was still of this mind when My Lord of Monmouth said: "Yonder, Seigneur, are a pair as eccentric as any in this world. He whom you behold in the centre of the Gentlemen is the Duke of Newcastle, one of the greatest Nobles in England; he commands more than an hundred thousand crowns rent, and like many another rich man of quality took offence at some trifle & withdrew from the Court to live a life of seclusion. He has a magnificent castle in Northumberland; it is naturally fortified by woods, and rivers, & is in a most impregnable situation. Solitude obliged him to give himself up to reading; the Duchess did the same;—in fact they read day and night; & as their study was indiscriminate it happened that it chiefly consisted of romances

[1] William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, b. 1592, d. December 25, 1676, was the King's tutor.

[2] Margaret, daughter of Sir Thomas Lucas, Maid of Honour to Henrietta Maria (1643–45), m. April 1645, d. January 7, 1675. They are both buried in Westminster Abbey.

& adventures of Knights Errant ; of these they became so fond that they began to re-enact them, creating anew in their county some of the wonders that the heroes of old, such as Amadis of Gaul[1] & the Knights of the Round Table wrought in the World."

"What an extraordinary story!" cried the Prince de Neuburg.

"If you doubt me," continued Monsieur de Monmouth, "anyone of the Court will confirm what I say, particularly the Duke of Albemarle who married their daughter."[2]

"I have no wish to hear the story from any lips save yours," said the young Prince, "&, apart from that, my own eyes are sufficient to tell me that one does not dress like that without some extraordinary reason."

"*Reason?* Reason hath little to do with it!" exclaimed the Duke. "Her Grace of Newcastle pretends to be an Amazon ; she rides with her Demoiselles,—who are the daughters of good Houses, but meagrely provided with this world's goods ; she takes them to live with her, & takes upon herself to provide for them

[1] "Amandus Abneus Salvinus, Roman general, who about 285 commanded in Gaul under Diocletian with Aubeus Pomponius Abbanuz, both having for their adherents only peasants and bandits, had the audacity to cause themselves to be proclaimed emperors." *Biographie Universelle*.

[2] Elizabeth, eldest daughter, b. February 22, 1654, m. (1) 1669, Christopher Monck, second Duke of Albemarle [b. 1652, d. at Jamaica, where he was Governor-General, 1688] ; (2) 1691, Ralph Montagu, first Duke of Montagu [he died 1709]. She evidently inherited many of her parents' peculiarities for she was known as the "Mad Duchess." She died without issue at Montagu House, the site of the British Museum, in 1734.

"After the death of her first husband she publicly announced her determination to marry none but a Sovereign Prince . . . in order to flatter her insane fancies he (Lord Montagu) courted her as Emperor of China. . . . She was indulged in her phantasies and to the last was served on the knee as a Sovereign Princess." Jesse's *Court of England*, 1846, vol. iv, p. 453.

as long as they enter with a becoming spirit into her romantic fantasies. On his side the Duke represents the Knight errant; he finds his wife reposing after the chase in a wood beside the river; he falls in love; he confides in his faithful squire; on her part she is possessed of an invisible island, or an enchanted Palace, or she is Medea, or Armida,—but in any case she is utterly ravished at the attractive appearance of the gallant stranger! Although she is 'promised to a Prince her neighbour, who is not a little valiant—being the size of a giant'—she declares to her Nurse that she will 'wed no one save the Knight she saw in the Wood.'

"Then there follow all the gallantries, or to speak plainly, extravagances,—that may be imagined. They have pleasure *fêtes*, combats; and a thousand other absurdities which eventually culminate in the Nuptials of these good people. But the ceremony is no sooner concluded than they plague themselves to invent a fresh Romance; nor are the Actors or the dresses missing. They are both fabulously wealthy and they spend their wealth in this way."

"I could listen all day, my lord," cried the Prince de Neuburg, "and with the least encouragement I would set out for this castle & witness in person what must be one of the greatest comedies ever presented."

They were still speaking when they observed a little boat shoot out from the side of the Duke's Barge; it contained his Equerry & two rowers. It approached his Majesty's Barge, which expressly halted.

"Sir," said the Equerry, "the Duke of Newcastle my Master humbles himself profoundly before your royal Majesty, at the same time saluting the illustrious Court that is in attendance. He begs to know if there is here any Knight who will declare that the

de Witt

WILLIAM, DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, WITH HIS DUCHESS
(MARGARET LUCAS)

From a print by A. Benge

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beauty of his Lady is more perfect than the one whose Portrait is under that splendid Pavilion. With your Majesty's sanction I will conduct such an one in all safety to my Lord the Duke, in order that they may in an open field, discover which of the two knows best how to defend the beauty of her whom he serves."

Notwithstanding the solemnity his Majesty had preserved during this harangue he could not restrain several peals of laughter at its close. Recovering his gravity he said: "Go tell your Master that from so far off it is impossible to distinguish the features of the Portrait he praises so highly, but that if he will send it to us we shall be the better able to judge if he be right or wrong, & after that we will reply to his challenge."

At these words the Equerry drew a copy from his pocket, saying it was taken from the lovely original which the Duke his Master so adored. Every one recognised the old Duchess of Newcastle, painted as a Shepherdess with a crown of flowers, in the same manner as Astrea is depicted. At the sight of this the King burst out laughing, & had he dared, the Equerry would have joined him.

"A very lovely person," commented his Majesty. "I am sure no one will dispute it; that all will acquiesce."

"This affair ought not to pass so tranquilly," said the Prince de Neuburg, "& I desire, Sire, to proclaim the beauty of a Lady. Here is her portrait, & I declare myself her champion." So saying he produced that of Miledy . . . & placed it beside the other; "That your Majesty may decide," continued he, "which is the most perfect."

"Oh the Shepherdess!" cried the King. "In an encounter of this nature, Prince, we must see to it that justice triumphs over favour, & as your cause

is worthless, I condemn you to confess immediately that you are in the wrong, & that only blind infatuation renders you excusable."

The Equerry retired to tell his Master all that had passed. Never did a man experience greater satisfaction; he informed his Duchess, who felt a joy so great that she could not hide it, and as her galley sailed close by the Royal one she held herself so proudly, & considered herself so completely triumphant over the ladies who surrounded his Majesty, as to cause the highest entertainment to the entire Court.[1]

"Are you aware that there is no woman who does more to preserve her beauty than she whom we have just seen?" asked the Duke of Buckingham of the Prince de Neuburg. "A Quack, as extravagant as she is herself, persuaded her to get a man, make him very fat, and then distil him, saying that the extract would prove more efficacious in rejuvenating her than the Waters of the Fountain of Youth. She never doubted that this secret was good; at all events it was rare, and immediately she sought out a young man of healthy complexion. He was shut up and nourished on every luxury to be obtained; he did nothing at all save eat and sleep. This unfortunate individual grew so fat as to be a painful sight, & the Duchess never omitted, every time she went to see him, to say, 'Well, my friend, art still getting fatter?'

[1] Though the foregoing is a fair specimen of the vagaries in which the Newcastle couple indulged we must reluctantly admit that this particular happening is post-dated for the purpose of introducing the hero and heroine at this point. It could not have been the Prince of Neuburg who desired to take up the Duke's challenge for he did not arrive in England until some five months after the Duchess's death., These facts with the presence of Margaret Blagge (Filadelphe) and the interesting condition of her mistress confirm the theory set forth in the Preface that Madame d'Aulnoy had an experience of the English Court extending to months.

At last he was seized with curiosity to know why she took such an interest in his *embonpoint* & made enquiries of him who had charge of his dietary.

" ' Why,' replied the man, ' as soon as thou hast become fully plump they will cut thee into pieces & throw thee into an Alembic ; what is thus brewed will be used to rejuvenate her Grace.'

" On hearing this the poor prisoner felt he would die of terror, & from that day forward he rapidly grew so thin that he soon resembled a skeleton rather than a man who was still alive. When she saw him in such a pitiful case she gave him back his liberty, & was looking out for another to fatten, when the King was informed of her design. His Majesty counselled her to run the risk of growing old rather than incur his displeasure, ' for,' he said, ' he would never, if she persisted, pardon so cruel a proceeding.' "[1]

" I declare one would have to witness these follies before one could believe them," said the Prince, " & nothing could be more entertaining than the way you have just recited all this to me."

Each in turn contributed anecdotes about the ducal pair until we[2] reached Hampton Court.

Said Nelly: " One example was when she harnessed eight Bulls to a Coach that she had built ; it was such a size that there were hardly any streets through which it could pass. She desired to go to Hyde Park to display her new equipage, but hardly had the Bulls started than a crowd of astonished people surrounded her with loud outcries ; this so enraged the animals that they kicked the Carriage to pieces & the lady's life was in danger. Since then she has

[1] Madame d'Aulnoy repeats this anecdote in French Court Memoirs.

[2] This " we " is interesting as the only direct allusion made in the book to the personal presence of the writer.

never been tempted to allow herself to be drawn by Bulls."

"That is a very amusing incident," observed the Duchess of Richmond, "but you will agree with me it does not rival the occasion at Whitehall. The Duchess of Newcastle comes to Court very rarely, & as she amuses the Queen, her Majesty charged me to persuade her to attend the Circle. Knowing she had just come back from the Country I made the suggestion for her Majesty, asking her if she would come.

"'I shall be delighted to do myself the honour,' she replied, 'but I must beg that the Queen will treat me with especial distinction.'

"'I have no doubt she will,' I replied.

"'Well, Madam, then ask her,' said she, 'if she consents to my Nymphs holding my train all the while I am at the Circle. In France duchesses enjoy the *Tabouret;* we in England are excluded. At all events we should have permission to have our trains borne.'

"I eagerly promised I would speak of it, being anxious enough to neglect nothing to secure her attendance.

"'Assuredly,' she said, 'it is a mutual cause you plead. It will make you famous in the centuries to come when it is read in History that it was a Duchess of Richmond, a daughter of the brave Duke of Buckingham, who obtained this prerogative from the Queen of England!'

"When I reported this conversation to her Majesty she laughed with all her heart, but she nevertheless refused to grant so great a privilege. When I told this to the Duchess of Newcastle she was very annoyed.

"'Well,' said she, 'I shall do it all the same. You will see I am a woman of spirit.'

"Two days later she arrived at the Circle. She

was attired in a robe of black velvet, bordered with gold, all incrusted with precious stones; the train was so long that the nine Demoiselles at the end of it did not get any further than the Outer Room; it went right through the Apartment and looked like a Comet.[1] I will leave you to picture if this creation did not rejoice the whole world, & if there was anyone amongst them who did not desire promptly to imitate it."

[1] In *A True Relation of My Birth, Breeding, and Life*, published 1656, the Duchess confesses that she always took a delight in a singularity, even in accoutrements of habits (edition 1886, p. 312), and this is confirmed by Pepys, April 4 and May 1, 1667.

CHAPTER XLVII

WHILST the Duchess of Richmond was still speaking the Barge arrived at the place where it was intended to disembark. While she & Nelly were entertaining the Prince de Neuburg the Duke of Buckingham approached Miledy . . .

"You are a terrible coquette, you will certainly in the end be the cause of some one being hanged," he observed, with an air of mock gravity which inclined to real seriousness.

Miledy . . . shrugged her shoulders, &, with a somewhat contemptuous movement of her head in the direction of the King's favourite, replied:

"Nelly, a woman of pleasure, is not less of a coquette than I; but I am somewhat vindictive & it is my desire to punish certain ingratitude."

"Ah Madam," cried the Duke, "you have succeeded but too well. My poor Nephew suffers bitterly for the wrath he has incurred, & regrets it from the bottom of his heart."

"He is not of sufficient worth to be capable of such a repentance," she exclaimed. "I have reason to imagine, however, that he has quarrelled with Emilie, and he thinks that if he makes her jealous she may reinstate him in her favour."

"He certainly does not design to use you as a pretext," said the Duke, "& I greatly fear that in your desire to spite him you will spite yourself at the same time."

"Your charity is very well meaning, my lord," replied Miledy with a smile, "but despite it, you will have a difficulty in deceiving me. I have a prejudice against that graceless fellow that nothing will alter."

"I have not undertaken to justify him," said he, "I am quite prepared for you to realize his culpability, to remember his inconstancy, & to recall the manner in which he sacrificed a happily established love for a new craze for your Rival; in a word, to bring before your mind all the inequalities of his behaviour. But when you have done this, when you have fully weighed all your charges against him, reflect as well that it is Arran himself,—who was once so dear to you,—that is concerned; that he has come back tender and submissive, miserable at having vexed you; and that, to make you forget all that is passed, there is *nothing* he is not prepared to do to propitiate you. Trust me, Madam,—and before you give him a definite *congé* consult your heart."

"You are very importunate," she said, "and as I am to consult my heart you must give me time to question it."

"No, Madam," cried the Duke, "my honour is involved, I have promised to take him back his pardon signed by you. Should you delay, other obstacles might arise. I do not know that all the world is as anxious as I am for this reconciliation."

"You have promised what is not in your power to achieve," she said, "and I do not undertake to guarantee the new Treaty you make. Is it possible that a Minister of State can have so rashly pledged himself?"

"Let us speak to him," the Duke interrupted, casting her a shrewd glance; "you must agree that his manner is that of a man who is deeply concerned."

"That is quite true," she acquiesced, "though probably Emilie is the cause."

"Assuredly no, Madam," said My Lord Arran, approaching her, "Emilie has no longer any right over my heart, you alone possess it; it is you alone whom it acknowledges as its Sovereign."

"Eh," she said, "since when have you heard secrets uttered so far away, & uttered so low that we could hardly hear each other."

"Let me speak rather, Madam, of the unhappiness I have experienced in displeasing you," he replied, "of my regret and all the efforts I shall make in the future to efface the bad impression I have given you."

"I shall make no reply until you satisfy my curiosity in telling me by what way you overheard me."

"His Grace of Buckingham can instruct you better than I," he replied, "for it was he who furnished the means."

"As you wish to know," said the Duke, "I must explain that a man came to me some while ago to propose to make in my Laboratory that which we alchemists call the GREAT WORK, vulgarly known as the PHILOSOPHER'S STONE. 'Tis a dream that had always fascinated me, and the 'Philosopher's Stone' I now wish for, is the cure of my desire to find the real one——"

"May I interrupt you my lord," broke in Miledy . . . "to ask you if the wish to make gold is not caused through supreme avarice?"

"That aspect of the Stone has no attraction for me," he replied. "I wished to find it, & to know the secret because of the rarity; if I discovered it I should prevent myself becoming poor; but save for that, I should use it only for the enrichment of others. This man who now came to me seemed outwardly wise and moderate; he had a good memory, & spoke little but well; he appeared quite disinterested, but the drugs he required were very expensive. He

purchased these and made a commencement. The preparations were very tedious, meanwhile he lived at my house & put me off with a lot of fairy tales [1] which a man less eager than I about the discovery would have listened to with a much shorter patience. In the end even my forbearance was exhausted by the constant delays with which he fed my eagerness, and I repeatedly told him I would listen no more to his pretences, & that he had better make the Gold or jump out of the window. This alternative appeared somewhat violent, but he foresaw that he was engaged in a very delicate matter, & eventually he came to the conclusion that a frank avowal of his ignorance would pacify me better than all the specious reasons he still had to advance. He threw himself before me, and after a preamble, during which I realised his embarrassment, he asked my pardon; & while he confessed that his science was but mediocre, & not sufficient to enable him to make the Philosopher's Stone, he offered, if I wished it, to make me a Horn to put in the ear, so small that it would be hidden by the hair; & that, with this, provided I held myself at a certain distance, & that the wind blew on my side, I should be able to hear whatever was said no matter how softly it was uttered.

"This proposition calmed me a little; I told him to get to work promptly; & I do not think he lied in this respect as he did in regard to the other article. When My Lord Arran pressed me to sue for his favour I promised to do so, and at the same time I gave him my Horn, that he might have a means of overhearing us!"

"An unpardonable betrayal," cried Miledy . . . "How ill at ease I should be had I said something intended for no ears save yours!"

[1] Literal.

"I should not have guarded the secret less scrupulously than my Uncle, Madam," said my lord, "& I am glad to have heard something of what was said; *I* shall never betray it."

Miledy . . . heard this graciously, but he had too fully lost her regard for her to accord him her pardon so promptly; she desired he should suffer. "You must have a very poor opinion of me," she said, glancing at him with all the indifference she could assume, "if you think I am capable of so lightly overlooking your offences. Are you not aware that the greater the love the greater the hate, when there is a just reason for it?"

He certainly would agree to nothing so prejudicial to him; he was about to endeavour to prove to her that she treated him with unmerited severity, when they became aware that his Majesty was landing, & hastened to follow him. The Prince de Neuburg pressed forward, eager to join Miledy & give his hand to her rather than the Duchess of Richmond & Nelly Gwyn.

CHAPTER XLVIII

IT was already late when they arrived at the *Château*. The King had ordered illuminations which were superb. After a grand supper they went into the Grounds and were pleasantly surprised to see, right under a Star which shone over several Alleys, a fully equipped Theatre, where the Actors proceeded to give a very agreeable Performance.

The King placed Nelly at his side, the Prince de Neuburg ensconced himself next Miledy . . . , whilst My Lord Arran took up a position behind her.

Perceiving that Madam Betty Felton & Emilie were casting furious glances at one another, the Duke of Monmouth deemed it would be wisest to withdraw, in order to remove the reason for their discord. Not having his dear Mistress, the Duke of Buckingham sought out My Lord Saint Albans, & they retired a little distance so as to be able to converse freely.

" I am delighted to find an opportunity of satisfying my curiosity," said My Lord Saint Albans. " Tell me, have you seen Lady Norwich ? "

" Yes, my lord, I have seen her," was the reply, " & I am quite happy. Ha, how mad one is to think when one is really in love that it is possible to cure oneself ! I swear to you that my bonds are stronger than ever, & my uneasy spirit, which caused me so much

suffering, is at this moment in the sweetest & most agreeable of moods." [1]

"My compliments," said My Lord of Saint Albans. "I hope that My Lord Arran may soon be equally happy; at present I find him wretched."

"Do you know why? Because he is jealous," said the Duke, answering his own question, "and when one is possessed of that Demon there is no sense in the wisest head."

"He deserves pity," said the other, "and after all that has passed he ought to be cured of his love for Emilie."

"What!" cried the Duke, "do you think he sighs for her?"

"For whom then?" demanded my lord.

"Why for *Miledy . . . !*" responded his friend.

"Ah!" cried My Lord Saint Albans. "Ah, how happy I am! What a joy this is! In truth I feel sorry for Emilie, but look at Miledy . . .! What a triumphant air she has."

"There is nothing that makes a lady so attractive," said the Duke, "as to recover a truant lover. Still, the Prince de Neuburg is a great embarrassment to her at this moment; I am sure that she wishes him in Germany."

"I doubt it," said St. Albans, "the attentions of a man of his rank are never to be despised. Look at her eyes as she turns them on him, do you call that indifference?"

"Ah you reduce me to despair, my lord!" cried His Grace of Buckingham, "when you so pertinently

[1] This reconciliation was of brief duration, it lasted six weeks! In the collected works of Buckingham, 1806, vol. i, p. 5, we find a long poem by him dated July 12, 1675, entitled "The Lost Mistress: a Complaint against the Comtess of ——." The verses are merely conventional They have been supposed hitherto to refer to a dispute with the Countess of Shrewsbury.

point out that ambition & frivolity are ever paramount in the heart of Woman."

"It is not always the case," said his friend. "For instance, I do not think you have anything to fear from your Mistress. As for Miledy . . . , she knows what she is doing."

It was his impression that her inclination was favourable to My Lord Arran, but that she was resolved on his punishment, & the Prince de Neuburg provided a means.

"You may laugh at me," this young man was saying to the pretty Miledy . . . , "but I cannot help telling you that I am reproaching myself most bitterly for having allowed the Duke of Newcastle to pass without taking up his challenge. Fortune, which placed your Portrait in my hands, & caused you to honour me by accepting me as your Lover, at least engaged me to defend your beauty."

"Neither implicate you seriously," said Miledy . . . "We no longer live in a time when romance triumphs over reason, or when one cuts one's throat for a Woman."

"But," he objected, "do not men love now as they loved of old? And if they have the same emotions why should they not express them the same way? For me, I know well how happy I should be were I to be able to compel the Duke of Newcastle to admit that your charms are the greatest he has ever known."

"And for my part," said she, "I know well how great would have been my embarrassment at being the heroine of such an unusual proceeding. If it had been done with a view to pleasing me it would have but ill-succeeded."

They did not speak so low but that a man, as interested as My Lord Arran was, might overhear

them, even if he had not in addition the Duke of Buckingham's little Horn which was a great aid to him. He was exceedingly anxious to join in the conversation partly to interrupt, but also to heap ridicule on the Prince for desiring to fight a man who had made himself, by his extraordinary exploits, so notorious, but his respect for Miledy . . . was too great, & he did not venture to say anything for fear of displeasing her.

Never had Emilie passed a worse half-hour than she did during the progress of the Play. She had come with one of her relations, who had begged permission of her Highness to bring her. The Duke of Monmouth had avoided her neighbourhood, & Madam Betty Felton had fixed him with such a stony stare that he did not dare even to console Emilie by a sympathetic glance. On his side he was nearly as ennuied as his Mistresses were,—& for consolation he turned to My Lord Grey.

"I really must decide between them," he said; "there is nothing so inconvenient as to be placed between two people who have an equal right to ask for an account of your actions; it is impossible to favour one without offending the other, and this is naturally not the case when one loves one only."

"Quite true," acquiesced Lord Grey, "but with a single Mistress when she is—say—ill,—she is unable to come to you without exciting the husband's suspicion; you cannot go to *her*, and consequently you are much alone. But when one is entangled with three or four one is certain to find *one* of them wherever one goes, & if they happen to be all present together,—well the pleasure ought to be proportionately greater."

"You preach these maxims to me but you do not

practise them yourself, I know your ways, perhaps more than you realise—or would wish."

"Oh!" said my lord, "what is there to know of a man entirely absorbed by his family; who still plays the lover to his wife, & whose only pleasure is the society of his father-in-law, and his mother-in-law."

"Truly," said the Duke with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes, "My Lord Berkeley[1] is the man who in all the world pleases you most, My Lady Berkeley enchants you—but there is still the *daughter*,[2] of whom you do not speak; she is a little miracle of beauty & grace; what is your reply to that?"

"My reply," responded My Lord Grey somewhat embarrassed, "is that she is a child to whom I have paid some little attention. But were she not my sister-in-law I probably should not know she was in existence."

"Do not let us say anything more about it," said the Duke, "one should never ask one's friends questions they do not care to answer." He turned the conversation to other topics, & confided in my lord that he did not think he would be much longer at the Court; that he was very anxious to get away from the idle profitless life he was living; for he considered he was made for better things than incessantly running after women, & that if he could obtain from

[1] George, ninth Lord Berkeley, b. 1627, m. August 11, 1646, Elizabeth Massingbird (b. ?, d. 1708). He was created Earl Berkeley 1676, and died 1698. Mary, fourth daughter, b. ?, m. Lord Grey 167–, d. 1719.

[2] Henrietta, fifth daughter, b. 1664. In August 1682 she eloped with Lord Grey, her brother-in-law, from "The Durdans," near Epsom. For this abduction he appeared before the King's Bench the following November. The trial ended in a fight in Court! Though found guilty, Grey displayed his characteristic skill at wriggling out of a difficult position at the expense of another and got off. Lady Henrietta died 1710.

the King the Command of the English service in France nothing would give him greater satisfaction.

The Play being finished, the King retired & the Court followed suit.

The next day all the Ladies came down in Amazonian habits; so debonnaire was their appearance that the Prince de Neuburg exclaimed repeatedly that nowhere in this world was beauty so great as in England.

The King mounted his horse & was followed by a large concourse, but Miledy . . . feigned a headache expressly that she might see what My Lord Arran would do. He accompanied the King to the Meet but as soon as the hounds had got away, so that all could disperse without remark, he hurriedly re-traversed the road to Hampton Court.

He had been somewhat delayed, and Miledy . . ., worried & uncertain, had wandered restlessly to and fro. She blamed herself for having wavered in his favour, telling herself that surely by now she should be convinced as to his baseness.

But what were her feelings when he suddenly entered her Chamber! Her joy was so intense that she could not hide it, her eyes & heart alike betrayed her, & notwithstanding all her resolutions she found it impossible not to forgive her repentant Lover. She promised him,—to convince him of her indifference to the Prince de Neuburg,—that after the morrow she would return to Whitehall. It is easy to picture the happiness with which this delicate attention inspired My Lord Arran, & to imagine all the things he said to convince her that she was not treating the foreigner badly.

When the hunting party returned, the King at once demanded news of Miledy . . . He was told her

headache was as bad as ever ; at which the Foreign Prince was so much upset, that, anxious to please him, his Majesty led him up to her room.

After some moments of general conversation his Majesty retired, remarking that he left his guest in good company, & begging Miledy . . . —& some other Ladies who were present to see that he was entertained.

" Do you imagine, Madam," said the Prince,— drawing nearer to her & speaking in a voice too low for the others to hear—" that I enjoyed myself at the Chase knowing you were ill ? To be away from you during the short time I am in England reduced me to a despair that is difficult to imagine."

" Your manner is so earnest, Seigneur," she replied, " that I think I must answer you in the same way : as long as it was only the question of a joke that might entertain you, I listened with pleasure to all the pretty things you said, but now I am speaking seriously, & I must confess that I do not think we should pass this evening in a manner that might cause people to think you had a greater interest in me than any other Lady of our Court."

The Prince was exceedingly astonished, & hardly realised all that was meant, but he had sufficient pride to be able to respond to her with dignity :

" I think you intend me to take this rebuke in its fullest meaning, Madam ? Perhaps it was presumption for me to flatter myself that I could really please a person of your critical taste. I suppose you looked on me as a poor Traveller soon to be exiled ? Well Madam, so let it be. This moment will be the last time in all my life that I shall say these words ' I love you.' " With which he rose up, &, making a profound reverence to all the ladies, retired.

They one and all looked at each other in surprise,

and Miledy appeared more so than any which certainly should not have been the case, knowing as she did the meaning of his departure. Though she wished to surrender her heart without reservation to My Lord Arran, & it was to please him she had spoken as she had done to the Prince, it had not been her intention that he should interpret her orders so drastically as he had done.

The King had proposed to stay at Hampton Court several days, but the following morning news reached him that the Queen was very ill, & he hurried back to London. One cannot say that their married life was perfect but if her Majesty had not the good fortune to be the sole possessor of his heart, he displayed towards her as much respect & every deference as could possibly be found in a union that was ideal. Upon this occasion the eagerness & concern he exhibited contributed more than anything else to her recovery.

The Prince de Neuburg, entertained by various amusements, did not further experience Miledy . . .'s coldness, but he decided to hasten his departure. When he mentioned this to the King the latter pressed him to stay at least for the festivities in connection with his birth and restoration ; the Glorious 29th of May. The prospective attractiveness of this celebration was too inviting for the Prince to refuse.

Meanwhile the Duke of Monmouth had repeatedly sought an opportunity to converse with Filadelphe, but Madam Betty Felton had followed him closely with the one aim of exasperating him.

" Is it possible my lord," she asked once, " is it possible that you can be near a woman like myself & still be so discontented ? "

" How can I be otherwise," he retorted, " when I remember your jealousy & suspicion, & how you

Darton

THEIR MAJESTIES KING CHARLES II AND QUEEN CATHERINE OF BRAGANÇA (RECEIVING A PRESENTATION) IN 1676

From an engraving by Hollar from Ogilvy's Survey of London

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follow me about, & hold me responsible for a look—a sigh—or any other trifle ? "

" Ha, my lord," she cried, " you are too fortunate in having nothing of greater moment to charge against me. What revolts you should rather redound to my credit in your estimation, were your heart delicate enough to appreciate the worth of mine. But one should not love with the kind of love you bestow ; you only want flirtation, not a serious devotion. I swear I shall not accommodate myself to that humour, & I shall be obliged if you will let me know what your real sentiments are ? "

" Well, then, since you ask me," said the Duke angrily, " I will tell you that if you make any further endeavour to proceed contrary to my interests, or to annoy the people I respect, I shall break it off altogether ! "

" And to this I consent, you ungrateful fellow," she cried. " Yes, consent with a far greater pleasure than that with which I first listened to your vows ! Offer your allegiance where you will,—I resign all the prerogatives you give me over your heart, & annul all those you had over mine ! Love Emilie ! Love Filadelphe ! But whatever else you do, pray do not love me ! ! " With which words she rose to leave her place. The Prince, much surprised, caught her by the dress. She was completely pre-occupied by her anger, & never noticed that he, having felt a Case, apparently a Miniature, in her pocket, deftly abstracted it. At that moment it was impossible for him to leave the Queen's apartment, where every one was assembled, and examine it, his impatience to do so was so great & the jealousy that tormented him was but little suited to a man so faithless as he. This is not surprising for emotions of this class are less the result of egotism than instinct. We may

wish to change ourselves but we do not like such faithlessness in others. The Duke of Monmouth was to prove this & not for the first time.

The King's Birthday was celebrated with much grandeur & magnificence. All the ladies & gentlemen appeared,—it was the custom,—in unusual finery. The Prince de Neuburg forced himself to seem to share in the universal joy, and only Miledy, who was able to see him in another light from that in which the rest beheld him, discerned how hollow his gaiety really was. My Lord Arran was triumphant alike over his rival & over Emilie ; he tasted with unalloyed rapture all the sweetness which accompanies reconciliations, and after intense suffering nothing was lacking to complete his happiness but the departure of the Prince de Neuburg. Upon this point also he was shortly satisfied.

The Prince took leave of the King & departed without saying adieu to the dangerous Miledy . . . He proceeded to Oxford to view that famous University,—one of the most important in England. He was received with the same distinctions that had been accorded to the Prince of Tuscany ;[1] they bestowed

[1] *Creations*, A.D. 1675. June 2. The most illustrious Prince John William Prince of Neuburg (son of the Duke of Neuburg Count Palatin of the Rhine, Duke of Bavaria, Giuliers, Cleve, and of Mons, Count or Earl of Valdentia, Spinhim la Mark, Ravensberg and Moers, lord in Ravenstein, &c.) was actually created doctor of the civil law. He was conducted bareheaded in his doctor's robes, from the apodyterium into the convocation house, with the beadles marching before, and the king's professor of law with him, the vice-chancellor then, with the doctors and masters standing bare. And being come to the middle of the area, the said professor presented him with a short speech, which being done, the vice-chanc. created him with another. Afterwards he was conducted to his seat of State on the right hand of the vice-chancellor, and then the dep. orator, who stood on the other side near to the registrary's desk, complimented him with another speech in the name of the university. All which being done, he was conducted by

upon him the title of Doctor of Laws & presented him with a Volume all enriched with miniatures setting forth the History of the University. As he turned the pages of this book he was struck by one so painfully like unto the Portrait of Miledy . . . that he could not doubt that it was a copy.[1] He sighed over it a long time & commiserated himself on a fatality that renewed a memory he desired absolutely to banish. Closing the book he placed it with the portrait at the bottom of his case & quitting England[2] went to find elsewhere the remedy he required to effect his cure.

Permit me, my dear Cousin, to leave off at this point. Do you find my Memoirs of interest I will inform you further as to the termination of adventures of which you now read the commencement. My

the vice-chancellor, doctors, and masters to the Theatre, where being placed in another seat of state on the right hand of the vice-chancellor's chair, he was entertained by the music professor with vocal and instrumental music, from the music gallery. This prince was then about eighteen years of age, and had taken a journey into England, purposely to pay his respects to the lady Mary, the eldest daughter of James, duke of York. And after he had seen most of the rarities in the public library, several of the colleges, physic garden, &c., the vice-chancellor, Dr. Bathurst, Dr. Hill, and other doctors, made a present to him at his departure of *Hist. & Antiquitates Univ. Oxon.*, with cuts, in two volumes, very fairly bound. Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*. Ed. by Bliss, vol. iv. *Fasti Oxonienses*, pp. 349–50.

[1] This Work properly styled *Oxonia Illustrata* (fol.), first published 1674, contains forty-four architectural plates drawn by David Loggan (1630–93) and engraved by Robert White (1645–1704). To a limited edition of this first issue there is also a title-page of the King attended by symbolic figures and a frontispiece of Britannia. Both plates (White, Sculpt.), which are very fine, were by Adrian Henny or Hennin or Hennim of whom very little is known save that he was a pupil of Poussin and died 1710. The Britannia, obviously the portrait here referred to, is reproduced opposite.

[2] He sailed on June 27 "in one of his Majesty's yachts," from Dover to Dieppe. Cal. Dom. S.P. 1675–76, p. 184.

future recital will be more serious than the previous one; it will deal with scenes that are as affecting as they are tragic. But I cannot make up my mind to continue until I hear from you what you think of this.

Longau after Hennin *Macbeth*

"MILEDY . . ."

From extra plates to Anthony à Wood's Antiquitates Universitatis Oxoniensis

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APPENDIX A

LUCY WALTER

SOME EVIDENCE FOR A BRIEF FOR THE DEFENCE

LUCY WALTER was the mother of the Duke of Monmouth. Beyond this fact everything that is told of her—and that is little enough—is either uncorroborated or the subject of dispute. When one considers the stream of books and pamphlets that the press for two hundred years has been continually pouring forth, in which every tiny bit of tittle-tattle concerning King Charles's seraglio is repeated over and over again the delicacy with which his earliest engagement is treated, both by contemporary and modern writers, is nothing short of amazing. From Wood's *Fasti* [1] we learn that the King repudiated Lucy's daughter, born, according to the usually accepted account, in 1651, the Spring after his departure for Scotland, it is certain he did not at the Restoration publicly acknowledge her; but beside this, and the current abuse with which political rancour induced all parties freely to bespatter one another, the definite accusations modern writers lay to Lucy's charge in the majority date from as late as the year 1776 when Macpherson edited the extracts made by Thomas Carte from the papers in the Scotch College at Paris. These, ere publication, he collated with the originals, introducing sundry reflections of his own, so that, as Charles Fox pointed out just over a hundred years ago, " in many cases it is impossible to determine whether the observations are made by the exiled Prince himself, or by him who gives the extracts." [2]

[1] *Fasti* II, 269, vol. iv.

[2] *History of the Early Part of the Reign of James II.*, by C. J. Fox, pp. 178 and 180. Cassell's edition.

If the passages that refer to Lucy are genuine we must not forget they are from the pen of her son's bitterest enemy and rival. Apart, however, from their palpable rancour, they are hopelessly inaccurate as to chronology and other data, as we shall show. Yet even in these critical days the substance of them is accepted with a touching faith, and the gutter press of the Restoration period is ransacked for corroboration; for Jacobite and Whig had united to hate the friendless mother of the son who failed, the man who "had to be out of the way before men could unite with the Prince of Orange." [1]

Lucy was not of the era immortalised by Grammont and Lely; she is a shadowy ghost in comparison to the rosy beauty they have made so vivid for us: the intriguing Portsmouth, the giggling Stewart, the arrogant Cleveland, the vulgar Gwyn, not to speak of the plain little nonentity of a queen her successor, who, if outraged as a woman, was at least permitted to retain her dignity and reputation inviolate. Lucy's were the days of want and penury, when the young King's life was almost as sad as her own ultimate fate.

In his *History of England*, which appeared one hundred and ninety years ago (the volume forming, apparently, the first published attempt by one not an actor in them, to put the events of the reigns immediately preceding, into some more enduring form than the pamphlet), Dr. Laurence Eachard thus comments on Lucy; he was, it may be observed, far from being an enthusiastic admirer of her son, and, in regard to her, it is evident he merely voices the opinion of the moderates of his time.

"Not long before his (Charles II.) departure (for Paris) on the ninth of April, his eldest and beloved Son was born at Rotterdam, who for several years went by the name of James Crofts and was afterwards made Duke of Monmouth. His Mother was Mrs. Lucy Barlow alias Walters of Pembrokeshire in Wales, a person who is said to have had no other Crime but her yielding to the charms of the young Prince, who had so strong a passion for her that it gave occasion for many to believe that he was really married to her though the wiser Part of the World were afterwards convinc'd to the contrary." [2]

An examination of between seventy and eighty lives of

[1] Robert Fergusson: *Ferguson the Plotter*, 1888, p. 242.

[2] P. 674.

King Charles and histories of England have proved that information regarding Lucy is almost exclusively derived from the Macpherson papers afore-mentioned, and a few brief passages in Evelyn's diary. Apparently they are not contemporary impressions but written in after years, when party feeling ran high, and Evelyn's sympathies were with the party opposed to Monmouth. They are exceedingly wide of the mark. There are also divers comments of Clarendon who is either wilfully vague or who, though it is difficult to credit it, speaks only from hearsay. In any case his dates are all wrong.

These things are repeated over and over again with wearisome reiteration,—and with never an attempt either to verify or test them. They were crystallised into one, in the first few pages of Roberts's *Life of Monmouth*, published 1844.

Some few years back Mr. Allan Fea formed the intention of editing a new edition of Roberts, and though he eventually abandoned the idea and produced an original work, his *King Monmouth*, 1901, largely reflects the tone and attitude of Roberts, which is antagonistic alike to Monmouth and his mother.

Upon proceeding further in our search for information in regard to Lucy we find that the British Museum provides but two entries under her name, Fergusson's *Letter* and a slight sketch included in a privately printed volume [1] containing some half dozen Notes on the lives of the originals of some paintings at Althorp. In the last, upon our subject, we get yet again, Macpherson, Evelyn, Clarendon, &c., *da capo*, but certain genealogical errors are amended. Mr. Thomas Seccombe's short biography in the *Dictionary of National Biography* once more repeats the unsubstantiated charges of the biased trio, while for authorities the editors are reduced to advancing Masson's *Life of Milton*, which is no authority at all, and such irrelevant matter as an article in the *Gentleman's Magazine* written as a Supplement to a view of Cunningham's *Nell Gwyn* and founded on Rochester's *Panegyrick* on that same person: it is quoted because of an alleged piece of impertinence on her part, as recorded by Rochester.

("'Ill bred thou art,' says Prince (Monmouth); Nell does reply: 'Was Mrs. Barlow better bred than I?'")

[1] G. S. Steinman's *Althorp Memoirs*, 1869.

To this second query there is but one answer: "Mrs. Barlow's" birth and ancestry were such as few need blush for. In a note the enquiring reader is referred to Evelyn and Macpherson.

The Birth and Genealogy of Lucy.—The actual birth-place has hitherto been disputed owing to a confusion that arose through her brother being given as her father, for the former also had a daughter Lucy. This brother, Richard Walter, is again frequently confounded with his grandson Sir Richard Walter of the Great House, Rhôsmarket; the mistakes were first perpetrated in Fenton's *Pembrokeshire*. Hence Rhôsmarket has been traditionally given as Lucy's native village, and her father variously as the elder and the younger Richard. The mistake has now been set right [1] and as Lucy's father, William Walter, is always described as "of Roche Castle," and his name has never been associated with Rhôsmarket,[2] it seems that the former place may fairly claim the honour. Roche Castle (now Roach) is a high lonely fortress on the road to St. Davids, it is visible all over the county of Pembroke, and commands magnificent views. Built in the twelfth century, the family to which it gave its name have for many generations been settled in the West of Ireland, whither they crossed with Strongbow. William Walter, Lucy's father, was born subsequent to Lewis Dwynn's Heraldic visitation of Wales in 1609; at least he is not mentioned therein. He was the son of Roland Walter of Roche Castle, whose grandfather, Morus, was sheriff of Haverfordwest in 1565, and three times mayor. The mother of Roland was Jane Laucharne, on the maternal side a grand-daughter of Sir Rhys ap Thomas, K.G. She had in her veins the blood of the Wirots, the Wogans, the Perrots, the Whites, the Owens, and the Pictons.

[1] Steinman and *King Monmouth*.

[2] In Lucy's youth and girlhood the property of John Barlow. After Roche was burned the Walters may have found a temporary home there but there is nothing to prove it. All Barlow's property was subsequently granted to the rebel general, his kinsman Laucharne. The family recovered it at the Restoration, John Barlow's grandson being created a baronet. The last heiress in the direct line married the Honable., subsequently Sir William Hamilton, whose second wife was associated with Nelson.

APPENDIX A

Four generations before the birth of William, the heiress of his family, Anne,[1] the daughter of Robert Walter of Roche Castle (her brother Joseph apparently d.s.p.), married Richard, son of Sir John Holmes, of Colchester, by Margaret Harcourt. Richard Holmes, settling in Pembrokeshire, appears to have adopted his wife's name, though the Holmes arms, Ermine a griffon segreant within a bordure engrailed azure,[2] were retained. Anne's father traced his descent to Tydwal, son of Rhodri Mawr (the great), the Welsh Alfred, who, through his mother, was fifth in descent from Cadwaldr the last British King. Sir Ellidir Ddu, the knight of the Sepulchre; Ednynt Vaughan; his father-in-law, "the good Lord Rhys," and other mediæval celebrities figure in the pedigree of the Walters, who, through various marriages, could claim the blood of Rhodri Mawr over and over again.

William Walter married Elizabeth Prothero, daughter of John Prothero, of Hawksbroke, Carmarthen, Esquire, by Elenor Vaughan of Golden Grove. Elenor Vaughan was,—through her mother, Catherine, second daughter of Rhys, heir of Sir Rhys ap Thomas, K.G., by his wife Lady Catherine Howard, daughter of the great Surry, second Duke of Norfolk (present creation)—the second cousin of Queen Elizabeth. Possibly on account of this, Elenor's elder brother was created Earl of Carbery. Lady Catherine Howard was not only the aunt of Queen Anne Boleyn, that "brown girl" whose misfortunes were as great as those of her kinswoman Lucy Walter, to whom oddly enough she bore a strong resemblance,[3] but of Queen Catherine Howard, her namesake, the daughter of her brother Edmund.

The following extract from Miss Strickland's *Life of Queen Catherine Howard* can be aptly applied to Lucy.

"Although she was his subject, the lineage of this lady was, in some respects, not inferior to his own. Through her Royal ancestress Queen Adelicia, Katharine Howard was descended

[1] Steinman's *Althorp Memoirs*.

[2] The engrailed azure bordure points to illegitimacy somewhere and a differencing of the Walter arms (per pale argent and gu. a chevron engrailed az.). This is supported by Anne Walter retaining her maiden name.

[3] According to a portrait, the property of Lord Zouche, exhibited in Brighton about eight years ago.

of the imperial race of Charlemagne (*see Queens*, vol. i, quoting *Howard Memorials*). Margaret Brotherton, the grand-daughter of Edward I. and Marguerite of France (Granddaughter of St. Lewis), transmitted the mingled blood of the Plantagenets and the Kings of France to her descendants, by Thomas Mowbray, the heir of the Albinis and the Warrens, and thus united in a blended line, the posterity of Henry 1st and his two queens, Matilda the good, and Adelicia the fair."[1]

The great grandson of Margaret Brotherton was the first Duke of Norfolk, of the present creation. It was because his second and fifth wives were in direct legitimate descent from Edward I. and St. Louis, though it was more than once through the female line, that Henry VIII. was of the opinion he was not demeaning his dignity by marriage with them, and in their heraldic achievements both ladies gave much prominence to the Royal quartering of de Brotherton. Queen Anne Boleyn upon being created Marchioness of Pembroke, had a special grant in which the arms of France and England were differenced, whilst Catherine Howard displayed them in one of her numerous quarterings in their original form.

When party feeling ran high in later years, and the Duke of York and his friends were stirring up the filth of the gutter in the hope of finding the wherewithal to besmirch Monmouth's dead mother's name and status, his real maternal ancestry was a matter of legitimate gratification to the Duke.

Lucy's childhood is a blank. Supposing her father to have been born in the latter part of the year 1609 [2] she could not have made her appearance much before the year 1630, and the date is often given, though upon no known authority, as 1632. Her brother Richard was High Sheriff of Pembrokeshire in 1655, so unless he was the eldest child he achieved this honour at an early age.

The steep streets of the little old world market town of Haverfordwest, and the gorse gold windswept countryside are alike silent as to those early days. No traditions linger there, no spot is hallowed by the association of her name, nor

[1] Miss Strickland's *Lives of the Queens of England*, vols. ii and iii, 1854 edition.

[2] Unless Dwynn compiled his material some years before he arranged it. He gives no dates.

can the present representatives of the family [1] who still live within a short distance of Roche's romantic old keep throw any light on the subject, and application to the present owner, Lord St. Davids, by whom the castle has been restored and made habitable, only brought kindly worded disappointment.

Roche Castle was reduced to a ruin by the Roundheads in 1644. With that part of Wales it was generally under the command of the Earl of Carbery, Lucy's great uncle, who appointed his younger brother, Sir Henry Vaughan, captain of the troops in Pembrokeshire, the rebel force was led by Sir Roland Laucharne, who was also Lucy's near relative.

Only one writer alludes to its being held by the Walter family, " ardent Royalists " at the time. Oddly enough, many people misled by Fenton's *Pembrokeshire*, make no mention of its association with the castle. The tedious Roberts offers the suggestion that the result of these misfortunes was Lucy's moral downfall, as alleged by Clarendon, Evelyn, and Macpherson. It is possible the family migrated to London. The mother was certainly living there later, and her (second ?) son, Justus, is described as of the Temple. Though their home was a ruin the head of the Walter family continued to describe himself as " of Roche Castle " until the time of Sir Richard of Rhôsmarket.

Where did Lucy first make the acquaintance of Charles II. ? In Wales, according to various writers and persistent local tradition, and it must be admitted that the crux of her defence largely rests on the assumption that they knew each other before he quitted England in March 1646. Definite proof we have not, though the authorities for the statement influenced by no ulterior motive, are surely as reliable as Macpherson,

[1] Presumably descended from Sir Richard of Rhôsmarket's younger brother William, seven years his junior, being born in 1682.

[2] Sir Richard's son Joseph married Dorothy, daughter of John Barlow of Laurreny, Pem., Esq., and had two daughters. Bridget the elder married Benjamin Stokes of Haverfordwest, and Roche remained in the hands of her descendants until purchased in the present century by Lord St. Davids from Mrs. Stokes Rees of Cuffern. Joseph's younger daughter, Thomasina Walter, married John Jones of Brawdy, their daughter and ultimate heiress, Mary Maud, married William Henry Leech, who took the name of Jones. The line still exists in Mr. Frederick Jones of Sunderland and Brawdy, shipbuilder. Lucy Walter's aunt, Frances Prothero, also married a Jones of Brawdy.

Clarendon, and Evelyn. Mme. d'Aulnoy, as has been seen, states that he first saw her in Wales "where she then was."

Dr. Smyth Stuart, who claimed to be a great-grandson of Charles and Lucy asserts, but gives no proof, that they were married both "at her father's house and afterwards . . . in Germany." [1] Mr. H. Thornhill Timmins, in *Nooks and Corners of Pembrokeshire*, p. 107, states as follows: "Presently we pass Rosemarket, a primitive looking village where in the days of the Stuarts dwelt a certain fair maid named Lucy Walters. Here at the age of seventeen 'that brown beautiful bold but insipid creature,' as Evelyn calls her, was discovered by the gay Prince Charlie who was so fascinated by the young lady's charms that he bore her away with him in his cavalcade." [2]

Finally there is a local history of Haverfordwest, by Christopher Cobbe Webbe, published 1881 in honour of the visit to St. Davids of the late Duke of Edinburgh, in which the following passage occurs:

"It is an historical question of great doubt [I am quoting the words of a gentleman who devoted a considerable amount of research to the matter] whether Lucy Walter was not lawfully wedded to Charles II. There were some very singular circumstances connected with the Court intrigues which favoured the supposition. That Charles when questioned on the subject gravely denied it is quite true: but his Majesty was not distinguished by a very strict regard for the truth. It is a matter of fact that the reigning house had lasting and grave doubts on the subject. It is further recorded that Catherine of Portugal, the wife of Charles, had a firm conviction of the legitimacy of the unhappy Monmouth. . . .

"There is another very remarkable circumstance connected with the affair. Sometime antecedent to the middle of the last century, under High Warrant from the Home Office, the marriage register of the parish of St. Thomas, Haverford-

[1] *Destiny and Fortitude*, an historical poem with notes by J. F. Smyth Stuart, 1808, p. 36.

[2] We have been favoured with the following communication from Mr. Timmins:

"I am sorry that at this distance of time—it is a decade since I was in Pembrokeshire—I cannot precisely specify my sources of information which I managed to pick up as best I could at the various places I visited, and by studying in the British Museum Library."

west, where the family of the Walters resided for some time, was sent for to headquarters. No reason was assigned for the requirement by those who applied for these documents, but it was afterwards asserted and with considerable confidence, by some who were likely to be well informed in the matter, that the register contained the record of a marriage which was solemnised a century before, which, if it had been proved, would have been of some consequence as regards the succession of the House of Brunswick. It is now of course only a romance of history, *but the register was never returned!*"

Personal enquiry at the Church of St. Thomas revealed the story to be quite true. As the registers start from the year 1714 it is quite probable that the preceding volume may have lasted over half a century, for the town is very small (present population 6000) and like most others in Wales extraordinarily well equipped with religious buildings, besides which every tiny hamlet of the sparsely populated countryside has its church, so however ardent and representative the congregations may be the registers with so many places to choose from must of a necessity fill slowly.[1] Christopher Cobbe Webbe was the pseudonym of the late Mr. John Brown. Mr. Llewellyn Brigstocke, of Haverfordwest, his nephew, could not throw any light on the statement. Subsequently we discovered the gentleman referred to was the late John Pavin Phillips, of Haverfordwest, Esquire, from whom G. S. Steinman received the particulars which enabled him in his *Althorp Memoirs* to give for the first time Lucy's accurate descent. We were courteously received by this gentleman's nephew, but Mr. Phillips does not appear to have left any papers dealing with his investigations.[2]

There is no historical proof that Charles II. was ever as far west as Pembrokeshire either before or after his accession;[3]

[1] The Roche registers do not go back to Lucy's times.

[2] An amusing appendix to above traditions is the emphatic statement of an old woman in a cottage near Roche, who declared that Lucy was abducted by Edward VII.

[3] Mr. Fea quotes a tradition associating Charles in 1651 with Carmarthenshire, the adjoining county. The Muscote family of Langharne, Carmarthenshire . . . claim to have entertained the King disguised as a scullery boy at Nash Court, near Presteign. The King is said to have sent Mr. Muscote a fine carved oak chair which is still carefully preserved (*After Worcester Fight*, p. lx).

his only known visit to the Principality took place in 1642 when he was twelve years of age. He then visited Raglan in Monmouth, where he was received with enthusiasm, and on his way back passed through Radnorshire.

In March 1645 he parted with the King at Oxford and proceeded to Bristol. In April he went to Bridgwater where he was lodged (probably at the Castle) with Colonel Wyndham the Governor, whose wife had been his nurse. This woman played a very intimate part in his life and her influence over him was unique. Clarendon detested her and it is largely from him that particulars of her come. He indicates, without going into detail, that the Prince became very restless under the grave admonishments of himself and his friends, and that Mrs. Wyndham encouraged him in his rebellion.

It was largely to escape from these sad and broken men that the Prince left Bristol. Though many enquiries have been made not one has elicited a single anecdote of the boy's sojourn with the Wyndham family. It is not even mentioned in the exhaustive history in two volumes of the ancient borough compiled by the present vicar (the Rev. H. A. Powell, M.A.), and yet these Wyndhams must have had some especial claim on Charles's generosity apart from the heroic part played by Edmund's brother, Francis, and other members of the family, in the preservation of his Majesty in 1651,[1] for when in the summer of 1649, they put in an appearance in Paris, Charles immediately offered to raise Colonel Edmund to the considerable dignity of Secretary of State, a proposal that excited Clarendon's jealousy to such a degree that he prevented it. Notwithstanding this set back, the Wyndhams accompanied Charles to Jersey, where he was solemnly proclaimed September 1649.

A year after he was in Bridgwater, Charles, in the Channel Islands, proved himself an expert in managing a small boat, and passed many untrammelled hours on the water. Did he acquire this taste in Somersetshire? Did he sometimes drop across the Severn to confer secretly with Lord Worcester at Raglan? It is very probable. After his sojourn in Bridgwater the Prince returned for a short while to Bristol, whence he proceeded to Devonshire and the West of England.

[1] After Charles left Bridgwater Clarendon succeeded in causing Edmund Wyndham to be denied access to their young master. Doran's *Book of the Princes of Wales*, p. 424.

If the Walter family emigrated to London about this time they may have fallen in with the Prince of Wales on their journey thither. They had relations (with whom they probably lodged) in Carmarthen, Glamorgan, Monmouth, &c. Or if the meeting occurred in their journey through Somerset, the excitable and romantic Mrs. Wyndham would certainly have encouraged an acquaintance if only to spite Hyde.

Was it through the Middletons the train was laid ?

Charles I. was twice at Chirk Castle, Denbighshire, the residence of the senior branch of this family. The head of it at the time was Sir Thomas Middleton, who was leagued with the popular party though subsequently returning to his allegiance. The Castle was seized and garrisoned for the King, and Sir Thomas was compelled to make war on his own home.

Lucy's brother Richard [1] married Barbara Middleton of Middleton Hall, Carmarthen, and Sir Thomas's cousin.[2]

[1] His great-great-grand-uncle, William Walter, the brother of his direct progenitor, Morus, who was three times Mayor of Haverfordwest, married Alice, sister of Sir Hugh Middleton.

[2] Unfortunately this branch now extinct is not dealt with in the able article on the Middleton family in *Miscellania Genvlogica et Heraldica* 1897. From J. P. Neale's *unpaged Views of Seats*, item 68—Middleton Hall—vol. v, 1822, we extract the following: "David Middleton one of the brothers of Sir Hugh Middleton, who built the new river, the founder of the family, was the first to 'settle' in Carmarthen; his descendants, through several generations, maintained a high degree of respectability in the county and allied themselves in marriage with the house of Dynevor, Golden Grove, and Taliaris. The family becoming extinct in the male line, and the surviving female branch removing into Pembrokeshire, being married to one of the Barlows of that county, the property was sold."

II

IN April 1646 the Prince of Wales having proceeded to the West of England and afterwards to the Scilly Islands, where he arrived on March 1, was ordered by the King, for greater safety, to cross over to Jersey, where he in due course arrived and took up his residence at Elizabeth Castle. His charming address and delightful manner appear to have conquered all hearts, and, although he still lacked a month to his sixteenth birthday, his tact, and the *savoir faire* with which he reconciled the many opposing factions that found place about him, was entirely admirable. Nor was his sojourn unconnected with romance. It is alleged that he promptly entered into a *liaison* with Marguerite de Carteret, the daughter of the Governor, and in the result a child was born, who passed by the name of James de la Cloche, and the mysterious secrecy of whose career is explained by the fact that he was educated for the Catholic priesthood.[1] These facts are not irrelevant to the story of Lucy as they illustrate the trend of the Prince's thoughts at so early a period.

As a result of this escapade, the Prince, in June, was removed to the immediate supervision of his mother the Queen at St. Germains and the Louvre, where for the next two years she kept him very strictly by the simple expedient of depriving him of funds.[2] True, their Majesties' adopted sons, the Duke of Buckingham aged nineteen and his posthumous brother a year his junior, were also in Paris, and, on the dubious authority

[1] *See* the *Channel Islands*, by E. F. Carey, 1904, *The Valet's Tragedy*, by Andrew Lang, 1903, an article by the same author in the *Fortnightly Review* for August 1909, in which he proves Cloche to have used forged papers, and for the latter's descendants, *The English Historical Review*, 1903; *The Neapolitan Stuarts*, by A. Francis Steuart.

[2] A small grant was made him by the French King, but she confiscated it saying it was not dignified for the heir of England to be a pensioner on the bounty of a foreign sovereign. O. Airey's *Charles II.*

of Burnet, did their best to counteract the pious counsels of the Queen. Apart from their society the Prince, judging from the detailed account of her Majesty's life as depicted in the pages of Miss Strickland, must have found his days dull to tears.

In England, meanwhile, his concerns were arousing much interest and speculation there being a "persistent rumour"[1] that he had contracted a marriage ere quitting the country. Even well-informed ministers shared the general apprehension, as the following extraordinary communication from Hyde shows: "I am far from being secure that the intelligence from London of the Prince's marriage may not be true. We were apprehensive of it before he went and spoke freely to him our opinion of the fatal consequences of it."[2]

At this point it may be as well to give verbatim the passages from Roberts, so often before alluded to, by whom Lucy's character and career are summed up, and whose verity as an authority is still unchallenged. The estimate of the distinguished German historian, Leopold von Ranke, of this garbled production, may be gauged from the following footnote in his History.

"Roberts, who, however, I only quote when he had authentic documents before him. Would that he had given them in authentic form!"[3] To prove the justice of this pronouncement, in the notes will be found the original version of Roberts' authorities.

"Before the memorable contest of the two great parties in this kingdom had terminated in the triumph of the Parliament over the Royalists, and while the civil commotion still prevailed in the realm with all its terrors, there arrived in London a young person whose gentler sex disregarded the alarms of civil strife in the desire to make her fortune.

"She was the daughter of Richard Walters[4] esq., of Haver-

[1] Eva Scott: *The King in Exile*, 1905, p. 36.

[2] Clarendon: *State Papers*, vol. ii, p. 345 (The 7th March 1647).

[3] *History of England*, Leopold von Ranke, vol. iv, p. 250.

[4] This inaccuracy was universal until set right by Steinman-*cum* Mr. John Pavin Phillips. MS. evidence to the contrary existed in J. F. van Bassens' *The Theatre of Europe*, but this was not printed till within the last fifteen years. The original book is the property of "G. E. C.," *Her. and Gen.*, vol. iv, p. 264.

fordwest, in Pembrokeshire, and assumed for this proceeding the name of Barlow. . . . Eschewing the society of the pious, she flew to that of the gay and became very profligate.[1] She had ' not much wit,' possessed little means and less grace, but depended upon her personal charms.

" Little is known of this Welsh beauty, except what is connected with her course of life. She attracted the attention of the famous Colonel Algernon Sidney, of Cromwell's army, who, being hastily summoned to join his regiment, left the fair one and fifty broad pieces, the terms of his agreement with her.[2]

" Having been induced, from whatever motive, to visit Holland, Lucy Walters became the mistress of Colonel Robert, commonly called the ' handsome Sidney,' Algernon's brother, and lived with him for some time.[3]

" King Charles II. then resided at the Hague and was at that time as eminent for continence, as he afterwards became

[1] We have not succeeded in tracing the smallest evidence in support of this statement!

[2] Compare this passage with Macpherson. " Colonel Algernon Sidney who was a Colonel under Oliver Cromwell trafficed for her first; & was to have had her for fifty broad pieces. This I had from his own mouth. But being commanded hastily out of London to his regiment he missed her." The picture of Algernon Sidney " who died as he had lived a sturdy asserter of the good old cause," such are reported to have been among his last words, setting forth to discuss his early amorous indiscretions either alleged or actual with the man whom he and his party so violently and systematically assailed, is a notion too wildly improbable for a moment's serious consideration; and when, if point was needed to the absurdity, the fair one concerned was the mother of his *confrère*, whose legitimacy the major part of those with whom he was allied were working tooth and nail to prove. This is palpably one of Macpherson's interpolations. That Algernon Sidney was ever sufficiently intimate with the Duke of York to hold discourse with him on any subject whatever is open to the gravest doubt. From the time of Sidney's return to England in 1667 after an absence of eight years, he and this prince were openly hostile to one another. For an unquestionable example of Sidney's method of referring to the King's son, *see below*, p. 122.

[3] There is great confusion in this passage. " Handsome Sidney " was not Robert—who had a crooked nose, and like the blameless Algernon an underhanging jaw—at all, but his younger brother, Henry, who did not in the least resemble him.

for the very opposite quality. Lucy Walters conceived the ambitious design of captivating the exiled and youthful monarch, in which she succeeded.[1] Lord Clarendon believed that her visit to Holland was made with a design to obtain that honour, which a groom of the bedchamber willingly preferred her to.[2] Colonel Robert Sidney's remark upon his loss has been recorded by James II., who attached full credit to the truth of it.

"Lucy Walters or Barlow, now become Charles the Second's mistress, gave birth at Rotterdam, April 9th, 1649, to James, afterwards created Duke of Monmouth.

"Some said the child was Colonel Sidney's, whom he chiefly resembled even to a wart in the face. James the Second always believed this to be the truth; Evelyn writes that Monmouth resembled 'handsome Sidney' more than the King. 'The knowing world, as well as myself, had many convincing proofs,' wrote James, 'to think he was not the King's son, but Robert Sidney's.' It will be found that the King believed the child to be his, and loved him with great affection. Whether this fondness, which appeared in many remarkable instances in later years, was genuine affection, or from political motives is a question that will be entertained in a future page."

Even if this sixteen to eighteen year old girl had already become the hardened courtezan that Roberts, on the authority of his own imagination, would lead us to think, surely the very last step toward the end of captivating the Prince of Wales was criminally to associate herself with the members of a house of such uncertain loyalty as that of Sidney, and it

[1] "She went to Holland when his (Algernon's) brother Robert Sidney alighted on her and kept her for some time. The King being then at the Hague heard of her and got her from him." Macpherson, p. 76.

[2] "He—Monmouth—was called by the name of Mr. Crofts . . . but he was generally thought to be the King's son begotten upon a private Welch woman . . . who had transported herself to the Hague when the King was first there with the design to obtain that honour, which a groom of the bedchamber willingly preferred her to." Continuation of the *Life of Clarendon*, vol. ii, 252. Who is this mysterious Groom of the bedchamber? Robert Sidney, despite the inference of Roberts, is clearly not referred to. He was chamberlain to the Princess of Orange.

is inconceivable that her own family, who clearly approved and expedited her journey, should have countenanced such a suicidal step. Lucy must have had both a legitimate and urgent reason for quitting the country, and undertaking her difficult and dangerous journey.[1] That it was both is proved by a MS. extensively quoted in *King Monmouth*,[2] where we learn that Mrs. Gosffritt, Lucy's maternal aunt, to whom she had confided the fact that she was married to Charles, was "putt in prison about her said niece Mrs. Barlow's going beyond the sea" and by the fact that Lucy travelled under an assumed name. This was supplied by none other than her uncle by marriage, the husband of another of her maternal aunts, John Barlow, of Stetchbech, Pill Priory, Barlow Hall, Colchester, and Rhôsmarket, Esquire, Master of Ordnance and a J.P., an ally of Lord Herbert of Cherbury and also of Lord Glamorgan, a noted Royalist. A man of this standing, who bears in history an honoured, unsullied name, would surely be the last to lend himself to assisting his youthful kinswoman to adopt, for no possible reason, a life of vice. For it is not as if the means of William Walter were at such a desperate issue as has been inferred. Though he appears to have been a Royalist himself, his son Richard, in that he was Sheriff of Pembrokeshire, 1655, must have had republican leanings, and in 1648, have been in the way to make his fortune. While Justus Walter, another son, could the following year afford to take a valet with him when he travelled abroad.[3] Madam Walter was blessed with seven sisters, several of whom were married to substantial burgesses, who were not of a rank to be affected by the Civil Wars. It is thus inconceivable that her only daughter should have been condemned to a life of shame.

And if, following Clarendon, we agree that the motive connected with Lucy's journey concerned the Prince of Wales, "and that it was undertaken either with the ambitious view of becoming his wife or of occupying a more equivocal position,"

[1] She could easily have practised a life of immorality in England. The pockets of the triumphant republicans were far better plenished than those of the almost destitute Cavaliers.

[2] The information of Mr. William Disney of the Citty of West Minister taken on oath before the Rt. Honble. the Earle of Essex and Mr. Secretary Jenkins, Aprill 27th 1680. *Add MSS.* B.M. 28094 17.

[3] *See below*, p. 400.

it is out of all reason that John Barlow would have allowed his fair charge to have so lowered her market value as to get her name scandalously associated with a lesser man. Interest, if no higher motive, would have impelled him to keep her immaculate.

Mr. Allan Fea theorises as follows :

"To return to Lucy Walter. Clarendon believed that her object in going to Holland was with the express purpose of enslaving the heart of Charles, but whether with the ambitious view of becoming his wife, or of occupying a more equivocal position, must be left in doubt. The Chancellor said the latter was the case, but there is also evidence to support the theory that some sort of compact was made. . . . However this may have been when we take into consideration the date of Charles's arrival in Holland and the date of Monmouth's birth, it can only be said that if she put in an appearance at the Hague after he came there her conquest must not only have been very rapid, but Colonel Robert Sidney's possession must have been equally brief.[1] On the face of these facts is it not more probable that her ambitious designs led her in the first instance to Paris,[2] that she had fallen in then both with Sidney and Charles and that she followed the latter to retain her influence over him"[3] knowing that he was about to embark on the high seas? Nor is there the slightest evidence that Robert Sidney was at this, or any other time, in Paris. Double duties held him fast at the Hague, for not only was he Chamberlain to the Princess Royal of England, consort to the Nassau heir, but he was also an officer in the English regiment, which in the year 1572 Queen Elizabeth sent to the aid of the Dutch, and which since then had continued in its service. Robert's great uncle, Sir Philip Sidney, had commanded this regiment, and his grandfather, Robert had highly distinguished himself under his elder brother. Sir Philip was succeeded by his uncle, "the Favourite," Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who does

[1] Much too brief for him to give an authoritative announcement on her condition as reported by Macpherson.

[2] Mr. Laws in his *History of Little England Beyond Wales*, 1888, first started the idea that Lucy went originally to Paris. John Barlow crossed over in March 1648.

[3] *Some Beauties of the Seventeenth Century*, 1906, p. 132.

not appear to have shone at this conjuncture.[1] Sir Philip's younger brother, Robert, was Leicester's heir;[2] by another creation he assumed his title, and throughout his life maintained a lively interest in the Dutch regiment with which his family was so intimately associated. During the next fifty years and more the regiment was constantly recruited from the Sidney retainers, men of South Wales and Mid and West Kent. To such an extent was this the case that when, after its recall to England in 1665 on the outbreak of hostilities with Holland, on the establishment of a permanent army, the "Dutch regiment" was accredited to the south-east part of England, and, under the title of the Kent Regiment (The Buffs), still survives. It was therefore very natural that we should find Robert Sidney, grandson of Robert Sidney first Earl of Leicester, and a younger son serving in the regiment so long associated with his family.[3] A weak Royalist himself, with one son a fanatic, and one a republican, it is not surprising that Lord Leicester was glad to have at least one of his family beyond the reach of faction; he had also a shrewd eye for the main chance, a quality exemplified, at a later date, by his son Henry, first Earl of Romney, and his grandson Lord Sunderland,

[1] John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland

Lady Mary eldest daughter	= 1551 Sir Henry Sidney	Lord Guilford Dudley, m. Lady Jane Grey	Lord Robert Dudley Earl of Leicester, Elizabeth's "Favourite"

Sir Philip Sidney soldier and poet	Robert Sidney, Earl of Leicester, grandfather of Algernon Robert and Henry Sidney (first Earl of Romney), and of Dorothy Lady Sunderland, "Saccharissa"

[2] He was also the heir-at-law of Sir Philip's only child Elizabeth, who died unmarried.

[3] *Historical Records of the Third Regiment of Foot (The Buffs)*, 1839. *Famous Regiments*, by W. H. D. Adams, 1864, pp. 76–94.

and the match that was in negotiation between the Princess Royal and Prince William of the Netherlands, about the time Robert was despatched to Holland, foreshadowed advantageous openings for well-connected English in the young Princess's court. Robert, who never married, was gazetted the first colonel of the Buffs, upon its being established as an English regiment. He died two years after, at the age of forty-five,—not in 1674 as has been erroneously stated. There is a portrait of him at Althorp, no doubt carried thither by his sister Lady Sunderland, which has been said to resemble Monmouth, but beyond the conventional pose of the fashion of the day, the pose reproduced in so many portraits of the time,[1] we fail to distinguish any similarity, and the painting by Dobson at Penshurst of Robert as a golden-haired, blue-eyed child, thin lipped and neat featured, is an absolute refutation of the *canard*.[2] Neither Algernon nor Robert had any trace of the florid good looks of their younger brother Henry Sidney "le beau."

There is a theory in regard to the association in the mind of the Duke of York of the name of Lucy Walter with that of Robert and Algernon Sidney which so far has not been advanced in print. And while anxious not to attach undue importance to so vague and unsubstantiated a story, we give it for what it is worth. Lucy Walter and the Sidneys were connections. They had endless mutual cousins, and John Barlow was even more closely associated with the Penshurst family. At the age of twenty-one, while his father, Sir Henry Sidney, held at Ludlow as Deputy (Lord Warden of the Marshes) the last Royal Court to be permanently established in the Principality of Wales, Robert Sidney, first Earl of Leicester of that ilk, stole a match with Barbara Gamage, of Coety, Glamorgan. She was one of the wealthiest heiresses of the day. Of Norman extraction, her family had come into Wales at the time of the Conquest by Edward I., and had subsequently intermarried with all the leading native families. Lucy Walter, John Barlow and Barbara Gamage[3] had alike a common ancestry. Any one who has

[1] As the portrait of Edward Prodger in Hervey's *West Stow Parish Registers*, p. 191.

[2] Monmouth like the King had the slightly protruding lower lip of Marie de' Medici, while Robert Sidney had an underhung jaw.

[3] Lucy and Robert Sidney were fourth and fifth cousins a dozen times over.

the patience to wade through Dwynn's *Heraldic Visitations* with its appalling Babel of English, old French, Latin, and Welsh, will be rewarded by finding the same names figuring indiscriminately in their several pedigrees, though the actual blood-tie of cousinship between Lucy's grandfather and Barbara is comparatively remote. These facts in themselves would be of limited importance had not Barbara's dower formed the greater part of the wealth of the ensuing Earls of Leicester. This being drawn from South Wales the ties binding them to the Principality were many. Lord Leicester with his sons, Lord Lisle and Algernon, visited his Welsh domain in 163–, and in 1642 the brothers passed through on their way to Ireland and again on their return. Is it an unlikely hypothesis that John Barlow or William Walter, having evidently sufficient reasons for desiring to get Lucy abroad, should have evoked the aid of their influential kinsmen, whose power at the time was unique, Algernon being the republican governor of Dover Castle, and his brother an officer in the household of the sovereign's daughter? The dissensions that alienated so many families, who took opposite sides in the unhappy struggle, then drawing to a close, do not appear to have marred the domestic harmony of the Sidneys, who, judging by their published letters, continued, despite different views, a devoted family.

Knowing the duress in which Charles was kept, knowing the character of his mother, noting that Clarendon and Macpherson for once are in agreement, taking also into account the date of the birth of Monmouth, we strongly incline to the belief that Lucy journeyed straight to the Hague. Henrietta, warned by the Jersey episode, and backed by the powerful support of Anne of Austria, would have stopped at nothing to nip an undesirable intrigue in the bud. Charles had, since his arrival ample opportunity to estimate her character. Spies were all about him. Until, upon pretext, he could regain his freedom, he would never have dared to have Lucy with him.[1] A pretext was soon forthcoming.

In June 1648 a portion of the rebel fleet declared for the King, and the sailors having overcome their officers and put

[1] It is evident that he allowed her to live quietly at home until he was on the point of reaching his majority at eighteen, on May 29, 1648, and becoming to some extent his own master.

them ashore at Deal, clapped on sail and proceeded to Holland, seeking the Duke of York, who, a short while before had, on his escape from England, taken refuge with his sister, the Princess Royal, to implore him to assume command. The Princess was very reluctant to counsel her brother, a lad not sixteen, to take so important a step. She suspected a trap, and feared that the Duke would again find himself a prisoner; her husband shared her misgivings, but the Duke, burning to distinguish himself, and doubtless on account of his long imprisonment and recent association with his father, feeling the wrongs of his family more vividly than anyone else, refused to give way to either of his more experienced cousins Rupert or Maurice of the Rhine. Eventually an express was sent to Paris submitting the matter to the decision of the Queen.

Her reply was to despatch the Prince of Wales, to whom York was compelled to yield precedence. The Prince of Wales arrived at the eleventh hour, for, much dissatisfied at the inaction to which they were condemned, the English sailors were already regretting their precipitant revolt. The arrival of Charles "restored their good humour but it was evident nothing but action would preserve it." "Culpepper laid the wavering loyalty of the sailors at the door of James." [1]

The incident created a feeling of distrust and jealousy between the brothers which endured to the Restoration.[2] Altogether the Prince of Wales appears to have acted towards his brother in an unnecessarily high-handed manner, it is certain that such being his attitude he would have made no confidant of the boy, and that all the humiliated and disappointed York knew of his brother's private affairs, and incidentally of Lucy, was but guess work and conjecture, and were she associated with the Sidneys at all, it might be expected he would put the worst interpretation on it.[3]

To the Prince of Wales's arrival at the Hague various dates are given, but it probably took place between July 10 and 20. After strenuous and incessant labour he made ready to sail

[1] Eva Scott: *The King in Exile*, p. 50.

[2] *Clarendon History, xi*, 35. *Nicholas Papers*, i, 97.

[3] Since this was written it has been suggested to us that, accepting our argument, a scandal about Sidney might have been deliberately fostered at the Hague, to hide graver issues.

13th–23rd, though some authorities make his stay a little longer.[1] On April 9 (according to the only authority and presumably, as will be shown, N.S.) two hundred and seventy-four days after his arrival the child, afterwards Duke of Monmouth, was born.

[1] The contemporary newspapers contradict each other in a most bewildering fashion. *See also The King in Exile*, pp. 48, 50.

III

SO far we have endeavoured to deduce that the Prince of Wales must have known Lucy prior to the summer of 1648, that, judging from the date of the birth of their son, and the character and power of Henrietta Maria, Lucy was not with the Prince in Paris, but re-united to him immediately after he came of age and during his few days sojourn in the Netherlands, which brief time was far too occupied to admit of his making fresh acquaintances, and finally, that her being thus already known to him amply explains her leaving England and the mystery surrounding her journey. We have also tried to illustrate how utterly unreliable Macpherson is, and therefore how little the following observations are worthy of credit.

"After her being with the King she proved so soon with child and came so near the time that the world had cause to doubt whose son Monmouth was . . . he proved the likest thing to him I ever saw even to the very wart on his face." [1]

[1] The usurper Cromwell was of another opinion. In his 1656 order for the discharge of Lucy and her son from the Tower he remarks: "The boy is generally believed to be his (the King's) being very like him." Sir Henry Ellis (*Historical Letters*, Second series, vol. iii, p. 352) says this was probably drawn up by Cromwell himself. Mr. Allan Fea, *King Monmouth*, p. 16, states the order for discharge is made out in his own writing. With regard to the oft-quoted wart it is not improbable that Cromwell himself was responsible for it; that it was the result of prenatal influence and the outcome of the feelings of dread and horror that Lucy Walter must have experienced in the later months of her pregnancy at the very thought of that bold wicked man. It was on the indentation of the chin immediately under the lower lip, precisely as it is given in the various portraits of Cromwell and particularly in the miniature by Cooper belonging to the Duke of Devonshire and reproduced facing p. 22 of the second volume of J. J. Foster's *Stuarts in Art*. Court painters are courtiers and we only know of two portraits of

Let us now examine the evidence, weak in its individual items, yet strangely persistent, that a marriage took place on the Continent. Once more we get bewildering confusion.

In 1682 a novel appeared called *The Perplex'd Prince* by S—— T——. It is a poor production, relating under thin disguises the supposed marriage of the King and Lucy. The story was written by some one who was but little acquainted with the secret history of his subject. Lucy is represented as a maid of honour to Henrietta Maria, and as first meeting the King subsequent to his arrival in Paris after the battle of Worcester; it is however correct in stating that her death took place before the Restoration. In this book Charles is represented as falling ill from the excess of his passion, and it is not until he is at death's door his mother gives her countenance and consent to his espousing her pretty maid of honour.[1]

The description of Lucy, the records of her being so scanty, is worthy of quotation. Apart from conventional exaggeration it appears to be indirectly drawn from life or from the recollection of one who knew her—for alike we find illustrated in it, the open ingenuous face as depicted in the various paintings of her, and the shy reserve of the Little England women which Evelyn mistook for stupidity. It also illustrates the marked resemblance that her son must have borne to her, and that has been preserved for all time in Dryden's charming, if partial portrait, in which the King is commonly supposed to have had a hand.

"Madam Lucilious was curiously shaped, had a round vizage, a pleasant Countenance, and a graceful Bashfulness which imbellished and gave an admirable lustre to her beauty,

Monmouth in which the blemish is insisted on. A head "after Lely" in the 1903 edition of Grammont (this again did duty in Sir George Arthur's *History of the Life Guards*) and a bust showing the influence of Lely, the frontispiece of the second volume of Smeeton's *Tracts* (1820). We do not know the whereabouts of either of the originals.

[1] "Besides, my lord, as all who were abroad with his majesty at that time knew the passion the King had for that person; so some of us can remember how, through immoderate love for her, being reduced to a condition that his life was despaired of, and the late Queen, his mother, receiving intelligence both of the disease and the cause of it she consented to his espousing her." Ferguson: *Letter to a person of honour concerning the King's disavowing having been married to the Duke of Monmouth's mother.*

and every part of her was decked with some peculiar ornament; her Mind was richly fraught with the rarest qualities; she had a good Wit and a quick Apprehension, her conversation was very moderate and serious, and yet pleasant and delightful; she spoke but seldom, but when she did her words were always weighty and to the purpose, and withal so sweet and delectable, that with a pleasing kind of Majick they enchanted every Ear that heard them."—*The Perplex'd Prince*, p. 17.

Dryden's lines read like a transcription:

> What ere he did was done with so much ease
> In him alone 'twas natural to please,
> His motions all accompanied with grace
> And paradise seemed open in his face.
>
> Few words he said but easy those and meet
> More slow than hybla drops and far more sweet.

In the statement of William Disney, before quoted, the following passages occur.

"This informant further saith that one Mr. Gosffritt a Dutch Merchant who lives in the Citty of London (whose brother married Mrs. Barlow's Aunt) As he told the Informant blaming Mrs. Barlow's mother for leaving her daughter abroad in an ill way of living, he said the said Mother to Mrs. Barlow reply'd her was mistaken for her said daughter was married to the King.

"This Informant further saith that the said Mr. Gosffritt told this Informant that one Mr. Geliot a merchant of Liége had told him the said Mr. Gosffritt or some other person who had told him the said Mr. Gosffritt that the King was married to the Duke of Monmouth's Mother at Liége.

"This Informant further saith that it was reported that one Mr. Hutton in Kings Street Westminster should say that Sir Henry Pomeroy could give an account of the said marriage but whether it was before or after the Duke of Monmouth was born, this Informant could not say."

We cite these authorities, *The Perplex'd Prince* and Disney, first, as they contain statements which apparently Monmouth himself was inclined to favour. We find them repeated in Ferguson's audacious *Letter to a person of honour concerning the King's disavowing having been married to the Duke of*

Monmouth's mother: "And is it not more surprising if there had been no such marriage that Dr. Fuller, late Bishop of Lincoln, should so often and *in verbo sacerdotis* declare to diverse worthy persons, that he had married them? Nay what should so bias the innkeeper at Liége to make it the great mystery with which he entertained his English guests, that the marriage was celebrated and consummated in his house and that both he and his wife were eye and ear witness to it?" [1]

A more detailed version of above appeared in metrical form.

Heavens! the weakness of my unkind Father
Better some peasant had begot me rather
He would not black himself, his Wife defame
And after marriage Bastard me proclaim.

. . . Pursue a Chace more of the Goose than Fox
Call'd the sham'd story of the blacken'd box
Deny the Truth long in the Ashes hid
Disowning now what Bishop Fuller did;
How he performed the Marriage Office e'er
You could enjoy my wronged Mother dear
All other terms she scorned with her Soul,
The means were Us'd with her both fair and foul;
Wittness yourself what Mother Queen did do,
Beside the offers that were made by you
When mighty passions brought you down so ill.
Your grief befool'd the French Physicians skill [2]

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[1] Item 5.

[2] This would seem to agree with Lucy having been first in Paris. Is it possible this romantic seizure was really his more prosaic attack of small pox in the autumn of 1648, and that face to face as he supposed with death he put on an unassailable basis his youthful pact with the expectant mother of his child, the girl whom few will have the temerity to deny was the one great love of his life? Henrietta was just the type of woman to countenance momentarily this act of justice. Crazily superstitious and bigoted, frantic with anxiety about her husband, may she not have alike attributed the new dangers menacing him and the fatal termination with which her son's illness was threatened to some supernatural influence, and, as a sort of sop to heaven, consented to the ratification of Charles's vows? The only way to decipher obscure history is to make the most ample allowance for the weaknesses of its leading actors.

And at grim Death's approaches out did cry
O! let me marry with her or I die:
'Twas then she yielded and became your Wife, etc. [1]

Determined to clear up the matter as far as lay in our power we went to Liège and searched its archives. There is no evidence that Charles II. was ever there. Peace was not established between the Dutch and the Spanish until the signing of the treaty of Munster on the fatal date of January 30, 1649, which concluded the Thirty Years War. The Dr. Fuller here quoted was the compiler of *Fuller's Worthies*, who died 1661. He was not out of England during the critical years. Another Bishop of Lincoln has been cited by Disney.

"This Informant further saith that it being a generall known in the County of Lincoln that Dr. Tudor late Bp. of Lincoln had married the King to Mrs. Barlow mother of the Duke of Monmouth, and that the said Bp. had himself owned the same at some visitation within his Diocesse. This Informant desired one Mr. Walker of Bernards Inn to enquire of Mr. Formory of Davys Inn (who married a neer relation of the said Bp. Tudors) whether the said Bp. had ever discoursed of any such thing or owned the doing of it. Mr. Formery (sic) told Mr. Walker that haveing perposely inquired of the said Bp. some time back before his death concerning the same, the said Bp. did positively deny that ever he had married the said Mrs. Barlow to the King and did clearly disown the same as the said Mr. Walker told the said Informant. . . .

"This Informant farther saith that somebody (but he cannot tell who) named one Dr. Clare to him as a person that was said to have married the King to the said Mrs. Barlow, and that Mr. Fabian Philips was said to have known the sayd Dr. Clare and was a person likely to give an account of him.

"This Informant being asked whether any person did desire him or employ him to make these enquiries, He saith that no person did ever desire or employ him therein unless Col. Mansell did but that he did it merely out of curiosity and folly that he never did talke so much with any person in the world concerning it as with Colonell Mansell."

Mr. Fea in *King Monmouth* quotes the journal of John

[1] *State Poems*, vol. iii, p. 213. The Obscure Prince, or the Black Box boxed.

Patterson, Archbishop of Glasgow under date of February 20 (1696?): "Sr J. Cooke told me that E. Newburgh told him that he was witnes to K Ch marriage wth D. Monmouth Mother and that Prodgers and Anoyr also werr so too." [1]

Then we have the statement of Smyth Stuart that Charles II. was twice married to Lucy "both at her father's house and at Cologne in Germany." [2] The King was not at Cologne until 1654, Macpherson says, "when the King went to Germany she imposed on Sir H. de Vic the King's resident at Brussels to go along with her to Cologne and ask leave to marry him but all in vain." This passage is very obscure; some read it to marry Charles, others Sir H. de Vic.[3]

The version of the marriage to which most credence was attached was the one involving the name of Dr. John Cosin, who in 1648–49 was Protestant chaplain in the suite of the Queen Mother, and subsequently created Bishop of Durham. In 1680 there appeared a pamphlet entitled *An Appeal from the Country to the City*, which violently attacked the Duke of York and as eagerly championed the cause of Monmouth. This is commonly ascribed to Ferguson, who however repudiated it. It was afterwards affirmed by the Monmouth party that the Duke of York and his friends, alarmed at the ascendancy of the Protestant Duke, raised a false issue, by putting sedulously about a story that the certificate of the marriage as solemnised by Cosin was placed in a black box which the Bishop, who had died some eight years before, had confided to his son-in-law, Sir Gilbert Gerrard. When this story had become the talk of the

[1] The original is preserved at Dysart House, Fife. This plethora of possible clergy recalls to mind the numerous train of pretenders to the dangerous honour of having, nearly a century and a half later, presided at the espousals of Mrs. Fitzherbert and George IV. And to complete the parallel the marriage ceremony in the latter case was performed twice, by a clergyman and a priest.

[2] His authority was probably tradition handed down from both his father and mother. The former was Monmouth's only surviving child by Lady Wentworth, the latter being the Duke's granddaughter. Her father, Major-General James Crofts, was an illegitimate son of Monmouth. *See* the notes to *Destiny and Fortitude* and Fea's *Some Beauties of the Seventeenth Century*. Throughout his statement Smyth Stuart says nothing about a meeting *in Wales*.

[3] Sir H. de Vic was the uncle by marriage of Marguerite de Carteret, having married her father's sister.

town a sudden enquiry was made into the matter, on April 26, 1680, and Sir Gilbert Gerrard and a number of other people were submitted to an exhaustive examination, the result of which was to prove conclusively that the black box was the veriest myth. *But the question of the marriage was left as unsettled as before.* That this issue would result had not entered into the calculations of the York faction, but it was rudely brought home to it, on May 15, by the publication of Ferguson's daring challenge *A Letter to a person of honour concerning the black box.* This has been described as "one of the most bold and notable efforts that ever was made by any faction mentioned in history." [1]

"My Lord,

"You are pleased to command me to give you some account of the foundation of that report which hath arrived with you concerning a black box, and withal to let you know how Sir Gilbert Gerard acquitted himself at his appearance before the king and council, in reference to that affair. As to the first I must crave leave to distinguish betwixt what is material in that business, and what is meerely circumstantial, and serveth only by way of parade. Your lordship, whose conversation hath given you great advantages of knowing the reports of the world in relation to the king's marriage with the Duke of Monmouth's mother, can easily recollect that there was never so much as a suggestion given out, till of late, of any such thing as a black box; nor of a writing importing a contract consigned by the late Lord of Durham, (Dr. John Cosin) to the custody of Sir Gilbert Gerard. And had there been any thing of that consequence committed to and entrusted with him, he is both a person of that honour and courage as to have dared to have owned and justified it, and a gentleman of that discretion and wisdom, that he would ere this have acquainted the parliament with it, to whom both the cognizance and decision of a matter of so grand importance do properly belong; but in truth, the whole referring to the black box is a mere romance, purposely invented to sham and ridicule the business of the marriage, which indeed hath no relation to it. For they who judged it conducible to their present interest to have the Duke of Monmouth's title to the crown not only discredited, but

[1] J. Fergusson's *Ferguson the Plotter*, 1888, p. 46.

exposed, thought it necessary, instead of nakedly enquiring whether he be the king's legitimate or only natural son, to bring upon the stage a circumstance no way annexed with it, supposing that this being found a fable, the marriage itself, of the king with the duke's mother, would have undergone the same censure. But by what I do perceive they were mistaken in their measures, seeing most men know how to separate what they endeavoured so artificially to have interwoven: and all that I can apprehend they are like to get by it, is the raising a devil they will not easily lay.

"For, my lord, it is in the first place apparant, that the starting of this business is to be wholly ascribed to the Duke of York, and those under whose conduct he regulates himself and his concerns. Had any others been the first movers in it, you may be sure they would never have ventured it before the council as it is now influenced and moulded, but they would have waited till the sitting of parliament, where they might expect nothing but impartiality and justice,

"In the second place, the very intimation that any, beside the Duke of York, doth so much as pretend a title to the crown, will operate with many to a belief that it is not without reason that he doth so. For the only way to undeceive men in a matter of vain and groundless credulity, is to neglect and despise them; whereas all endeavours to convince them do but contribute to the strengthening them in their faith. What will the people say? But that if the Duke of Monmouth was not the legitimate heir, would the papists, by whose inspirations the Duke of York governs himself, so effectually bestir themselves as to desire that an affair of so vast importance, and wherein the whole kingdom is concerned, should be judged of by twenty or thirty persons, who have neither legislative nor judicial power?

"And in the third place, should they compass all that they can propose to themselves from the board, yet it would no way advantage the Duke of York, nor give the least prejudice to the Duke of Monmouth, providing his claim be just, and can be evidenced to be so, before the great representatives of the nation. For, beyond all peradventure, these things, howsoever resolved upon and determined at the council, will be called over again by the parliament: nor will the opinion of the table balance that great and wise body to judge otherwise, than as their consciences, upon a hearing of the whole matter, shall oblige

them. And of what little significancy the resolves of the council, though stamped and enforced with the authority of a king, are to the imposing a supreme ruler upon the nation when a legal claim lies in opposition, we are sufficiently instructed by the instance of Jane Gray; though a lady of those endowments, which few of either sex ever paralleled, and recommended at that time to the nation by many inducements and motives.

"In the fourth place the method of managing this affair gives us more surprize than all the rest, and seems wholly calculated to intricate matters, rather than clear them. For your lordship, and all others who are masters of that sense which you possess, would be ready to conceive that the main, if not the only thing inquired into, should be, Whether the king was really married unto Madam Walters, and whether the Duke of Monmouth was born in lawful wedlock? But instead of this, all the mighty inquisition hath been, Whether this or that person has heard of a Black Box, or of a contract referring to the king's marriage with that lady, committed to the keeping of Sir Gilbert Gerard. Now what is all this to the reality of the marriage, seeing it might be transacted, as most other marriages are, in *verbis de presenti*, and of which no other proof can be expected besides the testimony of such as were personally present?

"Fifthly, The persons whom they have in this whole matter summoned before them and examined, adds to the suspicion and increaseth the astonishment. For people who think congruously to the subject before them, had conceived that the main scrutiny would have been either in reference to the assurances given to the Countess of Weems, concerning the legitimacy of the Duke of Monmouth before she disposed her daughter in marriage to him, or else, that all the examinations relating to this business would have been principally confined to those who were beyond sea with the king, when this marriage is supposed to have happened. But all this seems to have been industriously waved; and in the room of these, a few persons have been brought before, and interrogated by the council, who could never be supposed to have heard otherwise of it, than by way of vulgar tattle. And as I dare boldly affirm that there is no one person, who is accustomed to the fellowship of the town, who has not

heard of such a marriage, so it is uncontroulably known that there was, in Oliver's time, a letter intercepted from the king to the said lady, then in the Tower, superscribed, To his wife. Nor is it unknown with what homage the king's party in England, at that time, paid their devotion and testified their obedience to her. For as they addressed her upon the knee, so by that, and many other symbols, they declared they esteemed her for no less than the lawful wife of their king and master."

The essay is so admirable we wish we could quote it *in extenso*.

The High Tory party not being able to think of any effective retort bore these home truths in more—or less—dignified silence, and a month later Ferguson again returned to the charge in *A letter to a person of honour, concerning the King disavowing having been married to the Duke of Monmouth's mother*.[1] To both these pamphlets we have already had occasion to refer.[2] The fact that Monmouth's opponents, taking the bull by the horns, endeavoured to discredit Cosin from the first, shows that with him lay their fears and he is certainly the most likely man, particularly if the Queen-Mother were a party to the match. Her patronage of the child, the interest she took in him from the first, and her countenance of Lucy are equally remarkable, and no less so is the fact that she and her daughter Mary, of whom it is observed "an intense consciousness of what she owed to her dignity had always been one of her most marked characteristics,"[3] and who continually cut herself off from pleasures rather than sacrifice her pride and precedence, should refer to *his wife*, a term they "invariably used when speaking of Lucy Walter."[4] As late as 1654 the Princess Royal wrote: "your Mothere says the greatest thankfulness she can show for the honnour of your

[1] On April 26 Charles had published one of his periodic denials.

[2] Ferguson, who died a Jacobite, in his later days expressed hearty regret for having written these pamphlets, but though then animated by entirely different principles he makes no reference to their being fallacious or exaggerated. J. Fergusson's *Ferguson the Plotter*, 1888, p. 385, quoting his comments on the catalogue of his works now in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.

[3] Algernon Cecil: *Five Stuart Princesses*. Edited Rait, p. 195.

[4] Allan Fea: *Some Beauties of the Seventeenth Century*, p. 135.

kind remembrance is to have a special care for your wife," [1] and then follow the usual innuendoes in regard to Lucy's inconstancy in which Mary was such an adept.

We search in vain for any evidence that Henrietta extended the remotest favour to Catherine Peg and her children, or to any of the other women with whom her son, the King, consorted at a later date.

Smyth Stuart inclines to the Cosin theory and mentions him by name in his poem; in his notes to it he points out that the "public declaration was considered as confirming rather than denying the fact;" [2] and the priest who performed the ceremony was promoted to a bishopric to concea it. The Duke of Monmouth was brought up under the particular care of his grandmother Henrietta Maria, queen-dowager at Paris, in a public and honourable manner,[3] and never associated with the King's natural children.

"Charles loved the Duke of Monmouth's mother to a degree of the most romantic excess." [4]

Mrs. Everett Green speaks of "an unproved though not improbable legitimacy." [5] Charles Fox calls it a "controverted fact." [6] Von Ranke obviously regards it as an open question. "Lucy Walters the wife—or as some say the mistress—of Charles II. and mother of the Duke of Monmouth." [7]

[1] Clarendon *State Papers* II, p. 419.

[2] It was clearly inspired by the Duke of York, whose friends after the death of Charles II. went to the incredible absurdity of proposing to make it an act of high treason even to affirm a belief in the legitimacy of Monmouth. C. J. Fox: *Early History*, p. 106. Cassell's edition. It only goes to show how much an enquiry was feared. See also *Commons Journal*, 1685, p. 737, col. i.

[3] "In Paris her (Lucy's) son had once been greeted as Prince of Wales." Leopold von Ranke: *History of England*, translated 1875, vol. iv, p. 92. The title of Prince of Wales had formerly needed a special creation, but the custom had passed into abeyance, Charles II. was merely called by that name. The formal creation was revived in 1688, and has continued to be practised ever since.

[4] *Destiny and Fortitude*, pp. 50–51.

[5] *Lives of the Princesses*, vol. v, p. 229. [6] P. 106.

[7] Report of the Annual Meeting of the Cambrian Archæological Society. *Archæologia Cambrensis*, vol. ix, Rep. 183.

APPENDIX A

We have already quoted Ferguson's statement of the assurance given to Lady Wemyss as to her future son-in-law's legitimacy.[1] Her brother-in-law, William Erskine, a son of the Earl of Mar, was cup-bearer to the King and presided over Lucy's latter days.[2] It was "particularly during her last hours when in prospect of approaching judgement" that Lucy so positively affirmed herself the wife of Charles.[3]

Which brings one to the consideration of a Scotch marriage. The point is beside the question in English law and has been overlooked by modern writers. It was most ably argued at the time in a lengthy pamphlet and we may say the writer proves his case to the hilt.

"*The Right of Primogeniture in succession to the Kingdoms of England Scotland & Ireland as declared by the Statutes* 25.*E* 3. *Cap.* 5. *and by Kenneth* 3*rd and Malcolm the Second Kings of Scotland as likewise H.* 7 *made by a Parliament of Ireland, with all the objections answered and clear probation made, that to compass or imagine the Death exile or disinheriting of the King's Eldest Son is High Treason.*

"*To which is added an answer to all objections against declaring him a protestant successor with reasons shewing the fatal dangers of neglecting the same.*

"*London. Printed for the Author* 1681."

In the British Museum this work is catalogued under the name of W. Laurence, and the general style is even more confident than in Ferguson himself. Neither Lucy nor her son is mentioned by name but the date 1681 is that of the zenith of Monmouth's career. The first twenty-two pages argue that

[1] His Majesty's attitude in regard to the boy in those early days can only be called criminal in its selfishness: his ordering him to keep his hat on when dancing with the Queen; his permitting him to wear royal mourning, his creating his bride a duchess in her own right upon their marriage, as if otherwise she was not of sufficient importance. If Monmouth was but illegitimate why, there being a precedent, was not Lady Isabella Bennet, who was also a great heiress, raised to similar dignities or at least created a peeress when she married the Duke of Grafton?

Steinman quoting Bishop Kennet's *Register and Chronicle*. See also *King Monmouth*, p. 22.

[2] Ferguson: *Letter concerning the King's disavowing, &c.* Item 5

a Scotch marriage was automatically achieved by consummation, continued cohabitation, and common report that she was his wife. Coming to detail, and replying to what was then evidently held an unanswerable objection to the "not being of the King's eldest son," namely that his mother was never recognised as queen, The Right of Primogeniture asserts that by the Act of Edward III. the words Madame sa Compagne are wrongly translated as our Lady and Queen and should be our Lady his Companion. By the law of the Saxons the King's wife held no regal status.

Our author continues with a good deal of ingenuity:

"Now that this Lady Mother was Madame sa Compagne which are both the words and the intentions of the statute, is so known as need not to be proved by Witnesses. . . For she had the honour to be *Primus Amor*,[1] the first Lady Companion of the Prince, the Raies of Whose Favour cast upon her, made the lustre of those graces rarely cojoined in the same person, the more illustrious; for she was a Virgin and not præpossessed by another; she was a Protestant and not a Papist; She was a Native and not a strange woman; She was a subject and not Imperious. In her were conjoined Beauty with Chastity—Greatness with Humility, Treasure with Frugality; Fidelity with Adversity. Though she did not reign with him to be called Queen she suffered with him, and was partaker of all his troubles; no Bloudy Wars no Seas no Foreign countries could fright her from him. But as if the Soul of that sacred Queen *Elenor* the Companion of the famous *Edward*, in his Wars to the Holy Land had transmigrated into her Body, she led the pilgrimage of her life with him whithersoever he travelled; and though she had no Crown in her Life She was faithful to Death and beyond Death, left him such a pledge of affection as is hoped by God's mercy will endear her memory to all Protestants

[1] If James de la Cloche was the King's son, which is doubtful, this statement is inaccurate but Marguerite de Carteret was never publicly associated with Charles as Lucy was, indeed her identity was unknown until the present century and for a Scotch marriage to be established, the man and woman must for some period have lived openly together. There was probably some amour, "innocent" or otherwise, between Charles and Marguerite, and her son got hold of some particulars and endeavoured to trade on them.

in the three Kingdoms, which will evince to all except the Malicious."

Now although this point seems over nice to us (in that if Lucy was the King's lawful wife, her son was assuredly born Duke of Cornwall and Rothesay), as a matter of fact it had caused endless annoyance to Henrietta Maria, the gravest aspersions had been cast upon her on account of her refusing to be crowned. In 1652 Cromwell made this the excuse of refusing to pay her dower, he said : " She has never been recognised as Queen Consort of Great Britain by the people." [1] Many similar references are to be found in history. Charles II. might have had a greater fellow feeling with his son than he displayed, seeing that he had so often been within an ace of being branded with the objectionable epithet of bastard himself ; for years the extreme republicans made half-hearted efforts to establish the irregularity of his birth.

The pamphlet not impertinently goes on to draw attention to the fact that it was difficult for Charles, had he so desired while out of England, to marry Lucy legally and according to prayer book. For the prayer book had been abolished by the rebels, so effectively, that a special law had to be passed after the Restoration (12 Car. 2. 33) enacting " all marriages by pretence or colour of Any Ordinance of Parliament since May 1642 shall be adjudged of the same force and effect as if solemnised according to the Church of England," and further an Act (29 Car. 2. 1677) for " naturalizing the children of his Majesty's English subjects born in foreign countries during the late troubles."

Our author drily remarks, " that even more necessary is an act legitimatising children of British parents born out of England between 1641–60 " ! Without going into the lengthy parallel this author draws between the varying legal status of the " King's Eldest Son " and Queen Elizabeth, we cannot resist reprinting one of his lesser arguments, that the kingly office is a priestly one, and if a clergyman may marry himself what is to prevent a king doing the same thing ! [2]

[1] Carte's *Life of Ormonde*. Henrietta informed Mazarin with much spirit that if she a daughter of France was not the wife of her children's father, her disgrace was more shameful to France than to herself. *Mme. de Mottville*, vol. iii, 192.

[2] It was indeed the custom of the Ottoman Emperors,

All these theories would no doubt have been treated with the greatest respect had the blue flag in 1685 proved victorious.

When Monmouth was preparing for his last agony on the morning of July 15, 1685, his wife was visited in the Tower by his uncle who breakfasted with her and handed her certain papers.[1] According to the *Memoirs of Sheffield Duke of Buckingham* they were on unwisely intimate terms.[2] From that time she became very arrogant, and lived at Dalkeith in great state, being attended by pages and served on the knee in regal style. Lady Margaret Montgomerie, being a cousin, and therefore privileged, was allowed to be seated at table during meals, all the other guests had to stand.[3] Finally we are permitted to quote from a communication we received from the late Sir Frederick Barnewell, Bart., dated May 26, 1905. "In reply to your letter the following is all I can tell you on the subject of the supposed marriage between Charles II. and Lucy Walter. A good many years ago the late Sir Bernard Burke whom I knew very well and who was intimate with the late Duke of Abercorn told me that he (the duke) had told him that he had heard from the late Duke of Buccleuch that he one day, looking through papers in the muniment room at Dalkeith came across the marriage certificate of Charles II. to Lucy Walters, that after considering the matter for some time he decided to destroy it and thereon threw it into the fire and it was burned. I think it was a great mistake as it was a document of historical interest and I believe the Duke of Abercorn was of the same opinion. This is the story as I told it to our mutual friend Mr. W. H. Wilkins."

[1] Stannier Clarke, p. 38, vol. ii (note). [2] P. 12.

[3] Sir William Fraser's *Scotts of Buccleuch*, vol. i, p. 456.

"The Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth survived the catastrophe of her husband for many years during which she was resolute in asserting her right to be treated as a princess of the blood." Sir Walter Scott's notes to *Dryden*, vol. ix, p. 57, 1808.

Dr. Johnson in his *Life of Gay* comments on her being "inflexible in her demand to be treated as a princess." *Lives of the Poets*, vol. ii p. 268, Ed. Hill, 1905.

In several of the charters granted to her as superior of the town of Dalkeith she even adopted the somewhat imperial style of Mighty Princess. *The Scotts of Buccleuch*, vol. i, 456.

Her will in the plural like a Royal proclamation is given at length. *Ibid*, vol. ii, 325–8.

IV

THE Prince of Wales returned to Holland in September. He had displayed the most gallant bravery and advanced up the mouth of the Thames, but, meeting with a repulse, following the disaster of Preston and the fall of Colchester, he was faced with the alternative of sailing for Scotland,—which meant delivering himself as a bound victim to the Presbyterians and sacrificing to the Covenant,—or returning to the Lowlands for supplies. Upon his arrival there his nominal subordinates, despite his protests, shipped Prince Rupert as a commander; the latter being prepared to lead them on a filibustering expedition.

Almost immediately Charles sickened with small pox. In Mrs. Everett Green's *Lives of the Princesses*, vol. v, p. 150, it is stated he was taken ill the following November, but there is extant a letter to him by Charles I. written at the beginning of that month expressing the hope that by the time it reaches him he will be convalescent.[1]

After his recovery he continued to live for some time quietly at the Hague, enjoying the hospitality of his devoted sister the Princess Royal, and it was while under her influence and that of Lucy whom he loved so well, that he performed the beautiful action of sending the *cartes blanches* to his father's oppressors in the vain hope of preserving his life. In this unpretentious, high-souled endeavour, it is difficult to recognise the Charles of Whitehall of a generation later.

A significant little side-light on the position that Lucy occupied in these early days is afforded by the *Memoirs of the Princess Sophia, Electress of Hanover*, the mother of George I. and the youngest sister of Prince Rupert. At that time she was living in exile with her mother, the Queen of Bohemia, at the Hague, and was on terms of intimacy with her first cousins

[1] *MS. Harl.* 6988–134.

the children of the King of England. She was six months the junior of the Prince of Wales of whom she says: "He and I had always been on the best terms, as cousins and friends, and he had shown a great liking for me with which I was much gratified. One day, however, his friends Lord Gerit [1] and Somerset Fox,[2] being in want of money, persuaded him to pay me compliments on the promenade at the Vorhoot.[3] Among other things he told me that I was handsomer than Mrs. Berlo and that he hoped soon to see me in England. I was surprised by this speech and learned afterwards that Somerset Fox's object was to induce me to ask Lord Craven [4] for money for the King, which he meant to share with his comrade Lord Gerit. I was highly offended." [5] Not, it will be observed, because her cousin chose to compare her high-born, and intensely proud, self with a woman whom her enemies would have us believe was of infamous repute, but because, by flattery, he would have employed her to his ends. Looking back from middle age it is evident it does not even occur to Sophia, who invariably referred to the gently-born wife of her husband's brother, as that little "clot of dirt," [6] and who throughout her life was more than punctilious of her dignity that her cousin, in discussing his mistress with a young girl, not out of her teens, was acting with the grossest indecency. If Lucy were of the character Macpherson, Evelyn, and Clarendon would have us suppose, is it likely that Sophia, though she might have been secretly aware of her existence, would have permitted her name to be mentioned in her presence, or that the shrewd Charles, fresh from the punctilious Court of Anne of Austria, would seek her favour by such a comparison? Nor is her unconscious tribute to Lucy minimised by the fact that Sophia when dealing with this period of her life admits she freely speculated as to the possibility of a match between herself and the Prince. The Lutheran

[1] Charles Gerrard, fourth Baron Gerrard of Bromley, b. 1634, d. 1667

[2] The name of Somerset Fox frequently occurs in the Cal. Dorn. S.P. Car. II.

[3] The "Mall" of the Hague.

[4] The *cavalier servante* of her mother, the Queen of Bohemia.

[5] *Memoirs of Sophia, Duchess of Hanover*, 1681. Trans. 1888.

[6] *Cf.* the early chapters of W. H. Wilkins' *The Love of An Uncrowned Queen.*

Church allowed a plurality of wives to princes, a licence of which Sophia's own brother Charles Louis took actual advantage.[1] In 1681, with the pretensions of her own line possibly already maturing in her alert and active brain,—for the Duke of York and all who professed his religion were, in England, at the height of their unpopularity; one of his daughters, being childless, after several years' marriage, and the other unwed,—it is not to be expected that Sophia would therefore make any comment on the alleged legitimacy of Monmouth, unless she had evidence to adduce to prove it a fallacy, and obviously she had not, then—for her very silence is significant. Nor was the claim of the Duke, at this moment in the zenith of his power, beneath her notice.

The murder of the King took place in January, and, on the uncorroborated authority of a party pamphlet, his grandson, destined to the same violent end, was born on April 9.[2] This publication is not accurate in other respects but the date is quoted by all succeeding historians. From its general style it was probably written up by some partisan of Monmouth who strung together the fragmentary early memoirs of the Duke with the detailed records (probably preserved by his secretary) of his life after he came to England, together with whatever other matter he succeeded in collecting elsewhere. As the Reformed Calendar was in general use on the Continent we may assume the date, probably supplied by Monmouth himself, to be New Style. Amazing to relate, though Clarendon was in attendance on his young master at the time, he either knew nothing of the boy's birth, or deliberately misrepresented it, for he describes him in July 1662 as "a youth of about ten

[1] Cf. *La vie et Amours de Charles Louis Electeur Palatine*, 1697, p. 99 onward where the menage à trois of Charles Louis, his Electress Charlotte, daughter of William V., Landgrave of Hesse, whom he married February 20, 1654, and Anne Suzanne, Baronne von Daguenfeld, is decribed at length. The latter lady was buried with official honours in the tomb of the Elector's predecessors.

[2] *An historical account of the Heroic Life and magnanimous actions of the Most Illustrious Protestant Prince James, Duke of Monmouth, containing an account of his birth, education, Places, titles, with great and Martial achievements, &c., &c.* 1683. According to Wood's *Fasti*, vol. iv, p. 269, the writer of this work and of the novel *The Perplex'd Prince* before referred to, were identical.

or a dozen years of age," when, accepting April 9, 1649, as the date of his birth, he was rising fourteen.[1] Pepys[2] states he was "a most pretty sparke of about fifteen." According to the *Heroic Life* the child was born in Rotterdam. Clarendon says the Hague. If the former place was chosen, it is easy to explain why it was selected. There had dwelt, for some generations, a very large colony—50,000 by some reports—of Scotch weavers. Amongst these, perhaps better than in any other place in Europe, could the birth of the King's child be concealed. And if it took place there, it was so effectually concealed, that the town does not possess the slightest record of this interesting event.

The improbable suggestion has been advanced that Monmouth was the man in the Iron Mask, and in 1862 a contributor to a Dutch periodical who had in contemplation a memoir of the various claimants, was anxious to obtain some corroboration of the statement made in the *Heroic Life* that the Duke was born in Rotterdam.[3] He was entirely unsuccessful, as were his friends. The Scotch registers are still preserved and we have had them specially searched but without result.[4]

By Saturday, April 14, the King was back at the Hague to receive the Scottish Commissioners. As nothing came of the negotiations, Lucy and Charles proceeded to Paris where they arrived on July 29, and under the date of August 18 the famous and hackneyed passage in Evelyn's diary occurs: "I went to St. Jermyn's to kiss her Majestie's hand; in the coach which was my Lord Wilmot's went Mrs. Barlow the King's mistress and mother to the Duke of Monmouth, a brown, beautiful, bold but insipid creature." The mention of the Duke of Monmouth proves that Evelyn must have exercised his wit in this oft-quoted alliterative phrase some fifteen years after the occasion,—if not at a much later date—when inflamed with party rancour. Perhaps he may have referred back and amended his recollections on the fatal fifteenth of July 1685,

[1] Clarendon, *Life*, vol. ii, 252.

[2] September 10, 1662.

[3] Unfortunately we have mislaid the reference.

[4] It is peculiar that none of the children of Charles I. were registered with the exception of his successor. *Fuller's Worthies*, vol. iv. p. 108.

when he wrote other comments on Lucy, stating that "she was the daughter of some very mean creatures," and "died miserably without anything to bury her," neither statement being true. Evelyn's chronology is also at fault according to Miss Strickland. She says that Queen Henrietta returned to Paris in the summer "and was actually there August 18, 1649, when Anne of Austria and her young son Louis XIV. made their grand (state) entry into the metropolis. After giving an audience of forgiveness to the Frondeurs they paid a state visit of condolence to Queen Henrietta. . . . The young King of England, observes Madame de Motteville, was there in his deep mourning for his father: it was his first formal state recognition at the Court of France." [1] Evelyn no doubt paid his visit to the Queen Mother about this time, but his record is from memory only.

We next find the King in Jersey early in September, and the following spring in the Netherlands again. The date of his departure for Scotland is variously given. According to old documents and the contemporary newspapers of the period it took place about the middle of June. His adventures are foreign to this work. His brother-in-law, William II. of Orange, died intestate of small pox in December 1650. Eight days afterwards was born his only child, Monmouth's successful rival, William III., King-Stadtholder.

During the King's absence Lucy presumably passed her time in Paris From the pitiable distress she exhibited at a later date when bereft of her son, it is obvious that she was not separated from him at this period, and "upon his Majesty's going for Scotland in 1650 he was committed by his Majesty to the care of his Illustrious Grandmother who lived then at the Par-le-roy in Paris and was by her committed to the care of one Goff belonging to her Majesty charging him to provide a good careful nurse for him which he did accordingly, commending to her Majesty one Mrs. Miles a gentlewoman that belonged likewise to her Majesty.[2]

"The Beauty and Make of his Person and the dignity of his

[1] Strickland's *Queens*, vol. v, 397.

[2] The King equally left his brother James in the Queen's tutelage, but he defied her, insisting on visiting the Duke of Lorraine at a very short interval from his Majesty's departure. *Clarendon* 455, *Nicholas Papers*, II, p. 111.

bearing and carriage even whilst an infant plainly discover'd the greatness of his Birth and the largeness of his soul." [1]

The next thing of interest is the escape of the King. It is significant how anxious he was to cross into South Wales. Those must have been anxious days indeed for Lucy and the Queen Mother. It is improbable that either heard of the little fugitive party hunted hither and thither or gave a thought, if they did so, to the personality of the mysterious Mr. Barlow, who was one of its members. The King landed eventually at Rouen, where he was succoured by a Mr. Samborne (or Sandborn), a merchant. It is suggested, with every probability, by Mr. Allan Fea that he was a relative by marriage of Mrs. Gosffritt, who, according to Disney, was put into prison about Lucy's voyage abroad, for Samborne was the name of her first husband.[2]

The date of the birth of the child Mary, afterwards repudiated by Charles,[3] is not known. The *Dictionary of National Biography* states uncompromisingly, that it was May 5, 1651, and this is given further publicity in *King Monmouth*. Having consulted all the authorities quoted by the *Dictionary of National Biography*, without obtaining verification, we applied to Mr. Thomas Seccombe, the author of the article, and have at length been favoured with the following from that gentleman :

"It is so long ago since I wrote the article that I really cannot verify the evidence at all without going to the Museum and devoting some time to the matter, and circumstances quite prevent my doing this. I suppose you have seen the references (etc.) . . . the whole thing seems infinitely remote. If I can follow it up a little later I will do so but at the moment I am so pressed for time that I cannot go into it."

This is all very well. Mr. Seccombe has done his work, it

[1] *Heroic Life*, quoted in *The Protestant Martyrs or the Bloody Assizes . . . containing . . . The Life and Death of* James, *Duke of Monmouth*. London. Printed at the Bible in Fetter Lane, 1688.

[2] There was evidently a previous acquaintance. "Mr. Sandborn a merchant for whom I sent came and answered for us." His Majesty's Account of his preservation. And we know that this Sandborn, who was in correspondence with the Court (at Bruges) as late as July 1657, had a younger brother. *Flanders Papers R.O.*

[3] Wood's *Fasti*, vol. iv, p. 269.

was accepted, and he may claim legitimately the transaction is closed; but how disgraceful that the editors should have passed a definite statement of such importance—for a woman's reputation to a certain degree stands or falls by it—unsupported by a jot or tittle of proof. The *Dictionary of National Biography* is accepted by many people as a reliable authority, its assertions are received, even so painstaking a writer as Mr. Fea bows to its *dicta*, and, as we have shown, gives them currency, so its unsubstantiated allegations are fostered until they become at length incorporated in the history of our country.

Although the King afterwards repudiated the girl he provided for her liberally. The fact that she was brought up as a Roman Catholic and that she was christened Mary,[1] the name by which Henrietta Maria was universally known, points to her being born during the time her brother was under the Queen's guardianship, and her mother under her Majesty's influence.

According to Macpherson her birth did not take place until after the return of the King. He also directly contradicts Clarendon, who states that Lucy after her son was born "lived for some years in France in the King's sight[2] and at last lost his favour."[3]

"She lived so loosely when he was in Scotland that when after Worcester fight he came to France and *she came thither* he would have no further commerce with her. She used in vain all her little arts. She tried to persuade Doctor Cozens that she was a convert and would quit her scandalous way of life and had at the same time a child by the Earl of Carlington, who grew up to be a woman, and was owned by the mother to be hers, as like the Earl as possible."[4]

There was no such title in existence as Earl of Carlington. The name is generally read as Arlington. Mr. Fea conjectures that Lord Carlingford (Viscount Taaffe) is intended. But he did not arrive upon the Continent from Ireland till

[1] The name of the boy, James, is also capable of explanation. England had come with a James. The exiled King could have seen but little happy omen in his own ill-fated name.

[2] Mr. H. B. Wheatley in his edition of *Pepys*, vol. ii, p. 376 note, informs us that "Charles II. terminated his connection with her (Lucy) on Oct. 30th 1651." It is so interesting to know the exact date. [3] Clarendon, vol. ii, 252. [4] Macpherson.

July 26, 1651.[1] It is just possible that Mary was born somewhat over the nine months after the King left. Her mother had no more children, and the fact that the child's date was open to question maybe provided Charles, who had either tired of her or, as is more probable, was coerced by his impatient expatriated followers, with an excuse to repudiate her mother. That the repudiation of Lucy upon this count did violence to his own convictions is made sufficiently clear by the fact that for years after the child was born he continued to throw her mother as much as possible with the Princess Royal.

After Worcester Charles passed nearly three years in Paris. His poverty was terrible. He wore patched shirts and mended shoes. He was dependent on casual charity for the very bread he ate. York could serve in the wars, Gloucester was still a child, only the King must sit idle and face despair and humiliation with no distraction.

We learn from the *Clarendon State Papers*[2] that though no one is yet dead of starvation the Chancellor would not be surprised to any day hear of such a calamity. In the summer of 1654 the King met his sister Mary at Spa. The States-General about this time patched up a peace with the rebel government in England and one item in the agreement was that the King of England was forbidden the territory of the former. From Spa the brother and sister proceeded to Cologne. All this time there is no mention of Lucy's name. The Cromwellian spies who faithfully reported to their employers in England the comings and goings of their expatriated King and all the tittle-tattle they could collect, make not the smallest reference to her. Everything to her discredit is given on the authority of the King's relations and friends. It is only to be expected that they should have laboured strenuously to dissolve such a connection by fair means or foul. An influential marriage seemed at the time the King's only hope for obtaining the means to subdue his rebellious subjects, yet he made no effort on his own part to conclude one and for years no other woman save Lucy figured in his life.[3]

[1] Carte's *Life of Ormonde*, vol. ii, p. 146. [2] Vol. iii, p. 179.

[3] After the Restoration he recognised as his a daughter born about 1652. But the mother—a married woman—was never openly associated with him, and nobody knew anything about the matter at the time. The lady continued her duties in the household of the Queen, the child being accepted without question as the issue of the husband.

V

THE policy of temporarily separating Charles and Lucy with the end of bringing about their permanent estrangement was, from every worldly view, admirable, and the King's friends, one and all, combined toward that end. Yet had Clarendon been gifted with imagination he might well have paused.

Despite the manifold afflictions he had suffered, despite the loss of father, home, status, and prosperity; the society of the woman he loved had kept the King's life wholesome, and his nature sweet, and now by the machinations of those who loved him completely, the last tie was to be broken. Human nature requires a gravity for everything, even for ideals. Flowers cut from their roots die. The King's love for Lucy and ambition for their son were his last ideals, his last incentives to virtue, and with them went all. For Lucy had been the love of his youth, the companion of his darkest affliction, his one solace when shuddering under the dire misfortune of his father's loss. In after years Clarendon assigned his own downfall to the marriage of his daughter with York; he would have been nearer the mark had he traced it to the repudiation of Lucy. Fate had in store for him a very cruel retaliation. Lucy's dismissal most certainly paved the way for the reign of la Castlemaine!

To the Princess Royal, the King's sister, was assigned initiatory action, and although she was a woman of breeding and refinement, and must have writhed at this uncongenial task, her love for her brother and an anxiety for his material welfare, overcame every other consideration. So Mary set about poisoning her brother's mind against Lucy. Only the merest echoes of the part she played have come down to us but, judging from subsequent troubles of Anne Hyde, it is not difficult to reconstruct the drama. It is after Mary went back to the Hague that allusions appear in her Letters to the

King concerning the inconstancy of his wife, and it is evident that Lucy returned with her. There was a double reason for the arrangement, the most urgent being that to succour Lucy and her children was one of the few ways open to the Princess to relieve the strained resources of the King, while his not being able to advertise Lucy's true status, made it natural that her presence should prove hurtful to the Cause. That this was recognised to be the case, is a striking comment on the young man's reputation for virtue. Several years later a Cavalier wrote "the King by driving out of Cologne a person who gave his enemies a subject for discourse acquired without Grace from Heaven, and an advantageous esteem among men." Mr. Kingstown, the writer of these lines, either ignores, or was not aware of the fact that the "person" found an asylum with the King's own sister.

Agnes Strickland, in her *Lives of the Last Four Princesses of the House of Stuart*, is righteously indignant with Mrs. Everett Green for having "started" the idea in her *Lives of the Princesses*, vol. v, p. 229, that the lady referred to in Mary's letters was Lucy Waters (*sic*). The culprit was really Dr. Stannier Clarke in 1814. Modern writers, unable to reconcile Mary's pride with the accounts of Lucy, as given in Macpherson, have sought to substitute another name, suggesting—for want of a better—Jane Lane![1] Not only is there not the tiniest record of a flirtation between Charles and Jane but the "Mothere" remains unaccounted for. Even Henrietta Maria would not have been so criminally short-sighted as to countenance or instigate a sentimental association between his Majesty and the gentlewoman to whom he was so romantically indebted.[2] Miss Strickland suggests that the wife was "one of the Princesses of the house of Orange to whom Charles was long engaged and only prevented marrying by the worldly policy of the Princess Dowager."

We have failed to find the record of such an engagement. In March 1649 the Princess Dowager, Amelia of Solms, offered the bereaved young King a loan of money to go to Ireland on

[1] Mr. A. M. Broadley informs us that Jane Lane was about fifteen years older than the King.

[2] There exists direct evidence to the contrary. *Cf.* a letter from Jane to the King. *Lambeth MSS.*, 645-6. Printed verbatim in "The Royal Miracle," 1912.

the condition of his espousing her daughter [1] Albertine Agnes, a girl of fifteen, subsequently the wife of her illegitimate cousin the Duke of Nassau. But tempting as the offer was—for had he considered himself free to accept it, he would have been able to avoid taking the loathed covenant—the boy who had sent the *carte blanche* was true to his secret wife. Charles refused.[2]

Between the years 1649 and 1658 Charles only made a few fleeting and secret visits to his sister's country houses, Honsdreldyke and Teyling, and on these occasions the fact of his presence was jealously guarded from all the Dutch. After Lucy's death the King in turn approached the Princess Dowager asking if she was open to receive a proposal for one of her daughters, "and if so which one," [3] a sentence from which it is indeed a task to extract romance! In reply the Princess invited the exiled monarch to visit her on neutral ground at Tourhoot, the private demesne of the Orange Family. Whether as has been alleged on account of the remote chance of Charles being restored, though his prospects had not been so bright for years, Cromwell having died the previous September, or whether investigation of the Lucy story showed the latter's son as a standing menace to the child of any acknowledged

[1] *Somers' Tracts*, vol. i, p. 75.

[2] There is in the Bodleian a contemporary print of Ireland kneeling entreatingly before the young sovereign while Scotland holds a pistol to his head. We fear that the King's connection with Lucy must, to a certain extent, be held responsible for his taking the covenant. Marriage would undoubtedly have saved him from this course which he so hated. Henrietta Maria did her utmost to force him into applying for the hand of her niece, Mlle. de Montpensier. In 1649, shortly after his accession and the birth of Monmouth, the Queen Mother committed the unheard of breach of propriety in the conduct of Royal persons of leaving her son the King and her niece the Princess alone together for a quarter of an hour. We have it on the authority of the latter that her laggard lover did not open his mouth. *Montpensier Mémoires.*

[3] "Je vous prie s'il vous plaist de me faire scavoir si vous estes en-estat de recevoir un proposition de ma part touchant vostre fille et qui," to quote his somewhat peculiar French. Carte's *Life of Ormonde*, vol. ii, 154-7. Carte appends the following, which is his idea of a translation. "I beseech you to let me know if the *Princess Harriette* (!) be so far engaged that you cannot receive a proposition from me concerning her."

queen of Charles succeeding his father we do not know, but the marriage scheme fell through.

During the summer of 1655 Mary wrote thus to the King :

" Your wife is resolving whether she will write or no : therefore I am to say nothing to you from her ; but will keep open my letter as long as the post will permit, to expect what good nature will work,—which I find now does not at all ; for it is now eleven of the clock and no letter comes."

This is dated from the Hague May 2. The Princess proceeded to her country house at Honsdreldyke, or as she spells it, Hounslerdike, preparatory to paying another visit to her brother. Lucy was with her, for under the date of June 21 Mary writes as follows :

" I do now absolutely believe that Cromwell will have peace with France and fall out with Spain which will be better than nothing for some friends are better than none. The States are sending our troops against the King of Sweden before they know he is their enemy. I am more sorry for their neighbourhood because it will be in my way to Cologne ; but that cannot hinder me, for sure I shall not be denied a convoy. I am not able to tell you positively the day I go from hence, but next week I shall ; for there is nothing I am so impatient for as the happiness of seeing you.

" Your wife desires me to present her humble duty to you which is all she can say. I tell her it is because she thinks of another husband and does not follow your example of being as faithful a wife as you are a husband."

These letters are either an intolerable impertinence or a jest of questionable taste, but for a man of tow like Charles they were dangerous as a torch. It will be seen that Charles had already thoughts of obtaining the countenance of the King of Spain, his uncle by marriage, and therefore any break in the relations between Spain and the Powers at home was to be welcomed. Mary's aloofness from the action of the adopted country is characteristic. As a clever observer has stated, her situation and attitude during the last ten years of her life resembled rather " an exiled Stuart Princess than

that of a Princess of Orange, mother to the heir of that splendid house." [1]

The Earl of Lytton's collection at Knebworth and the Mauritzhaus, a public picture gallery at the Hague, contain silent testimony to the intimacy that at one time existed between the Princess Royal and Lucy Walter. Lord Lytton possesses what Mr. Fea describes as the most pleasing portrait of her he has seen ; she wears a fanciful riding costume trimmed with ermine and her hat is adorned with red and white feathers, she holds a whip in her right hand. Her horse is in the background held by a black boy. Long brown hair falls over her shoulders cavalier fashion and her large expressive eyes are remarkably lifelike." [2] Lucy is not a girl here ; she is about twenty-four.

In the Mauritzhaus is a replica of this picture, the horse, the black boy, the costume, all are there, but the features are those of the Princess Mary.[3] As we know by referring to p. 316 of the present work, it was a common custom for people to lend their friends and relations a successful picture that the "drapery and pose" might be copied for their own portrait.

The Princess arrived at Cologne at the end of July and stayed with the King until the middle of November. As to Lucy's movements, history is silent. As will be shown some arrangement was arrived at between the brother and sister as to her ultimate fate, during the time they were together. The importance of this obscure matter must have secretly exceeded all other issues and most cleverly was the matter hushed up. Probably the Princess was glad to avoid taking part in the ultimate engagement. Although but one reference appears in her letters, her anxiety to escape to France in midwinter is certainly remarkable. Her ostensible excuse was that she might prevent an alliance between France and England by her personal presence in Paris. She went much against the King's wish,

[1] *Court Life in the Dutch Republic*, by the Baroness Susette Van Zuyden Van Myvelt. 1906. P. 173.

[2] *King Monmouth*, p. 24,—facing p. 10 of that work is a Kitcat detail of the painting.

[3] 429(133), Portrait of Mary, Princess of England, wife of Prince William II. of Orange (1631–1660) by J. Mytens. A nephew of Van Dycke's predecessor as painter to the court of England.

for he feared that her visit to a Roman Catholic country would prejudice the Royal Family in the eyes of the more Puritan English, and, by a seeming overture to a country hostile to them, annoy the Spaniards who were coquetting with him, and with whom for the moment lay his brightest hopes.

Some fiery letters passed between the brother and sister, but Mary adhered to her determination, and on January 14 set out. When Mary had gone to Holland as a child-bride she had been accompanied by her governess, Lady Stanhope. This lady had several young daughters, who, time passing on, found place among the Princess's entourage. Lady Stanhope had married a Dutchman, John Poliander Van Kirchhoven, Lord of Heenvleet, a descendant of the famous preacher. M. Heenvleet, as he is usually called, was also in the Princess's establishment, and a daughter, Walbrook, variously given as his illegitimate daughter and his daughter by Lady Stanhope, was the governess of the little Prince William. Despite this and that she had recently married the Honourable Thomas Howard, a brother of the Earl of Suffolk and Master of the Horse to the Princess, Walbrook was chosen to attend their mistress in place of her mother, who for reasons that have nothing to do with Lucy, was anxious not to visit Paris. Thomas Howard was also left behind. In a letter from the Princess to the King dated January 3, is the following passage:

"Tom Howard desires me to tell you that from hence he is not able to do that he spoke to you of at Cologne; but when I am in France, he will have much better conveniency without suspicion."[1]

Tom Howard was to be one of the chief instruments in effecting the break between Lucy and Charles. He appears to have been the Princess's accredited agent. What makes the matter more involved is that modern research has proved that he was secretly in the pay of Cromwell, a fact of course utterly unsuspected by either Mary or Charles.

Mary gone, his Majesty's advisers lost no time in, as it were, fixing Lucy's place as a mere pensioner on the King's bounty, by granting her in his name an annuity of five thousand livres.

[1] *Lambeth MSS.*, 646, Art. 33.

This is dated January 21, 1655 (the legal year at that time commenced March 1). Their next steps were systematically to blacken her reputation.

Contrary to what is usually the case, valuable contemporary evidence of this actually exists, in the writing of Daniel O'Neile, the very last person in the world, we may remark in passing, to whom the King would have entrusted the conduct of his confidential affairs.

Daniel O'Neile, born 1612, was the nephew of Owen Roe O'Neile, and the first Irishman to occupy any post of importance about the English Court. He was the go-between in the negotiations of his uncle and Ormonde and, throughout his life, the jackal of Ormonde. Lady Stanhope took him for a third husband. He was nicknamed Infallible Subtle.

As we shall have occasion to refer to these letters, and as they form the stock pendant to Evelyn, Macpherson, and Clarendon, we give them *in extenso* that they may be judged beside our arguments. The originals, together with the communications of the Princess already quoted, are preserved at Lambeth, and were printed in the *Thurloe State Papers*. Mr. Jenkins, the Librarian at Lambeth, informs us they were given with many other documents, by Queen Mary to Archbishop Tenison, and have been in the Lambeth Collection ever since. They with the Jane Lane letter referred to, and others from Henrietta Maria, &c., probably formed a package that Queen Mary found among her uncle's effects. The preservation of the O'Neile letters was probably an oversight. Had the King desired to preserve gossip to Lucy's detriment on the part of his servants, he would surely have selected something more conclusive.

Archbishop Tenison attended Monmouth on the scaffold, being amongst the pious brethren who, as one of our own reviewers so tersely phrases it, "assembled there to harry his soul into the next world," and the passages referring to Lucy in the Princess's letters are underlined, in a different but not modern ink. Probably Tenison, as others since him, have found difficulty in reconciling the friendship of the Princess and the allegations of O'Neile.

The O'Neile letters, in excellent preservation, are endorsed in an unshaken hand, by Charles himself. They had no influence, as will be shown, on his relations with Lucy.

APPENDIX A

"Mr. Daniel O'Neile to King Charles II.

"Hage, 8 Febr. 1656.

(Par. 2.)

"I have hetherto forborne giving your majestie any account of your commands concerning Mrs. Barloe, because those, that I imployed to hir, brought mee assurances from hir, she would obey your majestie's commands. Of late I am tould shee intends nothing less, and that shee is assured from Collen your majestie would not have hir son from hir. I am much troubled to see the prejudice hir being here does your majestie; for every idle actione of hers brings your majestie uppon the stage; and I am noe less ashamed to have soe much importuned your majestie to have beeleved hir worthy of your care. When I have the honour to wayt uppon your majestie, I shall tell you what I have from a midwyf of this toune, and one of hir mayds, which shee had not the discretions to use well after knoweing so much of hir secrets."[1]

"Mr. Daniel O'Neile to king Charles II.

"Hage, 14th Feb. 1656.

"Before I took the liberty to writ any thing to your majestie of Mrs. Barloe, I did sufficiently informe myself of the truth of what I writ, since I had the opportunity to save her from publick scandall att least. Hir mayd, whom she would have killed by thrusting a bodkin into hir eare ass shee was asleep, would have accused hir of that, of miscarrying of two children by phissick, and of the infamous manner of hir living with Mr. Howard; but I have prevented the mischief, partly with threats, butt more with a 100 gilders I am to give hir mayd. Hir last miscarriage was since Mrs. Howard went, ass the midwyf says to one, that I imploy to hir. Doctor Rufus has given hir phissick, but it was allwayes after hir miscarrying; and though hee knew any thing, it would bee indiscreet to tell it. Therefore I would not attempt him, and the rather, that I was sufficiently assured by those, that were neerer. Though I have saved hir for this tyme, it's not lykly shee'le escap when I am gon; for onely the considera-tione of your majestie has held Monsieur Heenuleit and Monsieur Nertwicke, not to have hir banished this toune and country for an infamous person, and by sound of drum.

[1] *Lambeth MSS.*, 675–6.

Therefore it were well, if your majestie will owen that chyld, to send hir your positive command to deliver him unto whom your majestie will appoint. I know it from one, whoe has read my lord Taaf's letter to hir of the 11th by this last post, that hee tells hir, your majestie has noething more in consideratione then hir sufferings; and that the next monny you can gett or borrow, shall be sent to suply hir. Whyle your majestie incourages any to speake this language, shee'le never obey what you will have. The onely way is to necessitat hir, if your majestie can think hir worth your care. . . ." [1]

We are told by a descendant of Lucy's that these letters put her out of court for ever and that, despite the King's continued countenance. But surely they are but representative specimens of an age that spared not blood, or rank, or affection, that ever imputed unspeakable motives, and brought the vilest charges with a venom the lowest dregs of present day society would hesitate to display. An era that would believe in the preposterous warming-pan myth, and the thousand monstrous and ridiculous charges that were brought against the virtuous Mary of Modena, a crowned Queen of England,[2] would believe anything.

We will digress a little and show how a contemporary of Lucy's fared.

When we reflect on the romance of Anne Hyde it is easy to realise Lucy could not expect much mercy from the King's advisers. Their cases present more than one parallel. Both, as wife for a prince, were politically and socially "impossible." Both discredited through the instrumentality of Mary, Anne Hyde's name was associated at a later date with Henry Sidney, the younger brother of Robert. And if Sir Charles Berkeley could, cherishing a passion for Anne, bear false witness against her, with the double view of pleasing the princess and obtaining the reversion of the lady, may not Robert Sidney have done the same thing?

The Duke of York, who had already an illegitimate daughter by a Dutch woman, named Marie van der Steen, was "contracted" to Anne Hyde at her father's house at Breda,

[1] *Lambeth MSS.*, 675-6.

[2] Amongst other things that she was the Pope's eldest daughter! *Sir F. Williamson's Correspondence*, vol. ii, p. 63. Camd. Soc. 1874.

November 24, 1659. As in the King's case, this was not a light fancy, for by his own or Macpherson's (?) showing, he had been in love with her for three years. Anne was his sister's maid of honour. Three months afterwards Mary, discovering there was some amour or intrigue, promptly dismissed the girl from her service. Such was the propriety and reticence of the woman who received Lucy *en belle sœur*.

Jesse, in his *Memoirs of the Court of England under the Stuarts*, observes "the obligation on the part of the Duke,—had he afterwards chosen to swerve from his promises, or had the King refused his consent,—would rather have been considered binding in a tribunal of honour, than a court of law."

These remarks might apply equally to the King, assuming he first knew Lucy in England, during his minority. Jesse continues:

"Shortly after the Restoration, Miss Hyde proved to be with child. It was naturally a crisis of great importance both to herself and her family; and indeed the probability of her ever becoming Duchess of York appears at one time to have been extremely remote. James had begun to weary of her charms; the match was not only unsuitable and incongruous, but was likely to encounter the strongest opposition in his family; moreover his friends, among whom was Sir Charles Berkeley, who possessed the most unbounded influence over him, endeavoured by every argument and exertion, to induce him to retreat from his engagement. Berkeley, whose motives may possibly have been well intentioned, even went so far as to persuade Lords Arran, Jermyn, and Talbot, three other friends of the Duke, to affirm that Miss Hyde had encouraged them in their advances and that they had repeatedly shared her favours."[1]

Mary arrived in England in September and it was she who instigated all this. She determined to save James as she had saved Charles, from a permanent result of the imprudence of his affections. Ferguson[2] tells us that Lucy "when in travail with the said Duke (Monmouth) most positively affirmed her marriage to the King."[3] It is to be hoped his

[1] All "Men of honour," as M. de Grammont quaintly describes them.

[2] *Lambeth MSS.*, 675-6.

[3] *A letter to a person of honour concerning the King disavowing item* 5.

Majesty saved her from the brutality Hyde did not hesitate to mete out to his own daughter, if we may believe his account of what took place when he was first made aware of Anne's condition. He said, "with all imaginable earnestness 'That as soon as he came home he would turn her out of the house as a strumpet to shift for herself, and would never see her again,'" and further "if it were true (that there was a marriage), he was well prepared to advise what was to be done: that he had much rather that his daughter should be the Duke's whore than his wife: in the former case no one could blame him from the resolution he had taken, for he was not obliged to keep a whore for the greatest prince alive; and the indignity to himself he would submit to the good pleasure of God. But if there were any reason to suspect the other, he was ready to give a positive judgment in which he hoped their lordships (the gentlemen who had "broken" the news) would concur with him; that the King should immediately cause the woman, to be sent to the Tower, and cast into a dungeon, under so strict a guard, that no person living should be admitted to come to her; and then that an act of Parliament should be immediately passed for the cutting off of her head, to which he would not only give his consent, but would very willingly be the first man that should propose it."[1] He goes on to tell us that it was the King's chance to be at his (Hyde's) house with the committee of council, when she (Anne) fell in labour: of which being advertised by her father the King directed him "to send for the lady marchioness of Ormonde, the countess of Sunderland, and other ladies of known honour and fidelity to the Crown, to be present with her," who all came and were present with her until she was delivered of a son. The Bishop of Winchester in the intervals of her greatest pangs, and sometimes when they were upon her, was present, and asked her such questions as were thought fit for the occasion; 'Whose the child was of which she was in labour,' whom she averred, with all protestation to be the duke's; 'Whether she had ever known any other man;' which she renounced with all vehemence, saying that she was confident that the duke did not think she had; and being asked whether she was married to the duke she answered she was and there were witnesses enough. . . ." In a word, her behaviour was such as abundantly satisfied

[1] Continuation of *Life*, p. 324.

the ladies who were present of her innocence from the reproach; and they were not reserved in the declaration of it."[1] We trust they were equally candid as to their opinion of Hyde!

These ladies would not have been present at all but for the intervention of the King, it being evidently the Chancellor's intention to confide his daughter entirely to the mercy of the Bishop of Winchester. A man who could engineer such callous brutality towards his own daughter whom a few months before he had welcomed in England with "great joy having always had a great affection for her; and she being his eldest child, he had more acquaintance with her than with any of his children,"[2] was not the man to let Lucy Walter stand in the way of his master's Restoration. Even if we do not take these coarse protestations of his at the value he would have us set upon them, there remain his actions, and the words themselves must have had some appearance of probability for the benefit of his contemporaries.

But whatever his feelings at the moment may have been, his wrath swiftly gave place to ambition, and he threw himself with great energy into the negotiations for the Portuguese marriage.

[1] Continuation of *Life*, p. 324. [2] *Ibid.*

VI

SEPARATED by necessity from the King, menaced by his councillors, and deserted by Mary, Lucy's habitual dignity does not appear to have deserted her. Her action is that of innocence; she immediately communicated with her nearest relative. This was her brother Justus, for as the elder brother Richard was a Roundhead (he had just concluded his year of office as high sheriff of Pembrokeshire) it is unlikely that she was on good terms with him. Her father had died in 1650, her mother in August 1655.

As in 1648, Lucy was supported unhesitatingly by her kin. Justus hastened to her sister's aid. We print for the first time his "pass."

Justus Walter

These are to will and require you to permit and suffer Mr. Justus Walter and his serv^{t} to transport themselves to Holland wh^{out} let, hindrance or molestation; they carrying nothing with them prejudicial.

Given on the 27th of March 1656.

Laurence. President

To the Court of the Customs etc.[1]

Shortly after Justus arrived Lucy made preparations to set out for England. The visit is of great interest and the reason has yet to be fathomed. It has been suggested by the ubiquitous Roberts that she was returning to Pembrokeshire, and, Lingard states definitely "she had promised to repair with her child to her native country."[2] Beside the fact that the King would

[1] *Warrants of the Protector and Council Cal. Dom. S.P.*, vol. i, 73, p. 580 (R.O.).

[2] *Lingard* viii, f. 479. The assertion evidently evolved from his "inner consciousness." As a pendant to this, Miss Scott, in *The Travels of the King*, p. 341, states that Lucy "was taken to the Tower as a person of ill-fame."

never have parted permanently with his idolised son, Lucy's conduct in London, the secrecy of her movements, the fact that she was in touch with the Cavaliers alike point to the fact of the expedition having a political motive.

For nearly a year the Spaniards had been coquetting with the exiled King. Extremes meet, and if the Republicans in England, who approximated, in a way, to the modern socialist, disliked a king, they detested a self-elevated dictator, under whose usurpation they suffered all the disadvantages they saw in regal sway without enjoying any of its ameliorations. So lively was their discontent that in the spring of 1655 they threw in their lot with the Royalists, a joint rising being premeditated. It failed to mature and the conspirators fled with their lives. Amongst their number was one Edward Sexby, a violent republican, afterwards the author of the famous *Killing, No Murder*, with its witty, ironic dedication to " his Highness the Lord Protector " ; the pamphlet that cowed Cromwell to the depth of his guilty soul. Sexby went to Brussels and was the first to arouse the Spanish in the King's interest, but the Viceroy would take no active steps while Cromwell lived. Thereupon Sexby proceeded to Spain, returning at the end of the year, by which time, owing to the projected peace between France, with whom the Spanish were on bad terms, and the rebel government in England, the situation was more favourable and continued to improve. Don Alonso de Cardenas, the Spanish ambassador, was recalled from London in the autumn of 1655. He went to Brussels.

In the spring of 1656 the Spanish offered the King of England an asylum on their territory on condition of his preserving an incognito, which he accepted, and, by a treaty ratified the following June, everything was put in train for a rising in England the ensuing winter. In May a new governor of the Low Countries arrived, in the person of Don John of Austria, son of Philip IV. by Maria Calderona, an actress. Charles II., in his extremity, was compelled to treat this man as an equal. Don John immediately appointed Don Alonso de Cardenas Intendant of Affairs, though he continued to be known as My Lord Ambassador. Thenceforward Charles was busily enrolling his army.

Lucy and Charles were reunited in Antwerp. Thither she

came from the Hague, where she had continued during the spring and where no doubt, in the absence of Mary, she had acted as Royalist agent, about five weeks after his Majesty had arrived in Bruges from Cologne. Justus Walter escorted his sister, who was attended by Thomas Howard. Evidence of some carefully laid plan, at which we can only surmise, is afforded by her having three weeks earlier sent one of her ervants ahead to London with instructions to meet her there.

Charles, who believed his movements secret, was, as usual, tracked by the rebel spies.

"The 22nd of May Charles Stuart came to Antwerp; he lay at one Harvie's house. There met him Ormonde and Hyde. He is now gone to a house he hath taken two leagues off that town to be the more private." [1]

This Harvey was, and continued to be, an intimate friend of Lucy. In addition to above, Thurloe also received the following letter of advice from another of his creatures.

"The twentieth day of this month I arrived at Antwar where I mette with sume of my friends who advised me to stay ther; as giving me (to understand) that the rest of my friends woulde be ther in a day or two; upon the two and twentyeth Day being Friday, C.S. with my lord of Rotchester came hether (:) this morning I Vissetted them all when I received very much kindnesse from them and delivered my letters to my lord of Ormond; I know all what was in them, what was anything of bisinesse; I shall give you an account of them in time anough." [For what? Presumably to circumvent some imminent negotiation. The degraded writer continues:] "I believe ther is other bisinesse on hand now then sekeing of money; they are all here My—ty—ly (mysteriously?) on horses; and have still designes to make friends in England.[2] . . . I believe I shall be employed in sume of their businesses very shortly I know not now how you can write

[1] *Thurloe S.P.* i, 728. The reason for taking the house was his meeting with Don John. There were many difficulties before this interview (which took place ultimately in Brussels) could be arranged.

[2] In contradiction of the armed descent which was universally looked for.

to me with safety, etc. etc. Jo : Halle. Saterday May 23rd 1656.

For the Right Hone Mr. Secretory Thirlo. Superscribed. John Walls." [1]

Alas ! the supplementary communication of Mr. Walls is lost to history.

Whatever the other "bisinesse" may have been we know it was urgent, and that no time was to be lost, for the very next day Lucy, having no doubt received her final instructions, with her brother and Howard parted from the King and sailed for England.[2]

In London though—by servants' evidence—Lucy elected to live in extraordinary secrecy, those of the King's friends with whom she came in touch obviously regarded her as his Majesty's wife, or, more properly, their Queen.

"During her abode about London, the cavalears, as the loyalests were then called, carried themselves towards her with a profound reverence and awful respect, treating her as a sacred person and serving her on the knee." [3]

The question is forced on us why the King's discarded mistress, as historians would have us believe Lucy to be, should have got in touch with the King's friends at all. And if she had done so, would they not have received warning against her ?

Another person whose presence in London at this conjunction is not without interest is Robert Sidney. If his sojourn there is more than a coincidence ; if he aided Lucy's journey, as we submit he did in 1648, he had not time to be deeply engaged in her present mission, for on June 3 he applied for his return pass to proceed from Gravesend with his "servants and nowssaries" to the Low Countries.[4] On account of his brother Sidney had even greater facilities than Howard for

[1] *Flanders Papers*, 1656, Item 433 (R.O.).

[2] We wonder if Howard had yet succeeded in doing "that which I spoke to you off at Cologne . . . without suspicion." On account of his being a secret spy this double-dyed traitor was easily able to procure passes into England.

[3] The method of serving Royalty. Charles I. in his last hours was affronted by this civility being denied him. Until the Restoration it was the custom to drink the King's health kneeling. *See ante*, p. 379.

[4] *Dom S.P.*, 1655-6, vol. lxxiii.

getting in and out of England. He had been over so late as the previous July.[1] It must be recollected that at the time England was as difficult of ingress or egress as a fortress.

Despite the care taken, Lucy's presence in London was ere long discovered. The servant, Anne Hill, was first suspected. She was arrested and examined June 26. Evidently under the impression that her mistress had procured her imprisonment, she retaliated by voicing the scandalous imputation in regard to the birth of the child the King chose afterwards to repudiate. In her second statement made a week afterwards it will be noticed she forgets she has done so and contradicts it. Lucy, Justus, and Howard were also apprehended.

According to tradition Lucy was incarcerated in the Coldharbour and in the Lanthorn Towers.[2] The former has vanished, the latter burned down and rebuilt. Lucy, the maid, and Howard, whose venality was probably a matter between Thurloe and himself, were all examined without much result. We give the evidence at length. Lucy's prevarication and efforts to conceal the real state of affairs is rather the conduct of one whose interests were identical with those of Charles, than that of a repudiated woman, whose only impulse would be revenge.

> "The information of ANNE HILL, late servant to the lady LUCY WALTER,[3] otherwise BARLOW, taken upon oath the 26th day of June, 1656.

"WHO saith, that this informant was servant to the said lady Walter in Holland about seven months,[4] and about six

[1] *Dom. S.P.*, 1655–6, vol. lxxiii.

[2] I am indebted for this information to the kindness of Mr. Arthur Poyser, author of an interesting volume *The Tower of London*, published in 1908.

[3] These honorary designations were a politeness of the time. *See Flanders Papers*, 1658–9, item 121. A letter addressed to: "The Lord Edward Nicholas."

[4] Is Anne Hill the same person whose life was attempted according to O'Neile the previous February, or her colleague? It is somewhat surprising she should continue in such service, and still more, that when afire with venom, as she obviously was when this statement was taken down, she made not the slightest reference to the attempted murder of herself or friend, and repeated none of O'Neile's charges against her mistress.

weeks ago she left her said lady and came to England in a Dutch ship, promising the said lady, when she sent for her, to repaire to her, which she accordingly did about a week ago; and saith, that the said lady came lately out of Flushing, hireing a boat to bring herself, two children, Mr. Justus Walter her brother, and Thomas Howard, gentleman of the horse, to the princess royal at the Hague, and this informant saith, that she hath often heard, that one of the said children her said lady had by Charles Stuart, and that the said lady had no other means to maintain her, but what she hath from the said Charles Stuart, although she lives in a costly and high manner; and saith, that for ought she perceives, the said lady maintains her brother. And this informant further saith, that the said lady, and her children, Mr. Walter, and Mr. Howard, lie at a barber's house over against Somerset House, but the name of the said barber or his sign this informant knows not. And this informant further saith, that she hath several times heard the said lady say, she hoped, that the said Charles Stuart would quickly have England; and saith, she knows no just cause, why the said lady should procure her imprisonment, but supposes it was, because this informant would discover the said lady; and saith that the said lady told her this informant, she was, a little before her coming over, with the king, meaning Charles Stuart; and this informant having conference with the said lady's brother about it, he swore the said lady had been lately with the king, meaning Charles Stuart, a night and a day together.

"The mark of Ann ( ) Hill" [1]

"Col Barkstead, lieut. of the tower, to secretary Thurloe.

"YOURS together with his highness's warrants I received. The lady saith, she had a son by Charles Stuart, which is dead; that the twoe children she now hath were by a husband she had in Holland, whoe is alsoe dead. That she came over only to looke after 1500 l. left her by her mother. That she came from Flushing about 3 weeks since. That she hath not seene C.S. this twoe yeares. That shee mett colonell Howard, as she tooke shipping at Flushing. That she hath not as yet received any of her petition. Mr. Justus Walter saith, he went out of

[1] *Thurloe State Papers*, vol. v, pp. 160-1.

England about twoe months by past, and had a passe from the councell to travell for Italy ;[1] but meeting with his sister comeing over, he came with her : that before he went over, he belonged to the Temple. All that I can gett from collonell Howard is enclosed. I am,

" Sir, your affectionate friend and servant,

" Jo. BARKSTEAD.

" Tower Lond. June 28th, 1656."[2]

" The examination of Thomas Howard esq., taken the 28th June, 1656.

" SAITH he did see Charles Stuart about a year since at Cologne,[3] and not since. Saith he hath been 5 or 6 years out of England. Saith he was ingaged for the late king at Oxford, and commanded a regiment of horse for the said king, and after Naseby fight went over into Holland, and there had a troop of horse given him by the prince of Orange's grandfather, which he now hath. That he is now and had ever since the said time been master of the horse to the princess royal. Saith he took shipping about 3 weeks since at Flushing, and so came to England. Being asked, how he came into the company of the lady Lucey Walter, alias Barlow, saith, he met her on shipboard in the ship, in which he came over into England, with whom he came over, and took lodgings at the same house with her. Saith that since he was at Cologne with Charles Stuart, he hath been in France with the princess royal,[4] on whom he waited, and from Paris went to Havre de Grace, intending for England, but by storm was driven to Rotterdam, and from Flushing, whence he returned as aforesaid. Further saith not.

" T. HOWARD."[5]

The next thing of note is the order for Lucy's release. She had guarded her secrets well, and probably the authorities satisfied themselves that the worst service they could do their King was to send his unacknowledged wife back to him. They may have contemplated retaining the boy as hostage, for the first order of her release dated July 1, is phrased as follows :

[1] His pass was for Holland direct. Why all this prevarication ?
[2] *Thurloe State Papers*, vol. v, pp. 169.
[3] Seven months.
[4] This was a lie.
[5] *Thurloe* v, 169.

"Ordered by his Highness the Lord Protector and the Council that Lucy Barlow now a prisoner in the Tower be togeother with her child sent to Flandres and y^t^ Sir John Barkstead the Lie^t^ of the Tower take care that same be down accordingly."[1]

The following day Anne Hill underwent her second examination.

"The further information of ANNE HILL, late servant to the lady LUCY WALTER, otherwise BARLOW, taken upon oath the 2d day of July, 1656.

"Middlesex.

"WHO saith, that in August last she came first into the service of the said lady Lucy Walter, and went over with one of her children into Holland to the Hague,[2] where the lady then lived; and saith, that Mr. Thomas Howard, gentleman of the horse to the princess royal, did much frequent her company there; and saith she continued there seven months,[3] and then came over into England. And saith, that this informant never heard, that the said lady had any husband in Holland, or any other place, but that those children she had were begotten by Charles Stewart; and saith that Justus Walter, her said lady's brother, told her this informant, that the said lady, together with the said Thomas Howard, went from the Hague to Flanders, and then immediately they came from thence to Flushing, and so for England, as she hath heard them say. And this informant further saith, that the said lady told her, this informant, that the very same night, in which she came to Antwerp or Brussels, Charles Stewart came thither; whereupon this informant asked her in these words, Did your honour see him? to which she answered, Yes, and he saw your master too (meaning one of her children, which is usually called Master). And this informant saith, she knows not who came with the said lady into England, beside Thomas Howard and Justus Walter aforesaid, neither anything further of their actings beyond seas; and saith, she heard the said

[1] *Dom S.P. Interregnum*, 177, 213–19.

[2] It is possible she went from Paris where the younger child Mary may have been out to nurse the first years of her life according to custom. Otherwise the passage is difficult to understand.

[3] The previous August was eleven months before.

lady and her said brother confer together about a necklace of pearl, which the said lady intimated to him she had bought; and that they discoursed it must cost about 1500 l. And the informant saith, she heard the said lady say, she had bespoke a coach, and that she would have it lined with red velvet, and have gold fringe on it within three weeks; and said, although they lived but closely in their lodgings, yet very plentifully in clothes and dyet, and had a coach to attend them continually from week to week. And this informant saith, while she lived with the said lady, she this informant was kept up so privately, that she had not scarce liberty to come down for a cup of beer, which she really believes was, that this informant might not have opportunity to discover them. And saith, the said lady gave her a charge, not to tell who she was, but to say she was a Dutch captain's wife, whose husband is dead; which she this informant observeth.

"The mark of Ann ( ) Hill." [1]

Another fortnight went by before any steps were taken. A contemporary newspaper supplies particulars.[2]

"WHITEHALL

"July 16 His Highness by Warrant directed, Sir John Barkstead Lieutenant of the Tower, hath given order for the release of one that goes by the name of Lucy Barlow, who for some time hath been a prisoner in the Tower of London. She passeth under the character of Charles Stuart's wife or mistress, and hath a young son whom she openly declareth to be his; and it is generally believed, the boy being very like him, and both the mother and child provided for by him. When she was apprehended she had one Master Howard in her company, and the original of this Royal Transcript was found about her sealed with Charles his Signet and signed with his own hand, and Subscribed by his secretary Nicholas Which you have here transcribed verbatim:

"CHARLES R.

"Wee do by these presents of our especial grace give and grant unto Mrs. Lucy Barlow an annuity or yearly pension of five

[1] Vol. v, p. 178.

[2] *Mercuris Politicus*, July 10–17, 1656. There is a copy in the British Museum.

thousand livres to be paid to her or her Assignes in the city of Antwerp or in such other convenient place as she shall desire, at four several payments of equal portions; the first payment to begin from the first of July 1654 and so to continue from three months to three months during her life with assurance to better the same when it shall please God to restore to us our Kingdoms.

"Given under our Sign Manual at our court at Collogn this 21st day of January 1655. And in the sixth year of our reign. By His Majesties command

"Edward Nicholas."

"By this those that hanker after him may see they are already furnished with an Heir apparent and what a pious charitable Prince they have for their Master and how well he disposeth of the collections and contributions which they make for him here toward the maintenance of his concubines and Royal issue. Order is taken forthwith to send away his Lady of pleasure and the young Heir and set them on Shoar in Flanders Which is no ordinary curtesie."

Monmouth's anxiety to live another twenty-four hours is at last revealed. His *first* discharge from the Tower was on Thursday, July 16, 1657, his *second* discharge—to his death—on St. Swithin's Day, *Wednesday, July* 15, 1685.

In a superstitious age, and historians speak of the superstition of the Duke, as though the failing were peculiar to him, there would have been something particularly heartening in the sunshine of the morning of Thursday, July 16, 1685, something happily ominous of history repeating itself, so far that Holland, where all his world lay, might once more receive him a fugitive. Perhaps the James at Whitehall was aware of, or had his attention called to, the coincidences of the anniversary, and determined to take no risk!

VII

THE forcible attempt at kidnapping, the mention of the name Harvey, the fact that Lucy was at the time living apart from Charles, their speedy departure together to Paris before Monmouth was two months old, above all, the curious name of her residence so suspiciously like a misprint for Boscobel, alike incline us to place the following incident from the *Heroic Life after* Lucy's return from England. It is the sequence in which it is there given and although Roberts places it immediately after the birth, and Steinman and Fea follow his example, all their authority is the use of the word "babe." [1]

After stating that an English nurse was provided for the boy, the *Heroic Life* continues: "he was for privacy [2] lodged at the house of Mr. Claes Ghysen [3] living in Schiedam, about a mile from Rotterdam, his mother lodging at the same time at the house of Mrs Harvey mother of the famous doctor Harvey and lived in an abundance of pomp and splendour having a gentleman and other servants to attend her."

Steinman observes: "the author of this pamphlet—the *Heroic Life*—gives Lucy Walter as a lodger to Mrs. Harvey mother of the celebrated physician who died in 1605," [4] and

[1] The employment of the designation "babe" for Charles I. by James I. when the former had reached young manhood has been much ridiculed; the common use to-day of the words boy and girl in connection with adults of thirty and upwards may seem equally foolish to posterity.

[2] There was no question of privacy in 1649 when Lucy was openly visiting Henrietta Maria.

[3] There is no record of Claes Ghysen in the Town Documents of Schiedam.

[4] Charles II. was well acquainted with Dr. Harvey. It was in his company he witnessed the Battle of Edge Hill. Dr. Doran's *Book of the Princes of Wales*, p. 423.

suggests that Mrs. John Harvey is intended. As we have shown the King—and Lucy ?—stayed in this house in May 1656. Steinman quotes authorities, which we have verified, to show that John Harvey had a house there.[1] The association of the King and Lucy and the Harveys is of much interest. It will be noted in the reference to the pension given on p. 409 that Antwerp is assigned her head-quarters, and as late as 1658 the King continued an intimate of this house. The Princess Royal having made one of her periodic sojourns with her brother, Stephen " ffox " comments as follows :

" Ant 4 Mar (March) 1658
" This is the day of seperation the Princesse being going back to Breda the Kinge brings her to West Wessell . . dines there and returns later to supper at Mr. Harvey's who provides an entertainment for his Maj^tie ; both the Dukes go full to Breda." [2]

The *Heroic Life* goes on to state in detail that Lucy setting out to visit her child attended by the gentleman the latter making an excuse quitted her company as for a moment and hurrying ahead represented to Ghysen that he was sent by the mother for the " babe," and carried both him and the nurse away.

Lucy having waited till night was drawing on eventually set out for Schiedam herself, " and being arrived and finding her son gone, I want words wherewith to express her grief and surprise ; she rent her apparel, tore the hair off her head, and with whole showers of tears bewailed the greatness of her loss and the deploreableness of her condition."

Adding Celtic excitement, the seventeenth century want of control, Madame d'Aulnoy makes so vivid for us, the pamphlet yet goes on to show Lucy was far from being the helpless, feckless creature her detractors would have us believe. Where many a woman would have been absolutely prostrate she : " yet suffered not grief to prevail so far, as to make her incapable of endeavouring to right herself, wherefore she presently gave

[1] Ireland's *History of Kent*, vol. ii, 167. Berry's *Pedigrees of Essex*, ff. 24–5. Manning and Bray's *History of Surrey*, vol. i, f. 402. On p. 221, vol. iii of the same work it states that Harvey became receiver general to Catherine of Bragança.

[2] *Flanders Papers*, 1658–9. Item 37 (R.O.).

order for the providing of horses," and "posted away to Maeslandsluice . . . she suspected that he (her boy) had been carried thither in order to be transported to England." The blow came from nearer home: it was undoubtedly the King's first abortive effort to steal away their son. In 1649 it would never have occurred to Lucy that the English would attempt to possess themselves of him.

"Riding all night," Lucy reached her destination, "early in the morning just as the Sieur Newport, one of the lords of the State, and the Mayor of Maesland were taking boat for the Heague; those that were with her advised her to make application to him as the likeliest person to assist her, telling her he could speak English, whereupon she addressed herself to him in that languish discovering to him the condition of herself and son and the relation in which they stood to the King of England." An abundance of people flocking about them the Mayor "advised her to go into some house and make no noys about it, least she thereby prevent the accomplishing of her desire." This she consented to, once more revealing her excellent common sense.

Systematic enquiries were set afoot and the Mayor ordered that no ships were to go out of harbour, "till they were searched. Notwithstanding which they could make no discovery of him till about 10 or 12 days after when he was found at Loosdymen where he had been all that time concealed, and having to her inexpressible joy recovered him she took him to a . . . house at Boscal where they resided some time."

Save for this incident history is silent in regard to Lucy for over a year.

We wonder how she lived after quitting England and how she fared. She appears to have continued to receive her pension. We wonder if she and the King ever met, if her mission to England was abortive or successful. The King's friends talk in general terms of her "wild disgraceful courses," the Cromwellians as usual *are absolutely silent*, and we may be sure they would have been only too glad to have had something to say.[1] When one considers the harm, the enduring damage,

[1] The invariably vague manner in which she is charged with profligate conduct is not unlike the allegations of immorality with which John Milton and others of a like fry presumed to assail the memory of the

which Lucy, even as the King's mistress, might have done the Royalist Cause had she been so minded, the vengeance she might have exacted, the scandal and shame with which she might have covered Charles,[1] we can find but one standard by which to compare her conduct, that of another woman of gentle blood who trusted to her own ruth, an hundred and thirty years later in an English prince being strong enough to cleave for life to her ; a wife who had also a son and a daughter involved in her ruin, and despite this " was faithful to death, and beyond death." [2]

If history is silent as regards Lucy it affords ample evidence of the deterioration of his Majesty. Of his downward career, once the divorce was effected, we have abundant proof. When his advisers had insisted on his, to outward appearance, separating himself from Lucy, and Mary had deserted him, he had endeavoured to distract his mind by superintending the studies of his brother Harry, but when in April he had removed to Bruges his exigencies compelled him to leave Gloucester behind. We find before long that he has a mistress established in Bruges. This was probably Catherine Peg, whose son Charles Fitz-Charles, afterwards Earl of Plymouth, was born in 1657.[3] Bruges was but fifty miles from Brussels and its gay viceregal court of which, on pp. 167–169, Mme. d'Aulnoy gives us such a vivid glimpse.

We are all vulnerable somewhere ; the Restoration Court shows us where the King's danger lay. Whispers were speedily circulating in London and in Paris as to his amours ; by 1657

Martyr King. To bring indefinite charges of crime with no particulars and no data is frequently a surprisingly successful proceeding provided always they are repeated often enough.

[1] Picture Barbara Palmer under similar circumstances !

[2] Maria Fitzherbert.

[3] Catherine Peg may have been a Roman Catholic. Her son was brought up in the Spanish Netherlands until he was about seventeen or eighteen and was known as Don Carlos. The daughter she had sube sequently by the King, Charlotte Catherine, became a Benedictins nun (Dame Cecilia), and died at Dunkirk in 175–. Catherine afterward-married Sir Edward Green, and their daughter Justinia was a nun of the same order but a different house. *Her. & Gen.*, vol. iii, 414–19. Query : was Monmouth's sister whom the King repudiated, and who was also a Roman Catholic, educated at the same place ?

the matter was notorious and Lady Byron [1] was described as his seventeenth mistress. We have searched in vain, save the one instance referred to on p. 71 for any lapse during the time Lucy held her gentle sway.

In December 1656 Mary visited him at Bruges on her way home from Paris, but with the passing of Lucy the old sympathy between them vanished, their intercourse but gave rise to mutual fret and discord. Mary had brought vile charges against Lucy, and her brother in turn reproached her for light conduct in regard to Jermyn's nephew. His own life not being all it might, gave the Princess excellent subject for retaliation and the whole winter an acrimonious correspondence was kept up, while Charles to the horror of his advisers went slowly and steadily to the devil.

It is easy to say he should never have yielded to the importunities with which he was assailed, that he, before all, as the son of a man who had accepted a death of peculiar horror rather than betray his principles, should have stood firm. Principles like features skip a generation and if Charles was the son of the Martyr King, he was grandson of the man who light-heartedly found Paris worth a mass. Despite this we must admit that the young English King, for all the passionate sensuousness of his face (and notwithstanding the scandals associated with his name!), was not a lover to rank with Henri le Grand. For we know well if the latter would sacrifice his conscience, even as Charles did when he went to Scotland, we know also he would have condemned Sully to the Question, before he would have allowed that solemn person to bully him into putting away his Gabrielle. But alas! even as we write it is forced on us that the grandsire was conqueror, and his descendant a penniless exile.

[1] Eleanor Needham, daughter of Lord Kilmorey, m. 1638 at the age of eleven Peter Warburton, Esq. He died in 1642. She married secondly the first Lord Byron. After his death she became the mistress of the King during his exile, and avarice being her ruling passion, she contrived to extort from him in the midst of his distress upwards of £15,000. Lady Byron must have succeeded Catherine Peg, for the King never consorted with more than one woman at a time. By an extraordinary coincidence an Eleanor Needham was to figure in the life of his son Monmouth. She was the younger sister of the beautiful Mrs. Middleton and bore the Duke four children.

The tragedy draws to its close.

In the summer of 1656 a new factor appeared on the scene in the person of George Digby, Earl of Bristol, then in his forty-fifth year. This cavalier had taken service in the French army when Charles left Paris in 1654, and had thoroughly ingratiated himself with Mazarin. Upon peace being concluded with England, an article being dismissal of the English Royalists, Bristol joined the King at Bruges, having with him his private secretary, Arthur Slingsby. With plenty of money in his pockets he immediately loomed large in the penurious little Court, undertaking various delicate offices for the Cause, among other the final ruin of Lucy and the abduction of her eldest child. This man of the world, instructed by Ormonde and Hyde, at once realised that the King must at all costs be set free from the last tie, and also that while Lucy kept possession of her son she had an invaluable talisman in retaining the interest of Charles, so they determined to separate the two.

At last, in the late summer of 1657, an opening for her ruin seemed to offer itself, for one of her retainers put himself within reach of the civil law.

On August 20 Hyde wrote from Brussels to Nicholas, who was in attendance on the King at Bruges.

"On Friday a kinsman or servant of Mrs. Barlow stabbed Tom Howard through the arm with a very dangerous wound and excaped, but Justice will be very severely prosecuted against both mistress and man. John Mennes [1] is very solicitous in it," he concludes. Whether any steps were taken we do not know for Louis XIV. bombarded Brussels in 1695, and all the records were burned.[2]

[1] Admiral Sir John Mennes (1599–1671), "Jack Mince," had served in the Royalist army and in 1644 was appointed Governor of North Wales, he commanded the *Swallow* on Charles's expedition to England (1648), and afterwards under Rupert. He was one of the King's enforcedly idle followers.

[2] Just over a year afterward (in 1658) Tom Howard, back at the Hague, was mixed up in a disreputable squabble in that town. Downing, the English republican resident, wrote home to the effect that Howard had entrusted all his secrets and papers to a "whoor" with whom he consorted; that somebody at the Hague became possessed in turn of Howard's papers, who proceeded against him to the tune of £10,000

Hyde was exultant at the probable ruin of the helpless obstacle in his path, but Bristol took a more serious view of her claims. "You may be merry concerninge Mrs. Barlow," he wrote to him under date of September 2, 1657, "but I am sure I cannot bee it enough to answere your levityes," but he still worked at his self-imposed task. All the autumn the battle raged between this lonely defenceless woman, still so young, and the united forces of the English and the Spanish.

The King's resources were as usual parlous and no doubt under the pretence of providing her with her pension "in kind," Arthur Slingsby, Bristol's secretary, persuaded her to lodge in his house for a time, he being newly married. Upon taking this fatal step Lucy found herself a prisoner, her attempts to escape being in vain. Slingsby's next proceeding was to declare that she was in his debt, presumably for board and lodging, and, on December 6, Don Alonso, the Governor's Intendant, wrote to the King at Bruges, an account of the attempt made the previous night to carry Mrs. Barlow to one of the public prisons of the city and to separate her from her son; the whole street was gathered together scandalised by the violence of the Colonel, who consented at length that the lady and her son should stay in the Earl of Castlehaven's [1]

alleging his fear that should he succeed to his brother's earldom he would be ruined. [He was more likely afraid that if his double dealing were published to the world he would be equally discredited as either a Royalist or Republican.] Downing cleverly got these documents into his hands, and declares his intention of keeping them till he receive instructions from home. Because, as he explains, "It is the same Tom Howard that was in the toun" (Tower?) "and that Ch. Stuart's letter to him refers to his journey." An attempt has been made to enmesh Lucy with Howard's troubles. It is evident that Howard was a thorough bad lot, as false to his republican retainers as he was to his King, for Downing concludes, "I beleeve by some inclinings which I have that he is desirous to go again into Englande. What if you should let him have a pass if he shall desire it as about his private affairs and then seeze him or otherwise as you think fit to let the business lye for a time as to the making use of it against him. If it should be known I have given you this account he would endeavour to have me killed." Despite these statements no record is preserved at the Hague of Howard's law suit.

[1] James Tuchet, third Earl of Castlehaven in the peerage of Ireland, succeeded his father, who was beheaded on a charge of felony in 1631.

house for that night, Don Alonso "having been informed of the occurrence which every one condemns has replaced Mrs Barlow with her son in her house on her giving security to await the knowlege of the King's will." [1]

Castlehaven in person was the bearer of the letter.

Egidio (or Giles) Mottet, Cadenas' secretary, states by the same messenger that "he is so much ashamed of the proceedings of Col Slingsby and his family against Madame Barlow and her child, that he leaves the particulars to the Earl of Castlehaven and Mons Barckclay [2] who have been wittnesses to it, and who go this day to the Court.[3] The Lord Ambassador Cadanas has written to the King about it, being forced by the clamour of the people, who found this action most abominable barborous and unnatural." [4] Mottet goes on to say that the worse of all was that Slingsby had given out his proceedings were by the King's orders which notion he Mottet had endeavoured to dispel. In conclusion he asks his Majests opinion.

Ormonde wrote in reply that the King took the proceedings in the business of Mrs. Barlow "very kindly" but that his orders to Slingsby had been to get the child in a quiet way with purposes of advantages to them both, but never understood it should be attempted with that noise and scandal and so had written to the ambassador. Ormonde continues: the King persists in his desire to have the child delivered in to such hands as he shall appoint; if Mottet can effect this it will be an obligation to the King and a great charity to the child and to the mother herself "If she shall now at length return to such a way of life as may redeem in some measure the reproach of her passed ways, if she consent not to this she will add to her former follies a most unnatural one in reference to her child, since neither of them will be further cared for or owned by the King who will take any good office done to her as an injury to him." [5]

The writer continues for about another hundred words in

He was a Royalist general in Ireland, and died without issue in 1684. He was a Roman Catholic.

[1] Steinman's *Althorp Memoirs*, Addenda.

[2] Subsequently Anne Hyde's "co-respondent."

[3] At Bruges.

[4] Steinmann's *Althorp Memoirs*, Addenda.

[5] *Ibid.*

the same strain, but as they are obviously his own opinions we do not transcribe them.

The question immediately arises, why did not the King take the same step in regard to this child that he did in the case of the Duke of Gloucester? When the latter was submitted to an organised religious persecution by his mother, the King was compelled to claim his brother *as his subject*, ere Henrietta would relinquish him. The answer is immediately forthcoming that it would have been a huge embarrassment to define who the boy was. Hence these despotic methods.

The King, whose blood was now up, gave his erstwhile idol a taste of that lamentable spirit that caused him to insist on Queen Catherine countenancing that evil woman, Barbara Palmer. He wrote personally to Don John giving his version of the affair "since when," Slingsby assures his Majesty some twelve days after, Cadenas had been "out of countenance from the reproofs he has had from the court and the complaint made against him by the Council of Brabant for interrupting the course of justice. Slingsby now declared he had a civil action against Mrs. Barlow and told Don Alonso that he would proceed legally against Mottet and Castlehaven unless they either paid the money he claimed from Mrs. Barlow or rendered her up. Slingsby continues that he is informed Mrs. Barlow is prepared to submit provided the child is neither with O'Neile or himself; he anticipates the next proposal will be that Castlehaven or Mottet be the guardian, but is quite certain the King will refuse any capitulation with her and will have the child on his own terms. The Ambassador who has found out her qualities (though at the time of writing she was and had been ever since the *fracas* in the enjoyment of Castlehaven's protection), will not let her go until she gives the King satisfaction. Mr. O'Neile desires that certain letters and papers concerning the King should be got out of her hands; she has said that if the King did not send her pension she would post up all his letters to her;[1] suggests the King should write a kind letter to Don Alonso desiring that her trunks may be searched in Slingsby's presence for some suspicious papers which she has had by her ever since she came out of

[1] Apparently a fashionable threat! *See* pp. 139, 149.

England and that all papers whatsoever may be put into his hands." [1]

According to Disney quoting Gosffrett "Mr. Prodgers went for him who is now Duke of Monmouth and took him away from his mother while she was seeking a paper! . . . When she miss'd him she immediately went in quest of him." Miss Scott states that Lucy held out till January 1658 and then "suddenly yielded," but gives no authority.[2]

That the separation was completed by the spring we know from the following letter endorsed:

"4th April 1658 N.S. Mr. Thos: Ross Mrs. Barlow and (illegible)
Right Honble

"I most humbly thanke you for y^rs of the first inst:; by Mr Roots w^ch I saw this night at my arrivall from a place whither Mr. Hall [3] sent mee: the employment was to take his little son out of the hands he was in and bestow him (for a short time) in another place both out of his mother's knowledge or anyones else's but such as I took to help me and himself and Mr Winkers younger brother: I confess I wondered when I was sent to Mr. Hall and injoined this with injunction to correspond with the party to whom he is—— ? Where notwithstanding Mr. Hall tells me he shall not stay, and I am apt to believe I am designed to be his tutor because pickt out at this time to take charge of him, but this a few days will discover for he cannot be safe from his mother's intrigues whereso(ever) he is. It is a great pitty so pretty a child should be in such hands as hitherto have neglected to teach him to read or tell twenty though he hath a great deal of wit and a great desire to learn." [4]

It is fortunate notwithstanding these strictures that the child's sojourn under Ross's care was but short. He might have taught him his own appalling caligraphy. Much has been written concerning the illiteracy of Monmouth, but if his education was neglected, it was rather at its finishing than at its commencement. At fourteen he wrote very much better

[1] Some of these papers concerned Howard's negotiation in the English visit. *Information of William Disney, Add. MSS.*, 28094, f. 7.
[2] *The Travels of the King*, p. 350.
[3] The King.
[4] *Flanders Papers R.O.*

than does the average boy of to-day of that age, and though the style differed slightly from the elegance of his adult hand it was equally firm. There is a facsimile in *The Scotts of Buccleuch*.[1]

Macpherson [2] says: "His tutor Thomas Ross, a Scotsman, put thoughts of legitimacy into his head; and would have had Bishop Cozens certify that he had married the King and Mrs. Walters who refused it with indignity, and gave immediate notice of it to the King who removed Ross from about him." [3] There is not any record of Ross being in Paris where Cosin, as chaplain to Henrietta Maria, was. Proof to the contrary is to be found among his letters in the *Flanders Papers*. He continued in the Lowlands one of the numerous hangers-on of the English Court.[4]

[1] Vol. i, p. 417. [2] P. 75.

[3] If this unfortunate child could understand what was meant by legitimacy or illegitimacy in the summer of 1658 it is curious he could not have comprehended it a few months before and have learned the truth from his unfortunate mother's own lips, who had long anticipated their violent separation.

[4] It may be as well to here record the fate of the disowned daughter. Happy for the boy had he shared it instead of being the shuttlecock of their father's love and their uncle's convictions. Mary was not allowed to come to England until she had made an unimportant marriage with an Irish gentleman named Sarsfield. In *Cal. Dom. S. P.*, 1673, it is recorded at intervals that allowance of six hundred a year was paid to her [this was afterwards reduced to £400], and Monmouth and the King interested themselves in re-establishing the husband in possession of some lands he had formerly owned in Ireland. Shortly after he died leaving three children, and a year later the widow married William Fanshawe, a nephew of the famous Sir Richard Fanshawe and his ultimate heir. By March 1683 the Fanshawes got into great difficulties, and petitioned the King for aid, which was granted. All the documents of the case are preserved at the R.O. in an uncatalogued bundle.

An excellent synopsis of the business with confirmatory passages from other sources is given in *King Monmouth*, Appendix A, where Mrs. Fanshawe's autograph is reproduced. She wrote an excellent hand for her time, rather like that of the King's sister the Princess Royal. Charles continued firm in his decision not to recognise the tie between them, "whether as a genuine belief or from a political motive," to adapt Roberts, we do not know, and as the wife of a poor man, and the mother of a large family, she was, of course, at his mercy.

She is last heard of alive in 1695, just ten years from the death of her

APPENDIX A

Much confusion has arisen over the matter of the boy's tutor and it is of the greatest interest both on account of the change of religion and the rumours of the marriage. We have already quoted the statements of the *Heroic Life* that upon the King going to Scotland 1650 the infant was committed to the care of one Goff.

The pamphlet continues, " when he was about eight or nine years old he was taken from Goff and committed to the care of Mr. Rose (Ross) and sent to Julen a place about seven leagues from Paris, there to be accommodated with learning."

It is possible that Monmouth went twice through the hands of the first named. Dr. Stephen Goffe, born 1605, was chaplain to Charles I. and an old and trusted friend of that monarch and his Queen, between whom he was an emissary.

Quitting England in 1648, he became attached to the establishment of the Prince of Wales. It was from his lips Charles learned the dread news that he was King, Goffe undertaking to address him by the ominous word Majesty.[1]

When the King went to Scotland, his jailer-subjects permitted him to take but the most meagre suite, and the majority of his people gravitated to Henrietta Maria, Goffe with the rest. As formal preceptor to the infant of whom her Majesty was guardian, he was a person equally agreeable to her and to the King. In January 1652, about four months after the King's escape, Goffe became a Roman Catholic and was professed an Oratorian.

With his early association with the frightened abducted child and his mother it is very natural the Queen should now have committed the boy to Goffe's tutorship, having in view the double purpose of reassuring him, and procuring his conversion to her faith. Goffe had already acted in a similar capacity to the Duke of Gloucester, and although his proselytising efforts were in that negotiation crowned with little success, it might have been expected that in the case of the younger boy he

ill-fated brother. Cf. *S. P. Dom. Charles II.*, vol. 434. *King Monmouth*, Appendix A. Steinman: *Addenda* and the Notes to Mr. H. C. Fanshawe's edition of *Anne Lady Fanshawe's Memoirs*. In this volume a complete pedigree of Mary's Fanshawe's descendants is given. The Earl of Lucan is the present representative of her Sarsfield marriage No portrait is known to exist.

[1] *Ellis Letters*, Second series, vol. iii, p. 347.

would have a comparatively free hand. Both Macpherson and Algernon Sidney vouch for Monmouth having been in the Oratorian College under Goffe.

Goffe at the earliest could not have been accessible as a Catholic preceptor until 1664 when the boy left France. Presumably he served some sort of a novitiate, even if ordained immediately after he was received. There is a great difference between a secular priest and the professed member of an Order. The King treated his son as legitimate before the Restoration, giving him the dignity, if not the acknowledgment, of a prince by appointing a nobleman as his governor. This was William Crofts of Little Saxham, Suffolk, who had long been attached to the suite of the Queen Mother, and whom the King now raised to the peerage under the date of May 18, 1658. It is frequently stated that Crofts did not take up this post until after the death of Lucy, and further that he was the *successor* of Goffe and Ross: but his continued absences, particularly after the Restoration, shows that his post was merely a formal one; and although the Rev. S. H. A. Hervey, whose conclusions are always to be respected, and who has compiled what is undoubtedly the best account of Crofts,[1] gives weight to the report that Crofts' appointment was of the later date; people as widely different as the Duke of York (Macpherson) and Algernon Sidney corroborate each other as to the part played by him in the Catholic training of Monmouth, though it is quite possible that Algernon Sidney, who had in his head that Crofts was Governor and knowing it occurred about the time of the boy passing into his care, wrote loosely: he was not giving evidence. In a letter to Saville under the date of May 12, 1679, Algernon Sidney communicated as follows on the exclusion agitation: "In the end it was ordered that a bill should be drawn up to debar him (York) from the succession. Not to trouble you with many particulars I will only recite one. Which is that a gentleman moving the words should be put in 'or ever had been a papist,' they were laid aside as some believe in respect unto him who by the direction of the late Lord Crofts, was brought up under the discipline of the Pères de l'Oratoire."[2] "Monmouth was bred a Roman Catholic under the name of Crofts."[3]

[1] Little Saxham Parish Registers.

[2] *Sidney Letters*, 1746, p. 68.

[3] Macpherson, 75.

APPENDIX A

According to Stannier Clarke, the boy reverted to Protestantism by order of his father on the appointment of Ross and on the authority of the *Heroic Life* he was sent to Julen under the name of Crofts when he was eight or nine. Goffe, who was the intimate friend of Lord Jermyn, would have reason to work for the acknowledgment of the legitimacy, hoping to train a Catholic Heir, an idea that would have an intense appeal to Henrietta. Ross, a Protestant, would have no such reason to influence him, for York and Gloucester were staunch in their religion. If Stannier Clarke wrote Ross in error for Crofts the whole thing becomes clear : Charles hearing what his mother and Jermyn were contriving through Goffe, and not wishing to wound her, handed the control of the boy to her most trusted Protestant servant and had him removed seven leagues from her influence. Crofts continued as governor till 1662, when his interesting charge was brought to England and surrendered to the King.

To return to Lucy.

But six months after her child was finally taken from her she died. She lingered in the Low Countries all the summer. It is probable it took her a long time to discover where her boy was. One record exists.

"There was another combat between Madam Barlow who bor Charles Stuart two children and Dr Floid. He got the wors and is gon for Holland. Hee was one of Charles Stuart his Chapplins." [1]

Macpherson, inaccurate to the last, states she died at Paris after the Restoration, of the disease incident to her profession. Without for one instant wishing to dispute the authority of the (presumed) royal writer on this subject, we venture to point out he was totally inaccurate in his chronology. We turn to Steinman.

"Colonel Chester has met with an important document in the form of an Administrative entry of the Prerogative Court.

[1] *Thurloe State Papers*, vol. vii, 837.

Lucy Walter
als Barlow

Dec 1658

On the six[t] day issued for' the letters of the ad'con to Anne Busfield wife of John Busfield y[e] Aunt and next of Kinne of Lucy Walter als Barlow late of y[e] parts beyond the seas spinster Dec'd to ad[ter] ye goods ch'lls & debts of y[e] sayd Dec'd she being first sworn truly to administer etc." &

Evelyn states she died miserably without anything to bury her. But if that were so, would her relatives have troubled to take out letters of administration ? [1] Macpherson is the sole authority for the statement that she died in Paris. William Erskine of the King's household was sent to superintend her obsequies : previous to her death he disbursed her pension.

He told White Kennet [2] that the King "never had any intention of marrying her," though how he knew it is difficult to say, for in 1648 he was but a boy. He describes her as a "very ill woman," and it is quite possible that betrayed, abandoned, and flaming with truly Celtic fury at the wrongs inflicted upon her, she proved by no means agreeable to interview.

It was on her death-bed, Ferguson tells us, she so particularly reiterated the fact of her marriage, and without doubt whatever passed there, had a very marked influence on the marriage negotiations that took place a year or two after between Lucy's son and Erskine's niece the young Countess of Buccleuch.

On February 19, 1663, about six months after Monmouth came to England, Alsopp, the King's brewer, visited Pepys the diarist, and the conversation turned on "the Duke of Monmouth's mother's brother, a Welchman who held a place at Court and who talked very broadly about the King being married to his sister." [3] From this it will be seen that the

[1] Fea in *King Monmouth* surmises that, if alive, Lucy's brothers kept out of the way until the Restoration.

[2] White Kennet, "Weather Cock Kennet," as his contemporaries unkindly dubbed him, started life as a rabid Tory, seceding to the Whigs from interested motives after the Dutch invasion of 1688. He compiled a register and chronicle of items of information that he happened across from any source.

[3] We append the following curious association of the name of Allsopp

question of Monmouth's legitimacy was not an artificial agitation raised by politicians of a later date, but was spoken of from his first coming to reside in England. David Walter and William Walter figure in the printed lists of the restored monarch's household. One of them was high in his confidence and was constantly sent as a Special Messenger to the Duchesse d'Orlèans.

Although Justus is the only brother whose name is actually associated with Lucy's career, there is nothing to show she had not others; we know, for instance, that there was Richard.

Her father, William Walter, ignored Richard in his will; her mother makes no mention of Justus. There may have been sons they both ignored. It has been suggested that the man referred to was Lucy's nephew, but they must have at this time been children, younger than Monmouth. We have been unable to find out anything in regard to either William Walter or David Walter. Again may not Justus have had a second Christian name, and for sundry reasons, dropped the first? These are but conjectures, yet unless we take the opinion of her biased opponents, all Lucy's life is but conjecture, for not a single impartial historian, either contemporary or modern, exists. We do not know if Lucy Walter was or was not the wife of King Charles II. But this doubt is no excuse for the persistent blackening of her character in other respects. Unless it is that her claim was so overwhelming that, only, by thus besmirching her reputation past recovery, an excuse sufficiently strong for the repudiation of her, and of hers, could be found.

and a Richard Walter. "On February 19, 1657, Thomazine Harwood petitioned for the exchange of Richard Walter, surgeon, prisoner at Ostend, for Jacob Hollobus, prisoner at Chelsea, with the certificate of Roger Allsopp that he has Hollobus prisoner." *Cal. Dom. S. P.*, 1656–7. 87'88.

APPENDIX B

LORD ARRAN had need to pause! The punishment for fighting in the precincts of the Court, and this embraced the demesne of the Royal residence, was the loss of the right hand, though in later days Royal clemency usually commuted the extreme infliction to a colossal fine. In 1686 William first Duke of Devonshire was fined £30,000 because of a fracas in the withdrawing room at Whitehall. Owing to the Revolution he escaped payment.[1] Similar penalties were in force throughout Europe and in 1674 Graham of Claverhouse (Viscount Dundee) who had come to blows with a compatriot at the Loo, the summer palace of William of Orange, was compelled to flee the country notwithstanding that he had just saved the Prince's life at risk of his own.[2] The following is the contemporary official form for the English ceremony of Mutilation.

"The King's Court or House where the King resideth, is accounted a place so sacred that if any man presume to strike another within the Palace where the King's Royal Person resideth and by such Stroke only draw blood, his right hand shal be striken off, & he committed to perpetual Prison & fined. By the Antient Laws of *England* only striking in the King's Court was punisht with death & loss of goods.

"To make the deeper impression and terrour into men's minds for striking in the Kings Court it hath been ordered that the Punishment for striking should be executed with great Solemnity & Ceremony in brief thus.

"The Sergeant of the Kings Woodyard brings to the place of execution a Square Block, a Beetle Staple & Cords to fasten

[1] Joseph Grove's *Life*, 1764, p. 188; Luttrell's *Brief Relation*, vol. i. p. 400, F. L. Bickley's *Cavendish Family*, 1911, pp. 167-8.

[2] *Memoirs of Sir Ewen Cameron*, Maitland Club, 1842, pp. 274-5.

the hand thereto, the Yeoman of the Scullery provides a great fire of Coals by the Block wherein the Searing Irons brought by the Chief Farrier are ready for the Chief Surgeon to use. Vinegar & Cold Water brought by the groom of the Saucery; the Chief Officiers of the Cellar & Pantry are to be ready, one with a Cup of Red Wine & the other with a Manchet[1] to offer the criminal after the Hand is cut off & the Stump seared. The Sergent of the Ewry is to bring linnen to wind about & wrap the Arm. The Yeoman of the Poultry a Cock to lay to it. The Yeoman of the Chandry seared Clothes, the Master Cook a sharp Dresser Knife which at the place of Execution is to be held upright by the Sergeant of the Larder till Execution be performed by an Officier appointed thereto etc. After all he shall be imprisoned during life, & Fine & Ransome at the Kings Will.

"In the King's Court not onely Striking is forbidden but also all occasions for Striking and thereupon the Lawe Saith, Nullas Citationes aut summonitiones licet facere infra Palatium Regis apud Westm vel alibi ubi Rex residet."[2]

[1] A roll.

[2] Chamberlayne's *Angliæ Notitia*, 1st Ed. 1669, pp. 291-4.

APPENDIX C

THE EARL OF OXFORD AND THE ACTRESS

THE following is taken verbatim from Peter Cunningham's *Life of Nell Gwyn*, 1852. p. 191,—the Appendix dealing with Grammont's Memoirs. He quotes from this work as follows:—

"'The Earl of Oxford fell in love with a handsome, graceful actress, belonging to the Duke's Theatre, who performed to perfection, particularly the part of Roxana, in a very fashionable new play, insomuch that she ever after retained that name, This creature being both very virtuous and very modest, or, if you please, wonderfully obstinate, proudly rejected the addresses and presents of the Earl of Oxford. This resistance inflamed his passion; he had recourse to invectives, and even to spells, but all in vain. This disappointment had such effect upon him, that he could neither eat nor drink; this did not signify to him; but his passion at length became so violent, that he could not neither play nor smoke. In this extremity, Love had recourse to Hymen. The Earl of Oxford, one of the first peers of the realm, is, you know, a very handsome man; he is of the Order of the Garter, which greatly adds to an air naturally noble. In short, from his outward appearance you would suppose he was really possessed of some sense; but as soon as ever you hear him speak, you are perfectly convinced of the contrary. This passionate lover presented her with a promise of marriage, in due form, signed with his own hand; she would not, however, rely upon this, but the next day she thought there would be no danger, when the earl himself came to her lodgings attended by a clergyman, and another

man for a witness. The marriage was accordingly solemnised with all due ceremonies, in the presence of her fellow-players who attended as a witness on her part. You will suppose, perhaps, that the new countess had nothing to do but appear at court according to her rank, and to display the earl's arms upon her carriage. This was far from being the case. When examination was made concerning the marriage, it was found to be a mere deception : it appeared that the pretended priest was one of my lord's trumpeters, and the witness his kettle-drummer. The parson and his companion never appeared after the ceremony was over ; and as for the other witnesses, they endeavoured to persuade her that the Sultana Roxana might have supposed, in some part or other of a play, that she was really married. It was all to no purpose that the poor creature claimed the protection of the laws of God and man, both which were violated and abused, as well as herself, by this infamous imposition. In vain did she throw herself at the king's feet to demand justice : she had only to rise up again without redress ; and happy might she think herself to receive an annuity of 1000 crowns, and, to resume the name of Roxana, instead of Countess of Oxford.'

" Here is a good deal of confusion, to which further confusion has been added by the annotators. Roxana is a character in Lee's *Rival Queens ;* but the *Rival Queens* was brought out at the King's Theatre, not the Duke's ; and the actress seduced by the Earl of Oxford belonged, Hamilton tells us, to the Duke's Theatre. We are assured by the annotators, that the actress thus seduced was Mrs. Marshall, who acted Roxana in Lee's *Rival Queens ;* but Malone had disposed of this belief in a note to one of Dryden's Letters ; and it is very curious how Scott, who had Malone's edition of Dryden pretty well by heart, should have missed it when he was seeing his edition of De Grammont through the press. After disposing of Mrs. Marshall's claim, Malone makes a very near guess when he names Mrs. Frances Davenport instead :—

"'The person seduced probably was Mrs. Frances Davenport, an eminent actress in the Duke of York's company, who was celebrated for her performance of Roxolana in Davenant's *Siege of Rhodes*, 1662, and in another Roxolana in Lord Orrery's *Mustapha* in 1665. She acted in Dryden's *Maiden Queen* in 1668, but her name is not found in any of the plays performed by the Duke of York's servants after they removed to Dorset Gardens in 1671; and Downes, the prompter of that playhouse, mentions it in his quaint language, that she was before that time "by force of love erept from the stage."'

"The editor of the last English edition[1] has had some idea glimmering in his mind that Roxolana, and not Roxana, was the lady seduced by the founder, of the regiment, still distinguished from his colonelcy, as the *Oxford* Blues. He inserts, without remark, the following extract from Evelyn:—

"'9 Jan. 1661–2.—I saw the third part of the *Siege of Rhodes*. In this acted y^e^ faire and famous comedian, called Roxolana, from y^e^ part she performed; and I think it was the last, she being taken to be the Earl of Oxford's *misse*, as at that time they began to call lewd women.'[2]

"To this I must add that Pepys, as usual, comes in to support the accuracy of his friend and fellow memorialist:—

"'18 Feb. 1661–2.—To the Opera and saw *The Law against Lovers*, a good play and well performed, especially the little girls (whom I never saw act before) dancing and singing; and were it not for her, the loss of Roxolana would spoil the house.

"'2 April, 1662.—To the Opera and there saw *The Bondman* most excellently acted. . . . Ianthe acting Cleron's part very well now Roxolana is gone.

"'19 May, 1662.—To the Opera, and there saw the second part of the *Siege of Rhodes*, but it is not so well done as when

[1] That of Bohn in 1846.

[2] The term was probably an abbreviation brought from the Low Countries at the Restoration, from the Dutch *meisje-van-pleizier*. —G.D.G.

Roxolana was there, who, it is said, is now owned by my Lord of Oxford.

"'27 Dec. 1662. With my wife to the Duke's Theatre, and saw the second part of *Rhodes* done with the new Roxolana; which do it rather better in all respects for person, voice and judgment, than the first Roxolana.'

"The new Roxolana" was Mrs. Betterton; the old Roxolana "Lord Oxford's misse," either Frances or Elizabeth Davenport; for there were two sisters of that name on the stage of the Duke's Theatre at this time. I suspect, however, that the old Roxolana was the younger sister, Betty. The elder was on the stage in 1668:—

"'7 April, 1668.—The eldest Davenport is, it seems, gone to be kept by somebody, which I am glad of, she being a very bad actor.' PEPYS.

"Now it appears from Lilly's *Nativities* in the Ashmolean Museum, that the Earl of Oxford's son by Roxolana was born 17th April, 1664, and Roxolana herself 3rd March, 1642. Whenever a new edition of De Grammont is again required (and a new one is very much needed), I hope to see no more confusion in this matter."

It will be seen from the foregoing that Mme. d'Aulnoy was in error when she gave *Ibrahim* as the play in which Lord Oxford's inamorata achieved her ill-fated conquest. *Ibrahim the Illustrious Bassa*, a tragedy in verse by Elkanah Settle, founded on George Scudery's *L'Illustre Bassa* was not performed until 1676 (at the Duke's Theatre), it was printed the following year, and there are several copies in the British Museum. The principal female character was called Roxolana, and it is not surprising that Mme. d'Aulnoy, a stranger, should be confused by the similarity of the names if Evelyn—as shown above

—was. Roxolana in Settle's adaptation was "created" by Mrs. Mary Lee.

Lord Oxford married Diana Kirk, the sister of Mary Kirk, the "Emilie" of these Memoirs. Her reputation was not unsullied nor did she succeed in bringing him a son. It is a poetic justice that their only daughter married the first Duke of St. Albans, the son of the actress Nell Gwyn!

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